June
1939

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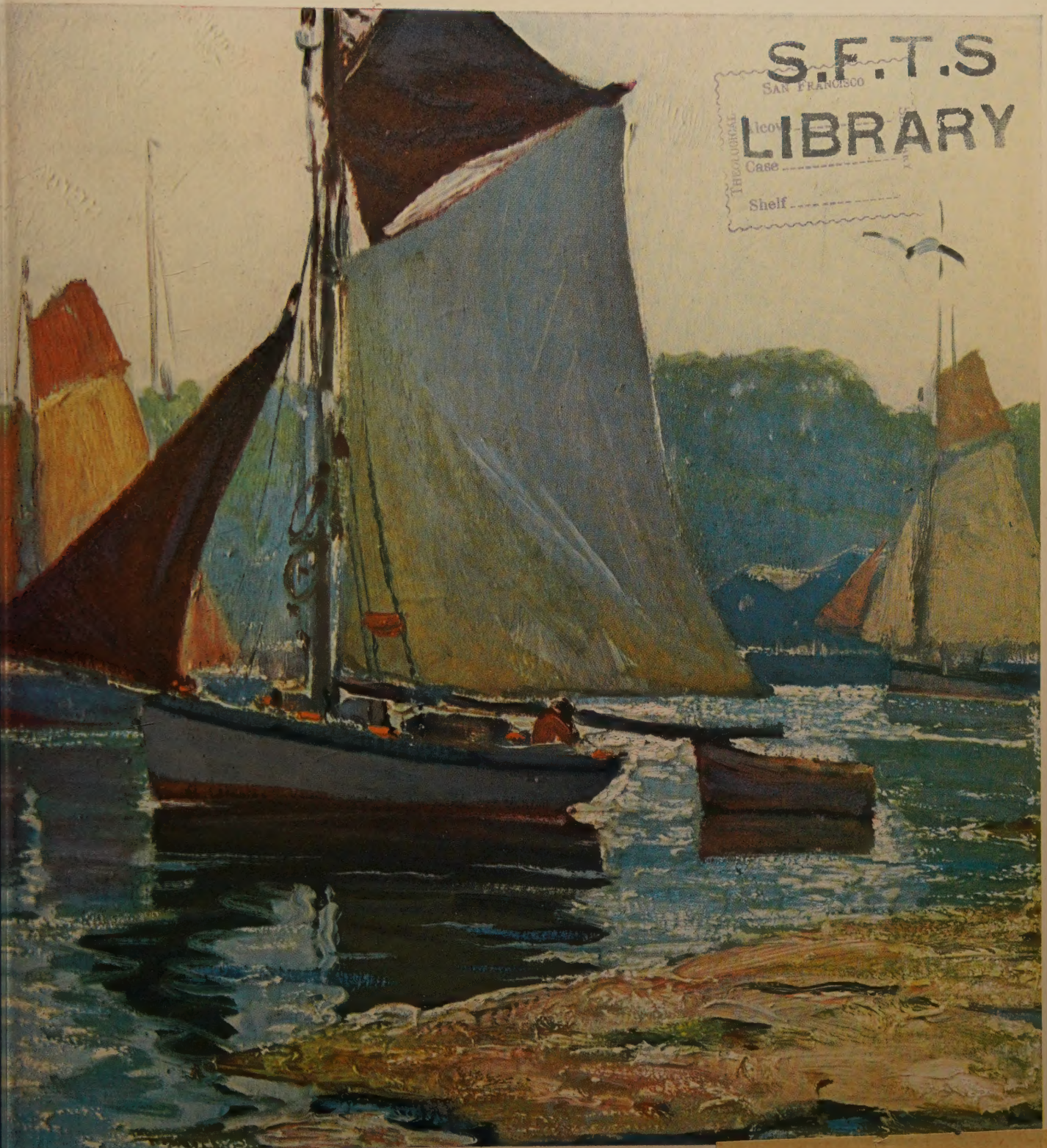
CHRISTIAN HERALD



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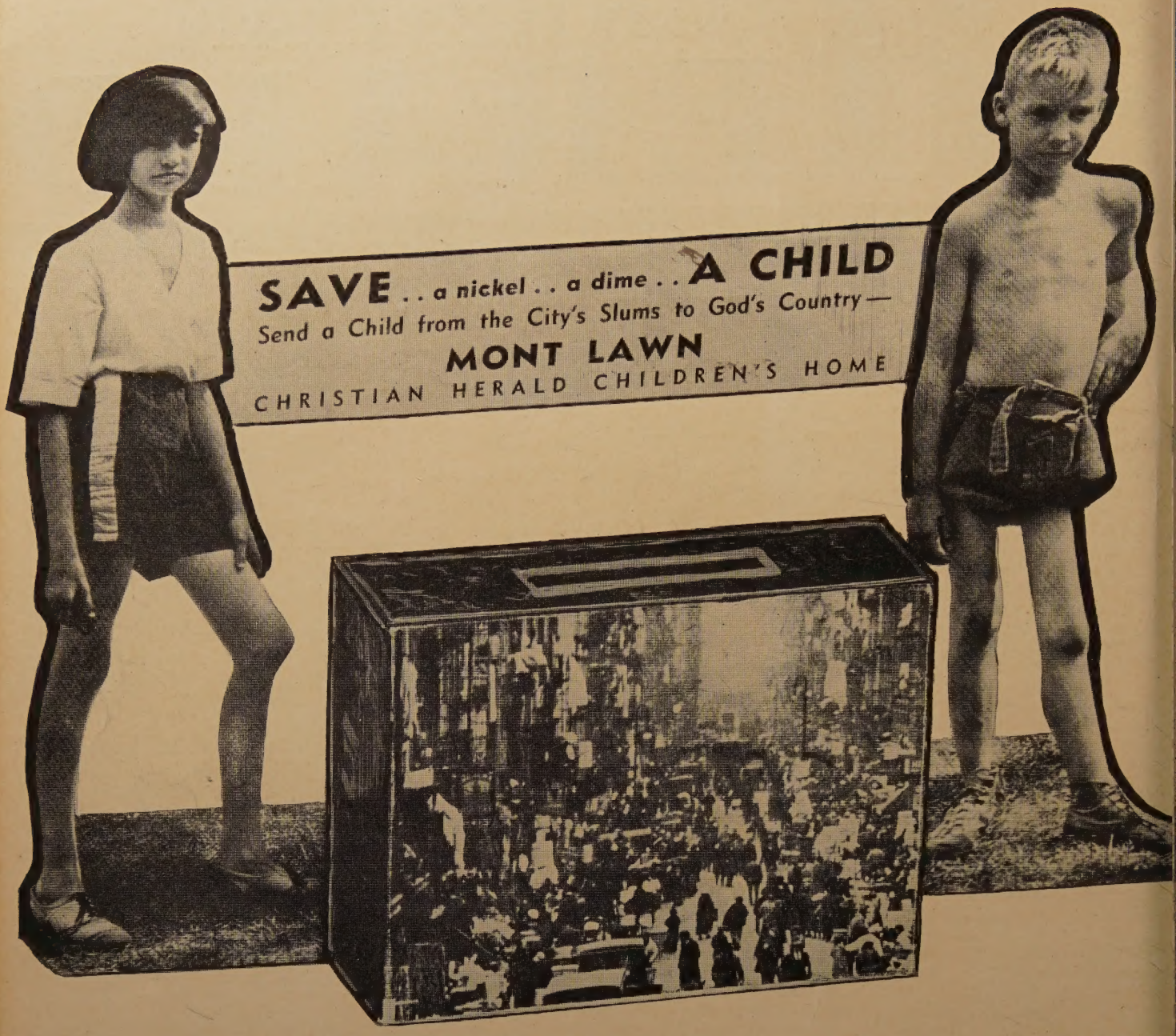


Save a Nickel—A Dime—A Child

SEND for one of these banks to help little children grow to be more wholesome men and women: *the children who put the money in the bank as well as the children who will receive the money.*

To allow children to grow without knowing something of the suffering and want of other children is to allow them to grow in selfishness—to cheat them of their rightful share in understanding and charity. The child who makes sacrifice so that he can give to the poor has awakened to the fact that others need his protection and help—he knows his own good fortune and the joy of sharing it. Born and living in an atmosphere of ignorance, crime and brutality, the children of the slums know little but the horrors of life; their unclean homes offer no encouragement to cleanliness but invite disease and bad habits. Only through the interest and understanding of Christian men and women can we hope to let these unfortunate children know that there is a better way of living.

What finer thing can we do than train the children of our Sunday Schools, our Vacation Bible Classes and our homes to make sacrifice so that they can help the children of the slums; encourage them to do without some little luxury, such as candy or a toy so that some poor, sick child can have a vacation from hunger and unhappiness.

Open the bank in July and again in August. Mail check or money order so that we can make immediate plans to send another child to Mont Lawn. Make the bank serve again.

Help your children to know the happiness of helping others.

Christian Herald Children's Home
419 Fourth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please send a bank to help the children save to give a vacation to slum children.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

(These banks cost us about ten cents each to deliver, including packing and postage—if you feel that you would like to pay for yours, we would be glad to have you do so.)

$5 pays for a week's vacation for a child.

$10 pays for 2 weeks' vacation for a child.

$50 keeps a child at Mont Lawn all summer.

$500 endows a cot *forever*, thereby insuring a vacation for 5 children every summer.

JOHN BODGER:

Godfather to Miss Zinnia

By Cora L. Keagle

Above, John Bodger, with his new Zinnia which won the Gold Medal at London. In center, a closeup of the prize winning Dahlia-flowered Zinnia

WHEN John Bodger, his wife, and seven children forsook the fogs of England and established themselves in a sunshiny valley on the west coast of the United States, an important chapter in the story of the Zinnia family was written. It was a chapter which reached its climax a few years later when flowers from seeds produced by John Bodger, on American soil, won the Gold Medal at the Royal Horticultural Society's exhibit in London.

English hearts root deeply and it was not without regret that he left lifelong friends, his neat nursery gardens at Burnham and the store where he sold seeds, plants, fruit, vegetables and, according to a rare family photograph, hare for a rabbit stew if you liked. No doubt he missed the damp hedge rows and the invigorating fogs of England but it was these fogs that greatly interfered with the pollinization of flowers, especially the Zinnia which had been his hobby for years. It was this that caused John Bodger to gather up his family and his seeds and seek a sunny climate for his research work.

The English "House of Bodger" transplanted to a new land consisted, for business purposes, of "Pa" Bodger and his three sons, Tom, Walter and John C. These sons were his assistants and pupils, learning from their father meticulous old world ways and habits.

After trial plantings at Santa Paula, Gardina and El Monte, in California, the latter place was selected as ideal for Zinnia culture.

Years of painstaking hybridization followed. The long growing season permitted year-around experimentation. Thousands of seedlings were planted. As each batch blossomed John Bodger's trained eye quickly spotted the few with a slant toward a purer hue or a different form. These were carefully isolated from accidental pollinization. The ripened seeds were planted and selections made for several generations until the desired characteristic was fixed. A bit of potash added to certain soils improved the color, a touch of nitrogen brought better foliage, or a little phosphorus might increase the capacity for producing flowers. Many were finally discarded but all these careful details brought results and many beautiful new forms and colors were placed on the market.

One day, glowing with the happiness and satisfaction that comes with ambition fulfilled, he was strolling through his acres of great, colorful double blossoms. Suddenly his practised eye caught a red blossom, entirely different from the others. "Look," he shouted joyously to his helpers, pointing to the flower. The others came running and there it was, a flower with cupped petals, each ribbed through the center. He felt as a miner does when he discovers the outcroppings of a rich mine for any "break" in blossoms is always a potential source of a new creation.

There was interesting work ahead. Careful protection of the seed, patient selection and cross breeding produced nineteen colors of a fixed type now known as the Dahlia Flowered Zinnia.

In the meantime Mr. Bodger turned the management of his business over to his sons and, happy in the fulfillment of his ambition to make of the little "Old Maid" from Mexico a glorious flower, sailed with Mrs. Bodger for a long deferred visit to the old home in England. They spent a year and a half visiting friends, meeting business acquaintances, making new customers and seeing points of interest denied them during their residence there.

Returning to America in 1924, John Bodger arrived just in time to receive the joyous news that his Dahlia Flowered Zinnia had been awarded the Gold Medal by the Royal Horticultural Society at its exhibit in London. This most sensational event in the history of the Zinnia family completely changed its status and made the flower popular from the Equator to the Arctic Circle. A National Zinnia Society was formed and it was chosen as the State flower of Indiana.

Although it became an aristocrat among flowers it never forgot its humble origin and grows as gladly for the amateur gardener as for the trained nurseryman. There is now a Zinnia for every purpose. If you have an eye for color you may choose in a range from shell pink to deepest scarlet or from pale yellow to orange with many in-between variations. If your interest is in design you have a choice of six inch Lilliputs with little button flowers or California Giants standing four feet tall and topped with saucer-sized blossoms. Dahlia Flowered Zinnias are stately but if you like informal arrangements the care free Fantasy will please you.

Mr. Bodger's faith in the weed was justified and he had the pleasure of enacting the role of Godfather at the greatest coming-out party ever given a flower.

The Best in RADIO

Selected Programs on June Airwaves

[All Time is Eastern Daylight Saving]

Columbia Broadcasting System—WABC, WCAU, and affiliated stations.
National Broadcasting Company—BLUE Network—WJZ, WFIL, and affiliated stations.
National Broadcasting Company—RED Network—WEAF, KWY, and affiliated stations.

DAILY

9:00 A.M. Richard Maxwell. Songs of comfort and cheer—CBS.
9:45 A.M. Edward MacHugh, NBC Gospel Singer—Split RED and BLUE.
11:45 A.M. Getting the Most Out of Life. Inspiration talks by Dr. William L. Stidger—BLUE.
12:15 P.M. Her Honor, Nancy James. Dramatic serial of a woman judge's fight against slum conditions—CBS.
12:30 P.M. National Farm and Home Hour. Guest Speakers—BLUE.
5:30 P.M. Don Winslow of the Navy. Character-building dramas for children—BLUE.
6:05 P.M. The Human Side of the News. Edwin C. Hill—CBS.
6:45 P.M. Lowell Thomas, news commentator—BLUE.
7:00 P.M. Mr. District Attorney. Designed to focus attention on racketeering in the U. S.—RED.

SUNDAYS

9:00 A.M. From the Organ Loft. Julius Mattfeld, organist—CBS.
10:00 A.M. Church of the Air. Speakers are ministers of every denomination—CBS.
10:00 A.M. Highlights of the Bible. Dr. Frederick K. Stamm—RED.
10:00 A.M. American Art Quartet. Little known chamber music—BLUE.
10:30 A.M. Music and American Youth. Series of musical programs from various city highschools—RED.
11:15 A.M. Vernon Crane's Story Book. Whimsical stories for adults and children—RED.
11:30 A.M. Southernaires. Negro spirituals and devotional service—BLUE. Also Thursdays 12:00 and Fridays 12:15.
12:00 noon Radio City Music Hall of the Air. Symphony orchestra, soloists—BLUE.
12:30 P.M. University of Chicago Round Table Discussions—RED.
12:30 P.M. Salt Lake City Tabernacle Choir and Organ—CBS.
1:00 P.M. Church of the Air—CBS.
2:00 P.M. Republic in Action. How our federal government operates—CBS.
3:00 P.M. Everybody's Music. Howard Barlow conducting Columbia Broadcasting Symphony—CBS.
4:00 P.M. Sunday Vespers. Dr. Paul Scherer—BLUE.
4:30 P.M. The World is Yours. Dramatization program under auspices of Smithsonian Institution—RED.
5:00 P.M. The World Today. News round-ups from the world's capitals—CBS.
7:00 P.M. The People's Platform. Dinner-table discussions with Lyman Bryson as host—CBS.
8:00 P.M. NBC Symphony Orchestra—BLUE.
9:00 P.M. Ford Sunday Evening Hour—John Barbirolli conducts orchestra—June 4, last program—CBS.
10:00 P.M. The Circle. Informal philosophy discussions by famous guest speakers—RED.
10:30 P.M. Cheerio. Inspirational talks with music—BLUE.
10:30 P.M. Kaltenborn Edits the News—CBS. Also Tuesdays.

MONDAYS

12:30 P.M. Faith and Freedom. Dr. Harold Paul Sloan—RED.
1:15 P.M. Let's Talk It Over. Interviews with interesting personalities—Alma Kitchell—RED.
2:00 P.M. Adventures in Reading. Discussions of works of outstanding living American authors—BLUE.
2:45 P.M. Hymns of All Churches. Direction Joe Emerson—RED.
4:00 P.M. The Fact Finders, with Clara Wright Smith—CBS.
5:45 P.M. Adventures in Science. Interviews with scientists on advances in their fields—CBS.
6:00 P.M. Science in the News. Dr. Arthur H. Compton, speaker—RED.
7:30 P.M. Frontiers of Geology. Description of important part geology plays in all phases of life—RED.
7:45 P.M. Science on the March—BLUE.
8:30 P.M. The Voice of Firestone. Richard Crooks alternating with Margaret Speaks: symbolic orchestra Alfred Wallenstein conducting—RED.
9:00 P.M. Hour of Charm, with Dorothy Thompson—RED.
9:00 P.M. Primrose String Quartet. For lovers of serious music—BLUE.
9:00 P.M. Lux Radio Theater, directed by Cecil B. DeMille—CBS.
9:30 P.M. National Radio Forum. Leading figures in the nation's life presented from Washington—BLUE.
10:00 P.M. Carnation Contented Program. Orchestra direction Marek Weber; soloists—RED.
10:30 P.M. Columbia Workshop. Experimental radio drama—CBS.

TUESDAYS

12:30 P.M. Where To Look For Help. Dr. Jesse M. Bader—RED.
1:30 P.M. General Federation Women's Clubs. Consumer's program—RED.
2:00 P.M. Science Everywhere. A junior science feature—BLUE.
2:45 P.M. Hymns of All Churches—RED.
3:00 P.M. Columbia Concert Hall—CBS.
3:30 P.M. Story of the Songs. How some of the famous songs came to be written—CBS.
6:05 P.M. Pictures of France. Paris and the Provinces—BLUE.
6:30 P.M. Foundations of Democracy. Senator Robert Taft (R. Ohio) and Congressman T. V. Smith, (D., Ill.) discuss democratic government—CBS.
7:30 P.M. John T. Flynn. Analyzes and interprets national and world events—RED.
8:30 P.M. Information Please. Clifton Fadiman, in a program to stump the experts—BLUE.
9:00 P.M. We, the People. The people take the air, with Gabriel Heatter as Host—CBS.
10:00 P.M. If I Had the Chance. Interviews with outstanding men—BLUE.

WEDNESDAYS

8:30 A.M. Greenfield Village Chapel Choir—CBS.
12:30 P.M. The Rev. Joseph R. Sizoo in a series of inspirational addresses—RED.
1:15 P.M. Let's Talk It Over, with June Hynd—RED.
2:00 P.M. Your Health, in cooperation with American Medical Assn. Dramatized radio stories in health and hygiene—BLUE.
4:00 P.M. Fact Finders—CBS.
5:15 P.M. Of Men and Books. Professor John T. Frederick reviews new books—CBS.
6:00 P.M. Our American Schools. Dr. Belmont Farley conducts dramatization of the function of education and schools in a democracy—RED.
7:30 P.M. Ask-it-Basket. Questions and answer program with Jim McWilliams—CBS.
8:00 P.M. Television program—NBC Station W2XBS.
9:30 P.M. Wings For the Martins. Educational drama—BLUE.
10:30 P.M. It Can Be Done, with Edgar Guest—CBS.
10:30 P.M. The Public Interest in Democracy. America's problems—BLUE.

THURSDAYS

12:30 P.M. A series of devotional addresses conducted by Dr. Dauber of the Federal Council of Churches—RED.
2:00 P.M. Ideas That Came True. Social Science series with Dr. Rollo G. Reynolds—BLUE.
2:45 P.M. Hymns of All Churches—RED.
8:00 P.M. Parade of Progress. Interesting facts about food—BLUE.
9:00 P.M. Major Bowes' Amateur Hour—CBS.

FRIDAYS

12:30 P.M. At Home in the World. Dr. Leslie Bates Moss—RED.
1:15 P.M. Let's Talk It Over. Guest speakers—RED.
3:30 P.M. Columbia Chamber orchestra, Howard Barlow directing—CBS.
4:00 P.M. Fact Finder—CBS.
5:45 P.M. Men Behind the Stars. Story of the development of astronomy—CBS.
7:30 P.M. The ABC of NBC. Scenes behind a great broadcasting company—BLUE.
8:00 P.M. Television program—NBC Station W2XBS.
8:00 P.M. Cities Service Concert. Lucile Manner, soprano; Frank Black orchestra—RED.
8:15 P.M. Don't Forget. Tests on ability to remember facts through thought association—BLUE.
9:00 P.M. Campbell Playhouse. Orson Welles and guest stars—CBS.
10:30 P.M. Robert L. Ripley's Believe It or Not—CBS.
10:45 P.M. Story Behind the Headlines. Cesar Saerchinger—RED.

SATURDAYS

10:30 A.M. Florence Hale's Radio Column. Talks on subjects of interest to parents and teacher—RED.
10:45 A.M. Child Grows Up. Talk by Katherine Lenroot, chief of the Children's Bureau—BLUE.
12:00 noon American Education Forum. Designed to better understanding of problems facing educators—BLUE.
1:15 P.M. Calling All Stamp Collectors. Weekly service to the nation's philatelists—RED.
2:00 P.M. Men Against Death. Dramatizations of Paul de Kruif's books—CBS.
5:15 P.M. Youth Meets Government. High School students question noted authorities—RED.
5:30 P.M. What Price America? Dramatized story of America's natural resources—CBS.
6:30 P.M. Art of Living. Dr. Norman Vincent Peale—RED.
7:00 P.M. Americans at Work. Interviews with workers in diversified fields of industry—CBS.
7:30 P.M. Lives of Great Men. Dramatizations of the lives of the great men of history—RED.
8:30 P.M. Professor Quiz, with Bob Trout—CBS.
8:30 P.M. Brent House. Dramatizations with Hedda Hopper—BLUE.
9:30 P.M. Saturday Night Serenade, with Mary Eastman, Bill Perry and Gustav Haenschen's orchestra—CBS.

ON THE AIR

By Aileen Soares

CBS swings into intense education activity during June with the start of five new program series, one of which, "Republic in Action," will be produced by Columbia in cooperation with the United States Bureau of Education of the Dept. of the Interior. The series will be designed to show the people of the nation how their federal government functions. Such subjects as the government's part in developing transportation, the workings of its police arm, its part in world affairs, will be treated in the 26-week series. It will graphically demonstrate the process by which needs expressed by the people are forged into laws, the workmanship of the courts in translating these laws and the service to the people through administration of them. (CBS—Sundays, 2:00 p.m., EDST)

Another CBS educational feature will be "The World Today"

which will keep its listeners in firsthand couch with world affairs, by its weekly coundup of news and commentary from the key capitals of the world. Commentators will speak from such capitals as London, Paris, Berlin, Geneva, and Washington, D. C. (CBS—Sundays, 5:00 p.m., EDST)

AMONG many new religious programs to be scheduled for summer months over NBC networks, "At Home in the World," conducted by Dr. Leslie Bates Moss, noted missionary and preacher and secretary of the Foreign Missions Conference of North America, is one of the most attractive. The series is planned as brief radio visits to world neighbors to demonstrate how Christianity is at work in the world today. (Fridays, 12:30 p.m., EDST—NBC-RED)

CLARA WRIGHT SMITH, believes that facts can be made vital and interesting to radio listeners. She puts her belief into practice in a new series, "Fact Finders," which gives factual information about problems of everyday life. Mrs. Smith averages 1500 questions weekly from listeners. Most queries deal with ownership, valuation and sale of personal articles, with questions on household economics a close second (CBS 4:00 p.m., EDST, Mon. Wed. Fri.)

WHEN "Herman, the Littlest Locomotive in the Roundhouse," a modern fairy tale, was presented over NBC networks the radio public was wildly enthusiastic. Now Vernon Crane, the author and narrator, has a series of programs, "Vernon Crane's Story Book." The flavor of the programs are indicated by the titles of the stories; "Sugar Cookie Flats," "The Make Believe Chocolate Soda." (Sundays 11:15 a.m., EDST—NBC-RED)

A PRAYER FOR FATHERS

I would be strong, Lord, now I have a son
To be my joy and care through years to come.
I would be brave; be honest; truthful; fair;
That he may know his dad is on the square.
I would be kind and generous. Each day
Grant wisdom for the problem under way.
Have courage to say "No!" if so I must;
To never tell a lie—nor fail my trust.
I would be wise and merry; free from guile;
In all respects an understanding pal.
And, if I may, I would a pattern set
In after years that he shall not forget.
And so, with humble heart, I ask again
Strength for my job of fatherhood. Amen!

May Allread Baker.

To World's Fair Visitors

No doubt many of our readers will visit New York this summer, to see the World's Fair. We should be glad to have you visit our office also, and will also be pleased to give you any desired information about the Fair, or any of the other interesting places in the city. Our office is at 419 Fourth Avenue, Corner of 29th Street. Our telephone number is Caledonia 5-1211. Call us up at any time between 9 and 5, except Saturdays and Sundays.

WHY ISN'T THIS CAKE AS GOOD AS MY LAST ONE?

THIS SIMPLE BAKING SECRET HELPED RUTH—IT MAY HELP YOU

RUTH: "Look at this cake! Dry . . . coarse. And Monday I baked such a good one. Why is it I never can tell how my cake will turn out?"

SUE: "It may be your baking powder. It's such a small item we forget how important it is. Why don't you try Royal? I have found it helps me get better results."

RUTH: "You mean Royal is different from other baking powders?"

SUE: "Indeed it is! Royal is made with Cream of Tartar and it has a steady dependable action that helps give you a close, fine texture. Royal cakes are consistently fine-grained—delicious—stay fresh longer!"

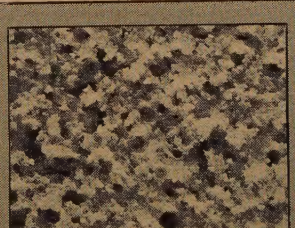
RUTH: "I'll certainly try it. But tell me, isn't Royal more expensive?"

SUE: "Per can, yes. But only a *fraction of a cent more per baking.* The other ingredients in your cake cost 30 to 40 times as much as the penny's worth of Royal you use. Royal can be really cheap baking insurance."

SOMETHING YOU SHOULD KNOW!

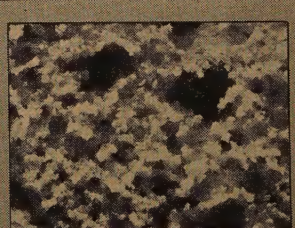
ROYAL is the only nationally distributed baking powder that is made with Cream of Tartar—a pure fruit product from luscious, juice-heavy grapes. ROYAL leaves no "baking powder" taste. Ask your grocer for ROYAL when you buy baking powder!

These photographs of cake, magnified, show why the action of baking powder is so important to success in baking.



STEADY BAKING POWDER ACTION

This is the normal result of *steady* baking powder action. Note the delicate but firm grain and fluffy texture of this cake. It will retain its moisture and delicious flavor—stay fresh longer.



UNEVEN BAKING POWDER ACTION

See how an uneven baking powder action may ruin texture by breaking down the tiny cell walls, make it coarse . . . crumbly. This cake will dry out—lose its flavor—get stale more quickly.

A HELPFUL COOK BOOK—FREE!

If you bake at home, you should have a copy of the Royal Cook Book which tells you how to make delicious cakes, biscuits, muffins and pies. Send your name and address to Royal Baking Powder, 691 Washington St., New York City. Dept. 206.

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Why Can't You Write?

It's much simpler than you think!

SO many people with the "germ" of writing in them simply can't get started. They suffer from inertia. Or they set up imaginary barriers to taking the first step.

Many are convinced the field is confined to persons gifted with a genius for writing.

Few realize that the great bulk of commercial writing is done by so-called "unknowns." Not only do these thousands of men and women produce most of the fiction published, but countless articles on business affairs, social matters, domestic science, etc., as well.

Such material is in constant demand. Every week thousands of checks for $25, $50 and $100 go out to writers whose latent ability was perhaps no greater than yours.

The Practical Method

Newspaper work demonstrates that the way to learn to write is by writing; newspaper copy-desk editors waste no time on theories or ancient classics. The *story* is the thing. Every copy "cub" goes through the course of practical criticism—a training that turns out more successful authors than any other experience.

That is why Newspaper Institute of America bases its writing instruction on the Copy-Desk Method. It starts and keeps you writing in your own home, on your own time. And upon the very same kind of *actual assignments* given daily to metropolitan reporters. Thus you learn by *doing*, not by studying the individual styles of model authors.

Each week your work is analyzed constructively by practical newspaper men. Gradually they help to clarify your own *distinctive* style. Writing soon becomes easy, absorbing. Profitable, too, as you gain the "professional" touch that gets your material accepted by editors. Above all, you can see constant progress week by week as your faults are corrected and your writing ability grows.

Have You Natural Ability?

Our Writing Aptitude Test will reveal whether or not you have natural talent for writing. It will analyze your powers of observation, your imagination and dramatic instinct. You'll enjoy this test. There is no cost or obligation. Simply mail the coupon below today. Newspaper Institute of America, One Park Ave., New York, N. Y.

Free — Newspaper Institute of America, One Park Ave., New York, N.Y.

Send me, without cost or obligation, your *Writing Aptitude Test* and further information about writing for profit as promised in Christian Herald, June.

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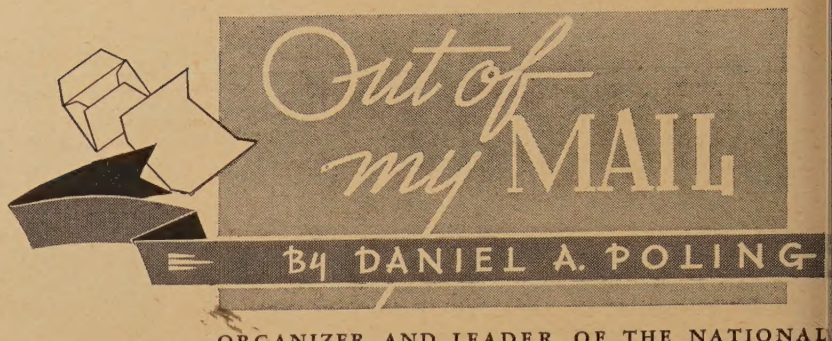

ORGANIZER AND LEADER OF THE NATIONAL

THE UNPARDONABLE SIN

What is the unpardonable sin? I am deeply troubled. Also, explain the meaning of the twelfth chapter of Hebrews, verses fifteen, sixteen and seventeen.

THE one asking this question is deeply troubled, fearing that she has committed the unpardonable sin. She has not. When we are deeply troubled, then we may be sure that we have not committed that sin. There are wide differences of opinion as to what the sin itself is. But it is generally agreed that so long as we have a concern not to commit it, we have not committed it. And we may find the peace that passeth knowledge.

The explanation of the verses further emphasizes this fully confirmed interpretation of the saving grace of Jesus Christ.

NO SALVATION WITHOUT CHRIST

I have a friend whom I am unable to convince that the Jew in order to be saved must accept Christ as a personal Saviour. He contends the devotion of the Jew to God is the only requirement. I am no doubter myself, but will you give me a statement that I may share with him?

"BELIEVE upon the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved," is the very clear instruction of the New Testament. "Salvation" comes through faith in Jesus Christ as Lord and Saviour, but faith without works is dead, we are told.

I am glad that I do not need personally to judge a particular individual. I am sure that some people profess faith in Jesus Christ who fall far short of the fruits of the spirit that are enjoined upon us if we would be worthy of His approbation.

SHALL WE ADMIT REFUGEES?

Dr. Poling, do you favor the proposed bill which is to be introduced in the present Congress and which would open America to fifteen-year-old German refugees?

I DO absolutely! God pity me if I feel less than that. Great Britain has opened her doors. Little Holland has been almost crowded out, and also Switzerland.

Provisions must be made for the children, and they are being made. Once again the Quakers, the Society of Friends, and others, are about this generous Christ-like business of making it possible for America, without risk to her own institutions and homes, to care for these refugees in such numbers as they may be allocated to us.

Absolutely yes! to this question.

CHINESE COLLEGES

What do you know about the condition of Christian colleges in China since the present unspeakable invasion of China by Japan?

RECENT reports reveal that there are at the present over six thousand students in the Christian colleges of China. This is two thousand more than the previous year and, significantly indeed, only one thousand less than the record of peace days. All Christian colleges are still in existence, although only two are going forward on their own campus. Shanghai University buildings, the great educational institution of the Northern Baptist Church, are still occupied by the Japanese.

AN EXTENSIVE ENTERPRISE

I read recently that the Christian missionary movement is one of the most extensive enterprises in the world, if not the most extensive. Have you any figures available?

I DO not have figures for the Roman Catholic Church, but Protestant missionary activities in twenty-two countries, exclusive of Europe, Canada, the United States, and the Balkans, reveal the following facts: 28,000 missionaries employed; 204,000 nationals employed in the respective countries, with 56,891 Christian schools. The total annual expense is nearly, if not quite, sixty million dollars, of which more than twenty-eight million is contributed by the citizens of the countries in which the work is carried on.

PERSONAL CONVICTIONS OR CIVIC DUTY

I am of the opinion that a Christian does not have the right to demand a man's life. With this conviction, do you think that a Christian should serve on a jury if

BUSINESS AND EDITORIAL OFFICES, 419 Fourth Ave., New York

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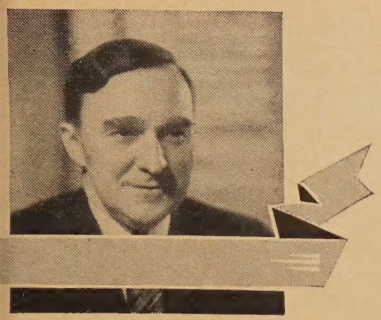

OUTH RADIO CONFERENCE

e knows that the ultimate outcome of heir decision will be death for the de-endant?

THIS question lies in the field of personal choice and individual conscience. f you cannot serve on a jury in such a ase and answer to your God, then you nust decline to serve and take the con-equences.

What a tragedy, however, it would be all Christians felt this way about civic esponsibility. Responsibility cannot be scaped. If I accept the protection of ociety, I am bound by my conscience to ffer my services to society. Any other hoice would, as I see it, be entirely elfish and utterly wrong.

Jesus taught man's responsibility to od and to the community.

GOD'S ANSWERS TO PRAYER

How do you reconcile the fact that with wo people lying ill and prayers offered or their healing, one recovers and the ther dies? How can a just God be partial?

AM very sure that it would not always be the right answer to a prayer for one ho is ill to recover—if this physical life s but the beginning. Even though this ife is all that we may with our physical yes see and with our physical senses ossess, the *future* holds the better part.

Our prayer should be in God's will, and f it is in God's plan for a life that it hould be discontinued here, to go for-ard uninterrupted beyond the grave, hen whatever our personal sorrow, we hould be comforted and satisfied. One nay recover and the other die, and each vent be "right." We should pray always n God's will. He is omniscient. He nows what is best for each individual. t may be to the eternal advantage of the ne for whom I offer my prayer that hysical life should be discontinued.

On the wall of a friend's study in Ohio, read the following verse that had com-orted him after the death of his daughter ho was just ready to graduate from ollege:

"They pass from work to greater work
Who rest before their noon;
Aye, God is very good to them—
They do not die too soon."

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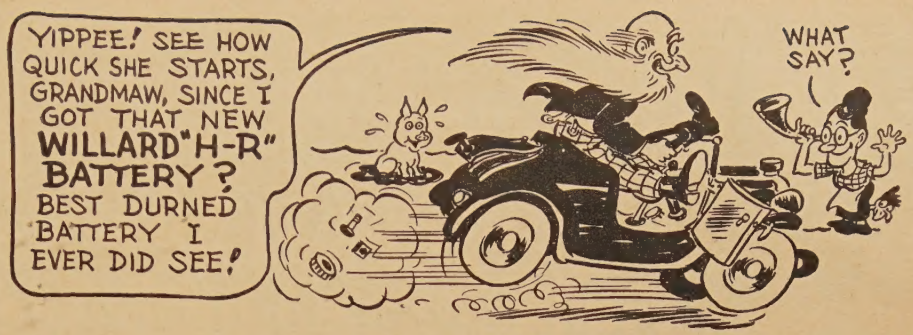

YIPPEE! SEE HOW QUICK SHE STARTS, GRANDMAW, SINCE I GOT THAT NEW WILLARD "H-R" BATTERY? BEST DURNED BATTERY I EVER DID SEE!
WHAT SAY?

For Safe Driving, Replace Your Old Battery with this

NEW H-R WILLARD

● Is yours a '35, '36, '37 or '38 car? Do you drive over 10,000 miles a year? If you do—you ought to know that modern cars and modern driving conditions put a terrific electrical load on storage batteries . . . a load that many ordinary batteries can't stand.

That's why Willard designed this new "H-R"—a battery that's built to meet the demands of today's cars—a battery that will give you quick starts and yet supply all the current you need for lights, horn, radio, heater and other electrical accessories.

And it's built to last longer!

Willard analyzed the life-histories of 78,000 batteries and then built the new Willard "H-R" to *last 68% longer* than the average of the 100 other brands that were in the survey.

This long life is made possible by a new type of Willard Thread Rubber Insulation which prevents the internal "short circuits" that kill so many ordinary batteries.

Despite its many advantages the "H-R" isn't expensive! You'll be money ahead to install one of these truly *dependable* batteries BEFORE your present battery fails you. Play safe—stop in and see the new "H-R" today!

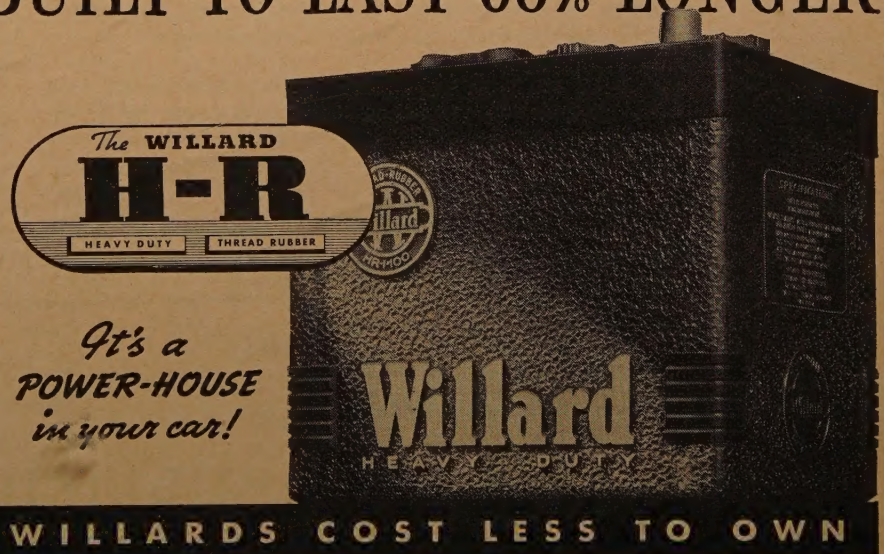
WILLARD STORAGE BATTERY COMPANY
Cleveland • Dallas • Los Angeles • Toronto

Now Ready!

THE NEW WILLARD DRY BATTERIES

For your flashlight—lantern—radio. Like all Willards they are quality-built throughout. Every cell is tested and dated before it leaves the factory. Try them.

BUILT TO LAST 68% LONGER

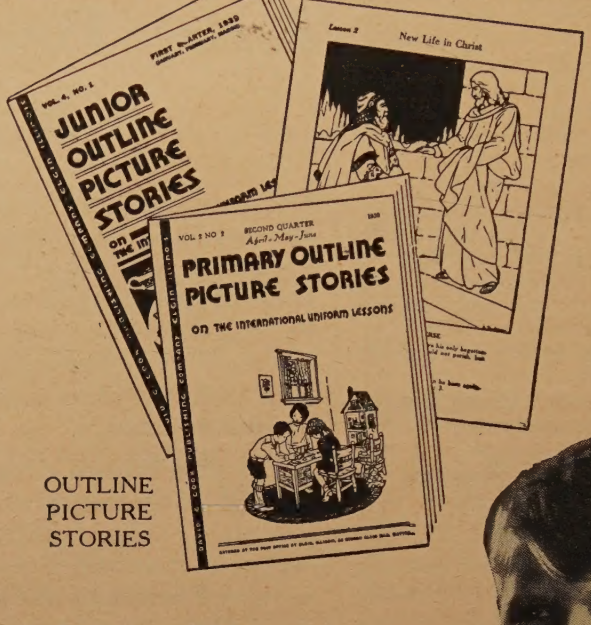


It's a POWER-HOUSE in your car!

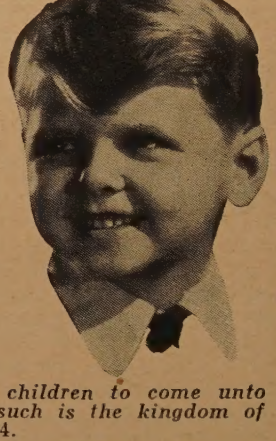
WILLARDS COST LESS TO OWN

Consecrate these little ones to Christ through *hand* and *heart* and *mind!*

Something to see . . . something to do . . . something to learn . . . about the Sunday-school lesson.


JUNIOR OUTLINE PICTURE STORIES
New Life in Christ
PRIMARY OUTLINE PICTURE STORIES
ON THE INTERNATIONAL UNIFORM LESSONS

OUTLINE PICTURE STORIES



Suffer the little children to come unto me . . . for of such is the kingdom of God.—Mark 10: 14.

Eager minds and busy little hands find these Bible stories simple, interesting, and easy to grasp.

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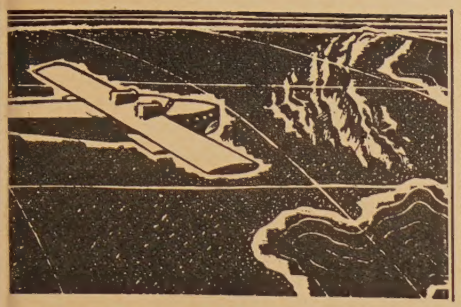


NEWS DIGEST *of the month*

A DEPARTMENT OF INTERPRETATION AND COMMENT ON THE MONTH'S CHIEF EVENTS

Words Versus Works

ALL the world waited, with baited breath, for Herr Hitler to answer President Roosevelt. Now that he has answered, all the world is arguing over what he meant, or might have meant. To some the speech means war, to some peace, to some others nothing more than "words, words, words, full of sound and fury, signifying . . . nothing."

A man is better known by his works than by his words. Suppose we consider the works of Der Fuehrer.

On January 30, 1934, he shouted: "After the solution of the question of the Saar, the German government is willing and determined to accept in its innermost soul the Pact of Locarno." On March 7, 1936, he utterly violated the Pact of Locarno by sending his troops into the Rhineland.

On May 21, 1935, he said to Austria: "Germany has neither the wish nor the intention to mix in internal Austrian affairs, or to annex or unite with Austria." On March 12, 1938 his army took over Austria.

On September 26, 1938, Hitler shouted: "I repeat that if the problem (of the Sudeten area) is solved, there will be no further territorial problems in Europe for Germany." He never waited for that problem to be solved; on March 14, 1939, German troops took Czechoslovakia.

Later little Lithuania was bludgeoned into surrendering Memel; here Hitler said: "Germany's territorial status in Europe has been completed." But in the speech of this month he spoke of Danzig, of the return of former German colonies to the Reich, of a good broad highway across the Polish Corridor.

Those works speak louder than those words. We had once in this country a sage named Ralph Waldo Emerson who said, "What you are speaks so loud that I cannot hear what you say." Have you a copy of Emerson in your library, Mr. Hitler? We suggest you read him. What you are speaks so loudly to us that what you promise leaves us cold.

"No one," cried Der Fuehrer, "would be happier than I at the prospect of still being able to come to a clear and straightforward understanding." Most of us understand the situation quite clearly enough now. Few of us in the world believe you mean that, and there is a rising tide of doubt that even your fellow-Germans believe you mean it. Else why a two-hour speech to convince them?

AT HOME

CHILDREN'S PLIGHT: A telegram reached the Senate Immigration Committee this week from Herbert Hoover. Mr. Hoover asks the Committee to endorse the Wagner-Rogers Bill to permit entry into the United States, outside the quota, of 20,000 German refugee children. Also pleading for it are Dorothy Thompson, actress Helen Hayes, Canon Phelps of Washington, many a Protestant and Catholic churchman and church body, and the American Federation of Labor.

Some plead against it. Say they: the children will complicate an already serious industrial and unemployment problem; they will bring in their parents, once they become citizens; the quota law will be upset, and a dangerous precedent set; the youngsters are liable to become public charges. Against them, the Bill's supporters say: that we can easily absorb 20,000 children in a country of such size and population; that in the last two years alone we have absorbed 80,000 Jewish refugees; that immigration is now only between forty and fifty per cent of the total allowed by quota law and that in some months departures of former immigrants have exceeded arrivals; that the great humanitarian spirit and record of America demands that we give haven and shelter to the desperate 20,000.

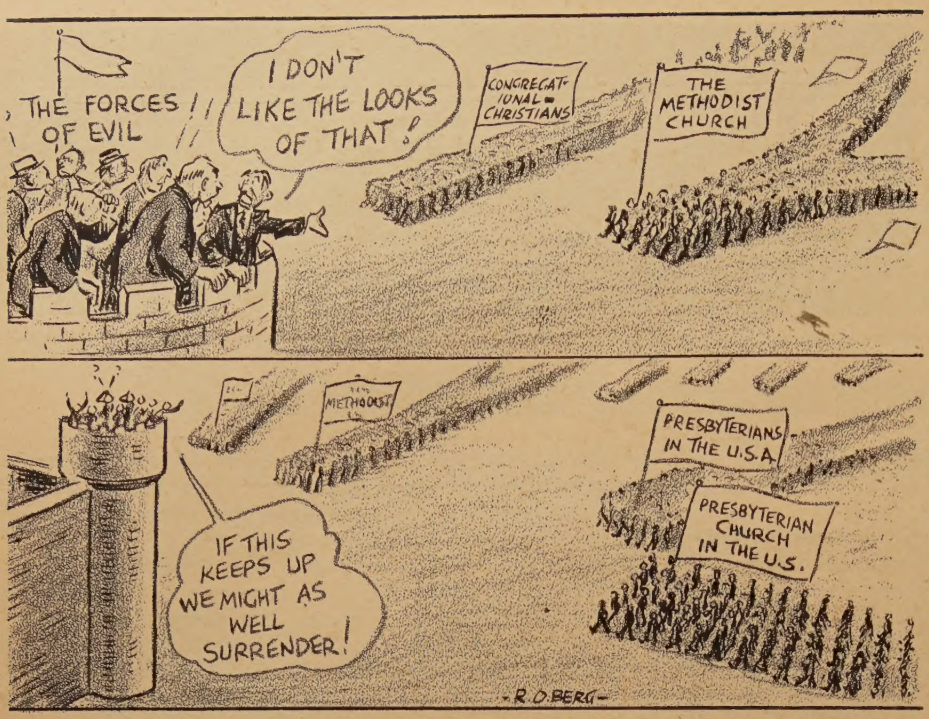
It is for Congress—and the people—to settle. All red tape aside, the issue is only this: are we to put immigration laws first, or the lives of 20,000 children? What is to become of them, if we close the gates? It is a big problem. We have no editorial solution for it, but we offer the suggestion that we might set up a "swap" system here, as we are planning to set it up with foodstuffs. Why not swap one German-American Bund member, who doesn't like the United States, for one forlorn child who is willing to leave his parents to get here, up to 20,000?

PEOPLE AND PRESIDENT: A Gallup poll indicates that the people of this country (as many as Dr. Gallup could get at) support the President's letter to Hitler by a score of six to four. The same poll reveals that three to one of us are in favor of settling the claims of the dictator nations around a conference table if at all possible, and not on a battlefield.

This is more than an idle vote; in it lies a significant clue to our deepest American thoughts and reactions. We do not want war. But we back the President. That's typical of us. We've always avoided war as long as possible. We have never leaped to arms; we have never had a major war without a draft. We are not by nature a warlike people, but in a crisis we . . . back the President, whoever he is.

This, too, is significant: never have we been so prepared to enter a war as we are prepared now.

NORTH CAROLINA: Bills requiring applicants for marriage licenses in North Carolina to pass physical examinations



UNITED THE FORCES OF THE CHURCH CAN ROUT THEM

and providing blood tests for expectant mothers have just been enacted into law by the North Carolina legislature. Under the law, marriage will be prohibited for persons having venereal disease or tuberculosis in contagious stages, and for persons mentally deficient or having epilepsy.

North Carolina follows a national trend: this is happening in many states. It is predicted that South Carolina, Virginia and Tennessee will soon fall in line, among others. We're for it. If the railroads and the munitions men and the makers of ships and sealing-wax are protected by law, why not the mothers and the children yet unborn? It might be good to make this a national statute, instead of merely a local one.

MASTERPIECE: Coming to the New York World's Fair? Then whatever you see, be sure to see the two famous paintings by Munkacsy, on exhibition for Fair visitors in Wanamaker's department store. The famous "Christ Before Pilate" and "Christ on Calvary" are enshrined for public view in the rotunda; they alone are worth a trip to New York.

There is an interesting story about the "Christ Before Pilate." Munkacsy painted it while still young; try as he would, he never could again rise to the artistic mastery he achieved on that canvas. When a rich merchant purchased it from the poverty-stricken painter, he got it on condition that he give Munkacsy a room in his house and access to the picture, so long as the artist should live. And Munkacsy spent many an hour of torture on his knees, before his masterpiece, worshiping it, frantic because he could not do it again. . . . It is bad to have your masterpiece behind you rather than ahead. . . .

THE PAYOFF: Indicted in Kansas City is Boss Pendergast; the charge is that he made some $315,000 and failed to pay an income tax thereon. Also indicted is "Tough Johnny" Torrio of New York, charged with defrauding the national government of $87,000 in taxes due on his income from 1933 to 1935. Languishing in "stir," and (rumor has it, suffering from an incurable mental disease) is Al Capone, arch-income-tax dodger of them all. All three of them know well the meaning of the word "payoff," and all three know by now that the final payoff seems to be made to Uncle Sam.

That's worthy of comment. There was a time in this country when a politician could build up a court-proof machine, or a gangster build up a gang that nobody in town dared defy; corrupt politics and the unholy bond of politician-and-gangster made it seem that nothing could be done about it; the city simply submitted. That time is gone. Now Uncle Sam can step in where local citizens are powerless, grab a man for income-tax evasion, and give him a good stiff penalty for his sins by way of Federal prosecution.

It doesn't matter much that he serves his prison sentence for evading his taxes rather than for engaging in gang warfare. The important thing is that he goes to jail, and that when he faces a Federal trial, his chances of getting out of it with the help of corrupt politicians is practically nil.

The way of the transgressor is getting harder and harder—thanks to Uncle Sam and the F. B. I.

WASHINGTON: A large slice of the government is about to be reorganized. Perhaps it had to be reorganized; at least the President thought so. Said F. D. R. to Congress: "In 1899, President McKinley could deal with the whole machinery of the executive branch through his eight Cabinet Secretaries and the heads of two commissions." But today the President must guide personally some thirty major agencies, and nobody knows how many minor ones. That needed changing. These changes will become effective in sixty days, barring the unexpected:

The agencies have been grouped under three heads. A new Federal Security Agency will take over the Federal Security Board, the Office of Education, the Public Health Service and other Bureaus with similar social services. A Federal Works Agency will coordinate the WPA, the PWA, the U. S. Housing Authority, the Bureau of Public Roads. A Federal Loan Agency will take over the RFC and other credit agencies, all except those dealing with the farmer, which will go into the Department of Agriculture.

It is a good stroke. It is the President's answer to those who accuse him of seeking dictatorial powers; it answers also, he thinks, those who call him spendthrift. He says it will save us from fifteen to twenty million dollars per year in overhead—a sum worth saving, in any man's coinage. But it is not finished business, as yet. There will be jockeying, dispute, trouble over this, for there is an intra-Administration fight involved. Cabinet heads and legislators want to keep what power they have; it may be barely possible that some of them may want more, and that they will try to plan reorganization to get it. We may expect many changes, whatever happens in the next sixty days.

ABROAD

TOKYO: Hesitant to put her foot in the bog-mire of European politics and be dragged into a continental war, Japan is growing cold and colder toward her German-Italian "allies;" she would like Rome and Berlin to help her in case Russia marches against her, but she cannot afford, as things are with her now, to send any considerable army or fleet to help Rome or Berlin in case the lid blows off in Europe.

Always dependent on her exports, Japan has seen her foreign trade slipping badly since the "Incident" (now spelt with a capital I) at the Marco Polo bridge. She has spent more gold in the last two years to balance her international accounts than she now possesses.

Adding insult to injury, the Chinese report fresh victories, lost towns recaptured; a nation never warlike nor wanting war with anyone, yet more solidly than ever united behind the gallant little Generalissimo.

Forgive us for stooping from the sublime to the ridiculous, but this reminds us of the goldfish-swallowing contests that have been going on in our colleges. Germany swallowed Memel and Vienna and Prague—not very big fishes, not very hard to swallow. Italy gulped down Albania, and that was hardly an appetizer; economically, Italy had Albania swallowed years ago. But when Japan tried to gulp down China, she found herself strangling over a dragon. All signs now point to the dragon turning on the swallower from Nippon, and doing a little swallowing for himself.

A good rereading of your history book will show you that this China has quite a swallowing capacity. She has swallowed, or engulfed, or assimilated every enemy

that ever crossed her borders. And history has an uncanny way of repeating itself.

BOLIVIA: After a year of experiment with a pseudo-constitutional government, a lieutenant colonel in the Bolivian army has set himself up as military dictator of his country. He is "President" German Busch, and his coup creates the fifth dictatorship in South America. Only five others—Argentina, Chile, Columbia, Uruguay and Venezuela—still have a constitutional form of government.

Dictator Busch claims that this is a strictly Bolivian dictatorship, entirely unassociated with anything European. But Dictator Busch is the son of a German. He is a steadfast admirer of Franco. His right-hand man in the coup is the Minister of Mines and Petroleum, Dionisio Fioanini, son of an Italian, graduate of an Italian university and a great admirer of Mussolini. Both recently spent days with visiting Italian aviators in Bolivia, there to "teach young Bolivian army fliers" the tricks of the air. But it is said in La Paz that the men of Il Duce spent more time talking fascism than talking of tailspins.

Then there is this in the picture. The army has long been the ruling power in Bolivia, and most Bolivian army men believe that their country can be better ruled by military men than by civilians. They hesitate to let the masses vote freely, for the masses are decidedly leftist in their sympathies.

BELGRADE: The little countries loom large now in the European picture. Yugoslavia looms very large. She is enjoying overtures from both the democracies and the dictators of the Rome-Berlin axis; she is weighing her decision. She remembers too well the last war, and the tragic part she played in it.

Mussolini, the Slavs feel, wants Yugoslavia not so much to stop the encirclement of Germany, as to provide herself with a stopping-block against Hitler's march toward European empire. The Yugoslav frankly does not like the Italian; the new bids for "friendship" with Rome leave him laughing. But as the balance of power goes, so will go Yugoslavia. If she finds that the democracies can help her save her independence, she will line up with them; if she finds the democracies weaker than Rome-Berlin, then fascist she will go, although there is no doubt that the smaller European states have grown extremely cynical about any aid from the democracies since Munich.

Last week large numbers of excited youth were in the streets of Belgrade wearing badges in the national colors and bearing the slogan, "We will defend our country." Defend it against whom, or in company with whom, they didn't just know. . . .

Your editor was in Yugoslavia less than a year ago; he prays that "the war" will not be fought here. Yugoslavia is a fairyland on the shores of a sparkling sea; it is as near the perfection of any earthly Eden as anything he has ever seen; and it is populated with some of the most lovable people he has ever known. May the war detour its borders and leave it as it is: the picture of peace.

RUSSIA: There is a momentary lull in the business of shooting Soviet generals in Russia; it may be that there are no more left to shoot. Meanwhile, another problem presses the Kremlin. It is the peasant problem.

The peasants number about 120,000,000 of the 170,000,000 in the Soviet community. They are the backbone of Russia; let rebellion break here, and the Soviet ark could easily founder. And there are signs of rebellion that are worrying the men around Stalin. Commissioner A. A. Andreyev, in a speech this week, let the cat out of the bag when he said bluntly that there was a distinct and dangerous gulf between the Communist party and the peasantry. In hundreds of rural areas there is not a single Communist cell; the big collective farms which have been considered the real strength of the Soviet State are turning out to be lukewarm in their Communism, and farmers by the thousand are not yet convinced that Stalin has brought down heaven to their earth.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY THOMAS E. DEWEY

What he says:

"I have not devoted eight years of my life to the administration of justice because I take pleasure in prosecuting and convicting. Rather I think of them as eight years spent in one of the laboratories which tests the qualities of government and its abilities to make right those things which are wrong. The pretended strength of the government is never a substitute for the real strength of the individual."

There are two reasons for it. One is that the peasants are money-rich and goods-poor; the other is that the finest and most fiery Communist youth has left the rural areas for work in the big industrial projects in the cities, leaving the older and more conservative oldsters behind. And the oldsters, more realistic and experienced and less dreamy, are not so sure about the benefits they are told they have gained since the Czars gave way to Nicolai Lenin. They are more interested in potatoes than in propaganda.

Most revolutions start, not from the palace, but from the farmhouse. It is the man with the pinched belly and not the spellbinding orator passing out passes to Utopia who really causes the upsets. So give your ear to Stalin, but keep your eye on the Russian farmer; the future lies with him.

ROME: From Naples to Milan they trooped in—thousands of black-shirted Fascisti, to hear Il Duce harangue from the balcony in Piazza Venezia. They had money for a holiday; 500 to 2,000 lire apiece, to spend after the speech.

Head haranguer Mussolini screamed: "Do you want riches? Do you want glory? Do you want honors?" The answer, of course, was obviously a resounding "No! No! No!" But somehow the things got twisted around, and the thousands with the money in their pockets howled back to startled Mussolini: "YES! YES! YES!"

The speaker gulped, changed the subject, did his best to make a speech of it, but the harm was done. He turned his loyal and still innocent yes-men loose to spend their money in the wildest riot seen in the Eternal City since Nero abdicated.

LONDON: In peace time, Tommy Atkins is seen not much in London; he is on foreign duty, away at Gibraltar, Singapore, Delhi. Now London will see more of him; Britain is calling up her men for military service. She will give six-month's training to 200,000 men a year.

This marks a departure in British military policy. No longer is she content to sit content behind her great fleet; no longer does she place her hope of safety in avoiding war as long as possible and then muddling through to victory. Now she takes her place with those other European states which are armed to the teeth in the piping times of peace. No longer will she count upon fighting it out on foreign soil; now she knows that the decisive battle of the next war may be fought on her own soil, even in the air over London. Hence, the Royal Air Force is fast approaching the strength of the German air armada. It is all a revolution in military policy that had to follow the revolution in British foreign policy. Whether or not it will stave off war or encourage it, time alone will tell.

SPAIN: Winner at war, General Franco is now beset by graver problems than he ever faced on the battlefield. Oranges are rotting on the trees of Valencia; there are no men to pick them, no boxes to pack them in, no transports to get them away from the shores of Spain. He must solve that one first; he must get the smashed wheels of industry repaired and turning again. The Monarchists cry for a return of the king; the military leaders want their reward, and they want no King at all; they fought to rule, and rule they will. The Vatican is friendly, and churchmen are moving in to rebuild the Church; but there are thousands in the country fiercely opposed to the reestablishment of the Church to its former dominating position. Already political parties are being formed. Franco must decide which political theory New Spain is to have; if he errs here, he may find himself a rebel rebelled against.

Add to that the fact that he is being pressed hard by Italy and Germany, who helped him win, for economic and military favors, and you have a good picture of the fix Franco is in. He may want to pay off Hitler and Mussolini, but he has no money, and the only credit and the best markets he can find are with Britain and France!

He is little likely to get aid from France, with whom relations are growing strained because of his insistance that the French government return to him the money and supplies which the fleeing Loyalists carried into France. So he is shopping around.

CHURCH NEWS

LUTHERANS: Leaders of the United Lutheran Church have taken the initiative in expressing concern over the new relationship of the Federal government of the United States and the Vatican. At best, that relationship is at present hazy and uncertain; no one seems to know whether or not the Vatican will be accorded full diplomatic relations with our government. The Lutherans fear such a relationship, holding, as President Dr. Frederick H. Knubel has put it, that it "would violate the American principle of the separation of Church and State."

Other denominations will undoubtedly follow the Lutheran lead, if and when the actual diplomatic status of the Vatican in the United States is made clear. Certainly this country has nothing to gain by an exchange of fully-accredited ambassadors; trade and commerce with the tiny Vatican state is nil, and as a temporal power there is certainly no need of our "fearing" her, in a military sense. But the Vatican, were she to attain full embassy rights, would have at Washington a standing and recognition accorded no other faith in America.

DOING SOMETHING: This editor is looking, this week, for an old friend who is forever shouting, "Why doesn't the Church *do* something?" He wants to show the friend a news clipping which reports the annual expenditure of the 150 member-institutions of the Federation of Protestant Welfare Agencies, for 1938.

How much would you suppose the Protestants in this group (and not *all* Protestants are represented here) spent for poor relief last year? A million? Five million? Guess again. Twenty millions went out in 1938 for child care, youth aid, old age assistance, convalescent care, and general relief.

In all fairness, we must realize that this is one job the Church is not specifically called upon to do; it is a spiritual agency, and not a charity office. Yet it has gone the second mile, to the tune of twenty millions, in just one year.

PRESBYTERIANS: Meeting at Montreat on May 25th will be the Southern branch of the Presbyterians (Presbyterian Church in the U. S.) meeting also on the 25th at Cleveland, will be the Northern branch (Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A.). Both bodies will hear reports from their Committees on Unification. They will probably not merge the two great bodies at Montreat and Cleveland; that, says one prominent Southern leader, will take at least two years. But long steps, we predict, will be taken. The Uniting Conference of the Methodists, begun a month ago at Kansas City, is an inspiration for the Presbyterians.

Something may be said at Cleveland about the resignation of Dr. John MasCallum as editor of the Presbyterian *Tribune*. This is the result of a dispute with the editorial council of the *Tribune*. The ex-editor says the council asked him to adopt a pacifist policy for his paper; that, while no militarist, he was not "one of those sentimentalists who take the position that war is always sinful or un-Christian." The council, replying, denies that it demands a pacifist policy.

Ordinarily we would not report this at all; such news never tickles our editorial palate. But with the world as it is, there is a peculiar significance in the item now. The lines are being drawn in the Church on the peace-and-war question as they were never drawn in 1917. Already we are falling into pacifist-militarist categories; already the Church is split. If the dreaded war should come, the split will certainly widen; the American Church will never again be the pro-war unit that it was in the days of the World War.

MRS. ELIAS COMPTON, American Mother of 1939

What she says:

"If by heredity you mean the principle that worth is handed down in the bloodstream, I don't think much of it. Lincoln's heredity was nil. No, I've seen too many extraordinary men and women who were children of the common people to put much stock in heredity."

FATHERS' VOCATION: Are the sons of bankers more conservative than the sons of farmers? Is the daughter of a dentist more religious than the daughter of a teacher? Does the father's vocation have an effect on the religious life of son and sister?

In an effort to find out, Dr. Erland Nelson of Newberry College (S. C.,) directed a survey of 3214 students in four state universities and fourteen denominational colleges. He found: (1) That the homes of dentists, journalists, lawyers, farmers, laborers and commercial men provided children with the more conservative attitudes, while the more liberal students came from the homes of teachers and social workers; (2) The most religious group came from church parsonages, followed closely by those from farmers' and laborers' homes. And (which is most important) (3) That father's vocation seems to have more influence upon student attitudes than does the number of years they have attended college.

We rejoice in the finding on parsonage children; we've heard too long the fiction that they are "fed up with religion."

METHODISTS: The Methodists are in session at Kansas City as we go to press; they may be there when we go to press next month, for they have a lot to straighten out. Their plan for a single Board of Publication will furnish some fireworks; so will the bid of the laymen for a larger place in the Methodist sun. That laymen's movement has been growing fast across the last decade, and a bid for a Board of Lay Activities, with vastly enlarged lay participation in the work of the Church, will surely be made.

Inasmuch as we cannot yet report proceedings of this Uniting Conference which have not yet taken place, we give you this month a digest of Methodist facts and figures on the new Methodist Church that will be born at Kansas City. It will have a membership of more than 7,750,000 (making it the largest single Protestant body in America). It will have 24,900 ministers, 13,000 local preachers, 900 deaconesses in the U. S.; fifty bishops in the U. S., thirteen abroad; 42,700 church buildings and 20,700 parsonages in 43,000 communities, valued with other Methodist properties at $725,000,000; there will be 140 schools and colleges with 6,000 teachers and 105,000 students; 82 hospitals with 263,000 patients and 5,300 nurses; 358 homes for children and the aged, with 10,500 persons being served at a total value of $30,150,000; 46 deaconess homes are valued at $3,430,000.

Abroad, this Methodist Church will have 27,800 Methodists in Africa, 67,800 in China, 87,000 in Europe, 97,500 in India, 62,100 in Malaya and the Philippines and 13,100 in Latin America, besides 5,500 in China and Japan that are numbered in the membership of American conferences. There are 2,835 churches abroad, 2,060 parsonages, 95 hospitals, 65 homes and 2,750 schools from kindergarten to graduate schools. The world-wide church will include 863,700 members of young people's societies, 5,915,900 members enrolled in 46,360 Sunday schools.

And that's about enough statistical food for one month's meal.

BAPTISTS: Mercer College (Macon, Ga.) had a tempest in its campus kettle this week that got more publicity than it deserved. A group of students with more blatancy than brains accused a group of professors of heretical, non-Baptist teachings; another group of campus cut-ups paraded the campus with signs reading "Witchcraft trial going on inside," when

the issue came to a head. Reporters for the press saw the paraders, knew little or nothing of what the incident meant, knew not at all that such incidents happen about once a week in every man-sized college.

The President of Mercer is angry with the press for distorting the incident. He should be. The press, and not only in Macon, owes it to the Church to give as intelligent attention to the reporting of religious news as it gives to murders and prize-fights. It has been left to the cub reporters all too long. And the Church owes it to the press to see to it that not church trivialities but real church *news* gets its rightful place on Page One. We could get it there, if we tried.

HERE AND THERE: John Haynes Holmes wants to know why the New York Fair's Temple of Religion was opened at 11 A. M. on Sunday, when every New York preacher was busy in a Temple of his own . . . The *Catholic Times* gives statistics on religious denominations in Germany: Germany is 50 per cent Protestant, 43.1 per cent Catholic, .86 per cent Jewish . . . Herman Petty has attended the Washington, N. J., Methodist Episcopal Sunday School sixty years without a break. Anybody in the *Herald* family beat that? . . . National Conference of Jews and Christians is distributing ten million badges of tolerance. Get yours through us . . . New Hampshire Shakers are now exempt from property tax, by new law . . . A Philadelphia Protestant Episcopal rector is directing a hosiery mill set up to give employment to destitute hosiery workers in his neighborhood . . . The Quakers will sponsor eight Institutes of International Relations this summer.

TEMPERANCE

BEER AND THE CCC: A full-page magazine ad has it that the $326,000,000 appropriated by Congress for the 1938 CCC projects "could easily be defrayed from the taxes paid by beer." So that's settled! All we have to do now is to drink beer, and more beer, and then some more beer, and let little bills like the three-hundred-million-CCC-bill take care of itself. Simple, but. . . .

The CCC project doesn't cost the brewers a penny; they get the full price for their beer, *plus* the tax. So they're not so unselfishly interested, after all.

Add to that the sales the beer men hope to make to the people who get hold of the CCC pay checks, and they are still more non-vicarious.

They take from people's pockets $8.50 for every dollar of tax they pay the government. (Figures from American Business Men's Research Foundation.)

There's nothing worse than a rascal who poses behind a screen of sanctimonious piety. There's nothing more despicable than a man who makes millions out of a business built on human degradation while he pretends to be a great human benefactor.

TEMPERANCE EDUCATION: The Utah legislature has passed a bill providing for special programs of instruction, guidance and plans for pupils in the state schools under eighteen years of age regarding the harmful effects upon the individual and society of alcoholic beverages (including beer), tobacco and narcotics. School superintendents are instructed to prepare bulletins, courses of study, visual education, etc., to carry out the act.

The legislature also killed a bill which offered a sale-by-the-drink program for the State. Religious backing was a powerful factor behind both the dead bill and the live one.

THE QUAKERS OBJECT: The Quakers of New York are strongly denouncing the use of the word "Quaker" by food and liquor advertisers. They are especially indignant over the use of that word by the booze merchants. And they should be.

Good taste should have kept the whiskey men from using that name; still more should it have kept them from using the picture of a Quaker in their ads and on their bottles. The Quaker has never had any use for their product; his fight for temperance is as old as George Fox. It may be within the law, but it certainly is beyond the bounds of ordinary courtesy.

There might be a protest made, too, against the use of the picture of the college professor in such advertising. Your reporter knows hundreds of professors, and he is hard put to it to recall the name of one who drinks.

WHY DOES IT HAPPEN HERE?

AT THE end of each working day, all over America, millions of workers come out into parking fields like this, climb into their own automobiles, and drive home. A familiar sight near almost any American factory—yet it doesn't happen in foreign lands. Few foreign workmen have cars. Why, then, does it happen here?

Why does America, with only 1/15 of the world's population, own nearly three fourths of the world's automobiles, have half of its telephones, use one third of the electricity produced? Why can five sixths of all American families own radios, two thirds enjoy electric light, one third own electric refrigerators?

Why? Because American industry has sought to give the public *more goods for more people at less cost*—has developed new products to make possible better living, has learned to make them at lower and lower cost so that more millions of people can have the good things of life. General Electric, through research and the application of electricity to the tasks of factory and home, has been a leader in this progress. Its efforts today are directed to the creation of still higher living standards for America.

G-E research and engineering have saved the public from ten to one hundred dollars for every dollar they have earned for General Electric

GENERAL ELECTRIC

90-122D4

THE BRIDE

As slim and straight as the candles at her side
She stands, a flower with a flower's own grace.
Sheathed in the petaled satin of a bride,
Wrapped in a shimmering mist of fragile lace,
Serious and shy and very sweet
She waits her lover's coming, eyes a-brim
With happy dreams that are not yet complete,
And only can be realized through him.

Here on the threshold of the years she stands,
So soon to leave her girlhood in the past—
God give her lover tender heart and hands
That the white radiance in her eyes may last.
God give her wisdom that she, too, may hold
His love till all the fires of earth grow cold.

By Grace Noll Crowell

PHOTO BY LEYSON STUDIOS

June 1939

CHRISTIAN HERALD

ESTABLISHED 1870

A FAMILY MAGAZINE FOR MEMBERS OF ALL DENOMINATIONS

The modern church must prepare to replace the old community life

Now... I want a man's Faith

By

Ralph Sadler Meadowcroft

IN THE cozy lounge of the hotel I met again the young man who had been the first person to receive baptism at my hands. He has grown strong and very fine during the years. And now he had just nailed up his shingle, offering his medical services to our rural community. For an hour we chatted in front of a welcome fire; then sat down to dinner. "And what of religion," I asked; "has it any place in your life?" His eyes and voice were very serious as he replied: "I wish religion was real to me. The religion they taught me as a child is no longer satisfying—now I want a man's faith. But where am I to find it?" He paused for quite a long interval and then continued wistfully, "I'd give a great deal to know God was with me."

The young doctor's plea is not an isolated voice. On the contrary, his need is being expressed by more and more people. And that is perhaps the greatest change in the religious situation. For indifference to religion had become rather the fashion. During the last forty years the cold showers of skepticism put out the fire of religious enthusiasm among many of our finest people. This was particularly true among the young people whom we expected would develop into the new leaders of the churches. It became perhaps the major problem of organized religion in our generation. It was directly responsible for the "get the young people" program which has been emphasized so strongly, but its indirect effects were to be found in the whole life of the church. The trouble seemed to come upon us very suddenly and it is well spent time to consider the influences which caused it.

First of all was the vast program of higher education which America developed during the last half century. This program is one of the most notable efforts of our democracy. No such educational policy had ever been dreamed of by any other nation. The great universities of Europe draw the overwhelming majority of their students from the homes of the well-to-do and professional families. But in America our conviction is that higher education shall not be confined to one section of the population. On the contrary, the classes of the university should be open to every boy and girl who desires to attend them. And, as the opportunity was offered, American youth flocked to the colleges in vast numbers, so that today we have more than 1,250,000 young people residing upon the campuses of this country.

This is a magnificent feature of our national life and will have profound results in the perpetuation of democratic principles. But it was inevitable that our moral and religious life would experience acute

growing pains. For large numbers of these young people came from homes which had no intellectual background and were not prepared for the disturbing effects of scholarship. Even more unfortunate, the churches from which they came were all too often seriously deficient in intellectual leadership. One great Protestant denomination less than twenty years ago had under seventeen per cent of its ministers who possessed an academic degree. So the young people found their religious ideas and the classroom in apparent contradiction. It was natural that skepticism should arise and that many would find themselves unable to determine what they did believe. The writer knows of a little village situated among the mountains, and typically American. From that village a dozen young people went to some of the outstanding universities. Only one of that dozen continues faithful to the church in which they were all nurtured. Some of them have joined other denominations while the remainder have lost their faith altogether. This condition can be duplicated in nearly every community in America.

A second influence which has aggravated the condition has been our mania for movement. Young people have moved from the rural areas to the great cities where the old habits tend to go to sleep. They started lounging in bed on Sunday mornings and went to the movies or visited friends in the evening. The war dislocated the church-going habit for many of our boys—they never got it back again. And after the war the automobile made its tremendous advance, so that even the farmer found it possible to see the world on Sundays. Thus the custom of going to church broke down. Fifty years ago the social life of America centered around the church. Even in my own parish, dinner dates for the week were made after the morning service. If people didn't go to church they ran the risk of not being included in the social programs of the week. But all that has passed, probably forever. Now we can telephone so easily.

Another influence during the post-war decade was materialism. During the 1920's we went a little mad over money. Millions were made in Wall Street; everybody seemed prosperous. Men worked hard, and took Sundays for a play-day. Going to church did not seem necessary. We were so busy filling our pockets that souls were neglected. The attitude was one of perfect willingness to support the church financially, though not of personal responsibility to carry forward its work. Religion was treated rather casually as a necessary part of life but not worthy of close attention. The country was much more concerned with the Stock Exchange reports than the pages of the Bible. We were far too busy with ourselves and our fortunes to think of God. It wasn't that we were atheists; rather we had no time. These were some of the influences which lost to the churches so many intelligent and industrious people.

All that is written above has been worded in the past tense, and deliberately so. For the situation has radically changed. Indeed one of the basic changes in the condition of religion is that intelligent people of whom the young doctor is an example are no longer indifferent to religion but are seeking a religious answer

THE MESSAGE OF CHRISTIAN EVANGELISM TODAY INDUSTRIOUS, BUT HITHERTO INDIFFERENT, RATHER

to life's problems with increasing seriousness. The church's greatest missionary opportunity today is with the thoughtful people. Not many years ago Christian evangelism focused its message upon the downtrodden. It was the drunkard, the ignorant and the bum to whom religion directed its most vigorous appeal, but now it is the young people of the universities* and thinking people everywhere who are its most inquiring audience. Upon the campus of one of our great universities is a young minister who is doing a notable work as student chaplain. Nine years ago, when he began his work, attendance at college chapel was an obligatory part of the curriculum. Since then it has been made a voluntary matter whether the students shall attend chapel or not, but the increase has been a marked one. The number of religious plays which have been successes in New York has been the most distinctive feature of the theater during the last three years, while popular magazines are publishing more and more articles upon religious subjects.

It is not hard to find the cause for this altered situation. Our artificial prosperity has collapsed and we have relearned the fact that a man's riches do not consist wholly in his material possessions. The first shock of higher education is over, so that we begin to see that religion possesses eternal truths of its own which no new ideas can eclipse. And because man is a spiritual being he has grown hungry for spiritual food. All these elements have compounded to make man realize again his need of God.

As a result, the church is offered a tremendous opportunity. We can secure these people if we are alive to the challenge. At the moment few of them have joined the church. They are seeking for someone to lead them, to interpret their lives and direct their destiny. And they are, as it were, looking in at the church door asking, "Can the church lead our confused world? Can it regenerate the spiritual vitality we all so desperately need?" They are saying to the church "You claim Jesus Christ is the way to

*See page 22 of the May CHRISTIAN HERALD.

IS FOCUSED ON THE MORE THOUGHTFUL AND THAN ON THE SALVAGING OF BROKEN HUMANITY

true living, both for individuals and for the world. Show us how that is true. Prove to us that He is the leader we seek!" Such an opportunity must not be neglected. It is incumbent upon all church people that they think how it can be met. What attitude must the church take which will bring these people in through the church door to take their place in the company of Christian people?

Presenting the Christian Faith

First and extremely important, the church must make clearcut and definite just what it is it believes. For the last two decades we have been full of the notion that everyone has a right to his or her own ideas, and that one idea is as good as another. How often it has been said "If an idea helps you then it's all right." This easy-going attitude took hold of us after the war, when people were deeply shaken by the horror of the conflict. Such a tragedy must never occur again, they said. It did not seem important whether one believed this or that —the one thing that really mattered was that we made the world a good place to live in. As many a preacher has expressed it, it is not what you believe but the way you live that counts. It is this attitude which has split the Protestant churches into conflicting camps of theology. Some people have been frightened to the degree of refusing to allow even a change in interpretation, let alone the doctrine itself. On the other extreme are those who have denied so much of Christianity that they have nothing left but good-natured sentiment. In between the two opposites are the great majority, leaning this way or that according to personal inclination.

But this spirit of indifference to what a Christian believes must be abandoned. For what these thoughtful people want to know is precisely what it is we believe. Let us picture a young man, several years out of college. He is a sensible and thoughtful young fellow, ambitious in his work and happy in his home with his wife and, shall we suppose, two little children. And he comes to the church asking "What shall I teach my children?" Dare we reply, "It does not matter what you teach them? What idea of God you give them is unimportant. What they think is the meaning of life makes no difference—just bring them up with good habits and a charitable disposition." If the church has no more definite answer than this, truly its doors should be closed. That young man, and the millions of others like him, can bring their children up decently without the church. If that is all we have to give them, we have no hope of gaining their allegiance.

Moreover such an easy-going attitude is not true, for it does matter what a man believes. In fact, his character and conduct will be molded by his creed. A young Nazi is persuaded by his creed to do all he can to crush democracy. Because he believes the Jews are an inferior and dangerous race, he thinks it is quite right to persecute them. The Communist's belief impels him to use every means at his disposal to destroy capitalism, even by violent measures. These people are the kind of men and women they are because they believe in that kind of man and woman. They hold certain ideas about the state, the race, about life itself which influence them to behave in the way they do. Similarly, a Christian is one who behaves in Christian fashion because he believes that way is right. Show us a man's creed and it is easy to tell what sort of person he is.

For both these reasons, it is essential that church people relearn their articles of faith. The tragic fact is that so many of them don't know what they believe. They have certain good-natured ideas, but these have no more relation to the Christian faith than a number of red, white and blue balloons floating in the sky have any relation to true patriotism. We can never answer the questions of thoughtful people with such vacuous notions. The Christian religion is a clear-cut point of view. It contains certain definite beliefs which, if a man does not accept, mean that he is not a Christian. And the first thing the churches must do, if they are to grasp the opportunity of winning these people to themselves, is to find once again what those beliefs are, and understand them so that they can teach them.

Presenting the Christian Character

In the realm of behavior we need to make a distinction between principle and prejudice. St. Paul illustrates this distinction in two of his epistles. His letter to the Galatians mentions certain forms of conduct which are wrong. Of these, adultery, idolatry, murder, etc., (Galatians 5: 19-21) he says, "Of the which I tell you that they which practice such things shall not inherit the kingdom of God." These things are principles of conduct which are always wrong and about which there can be no compromise. But in his first letter to the Corinthians he answers certain questions which that church had submitted to him. He gives them his own point of view in his usual forceful style, yet states "But to the rest speak I, not the Lord" and again "Now concerning virgins I have no commandment of the Lord: yet I give my judgment." (I Corinthians, Chapter 7). Here the apostle is offering his own ideas and clearly shows that other Christians do not have to agree with him.

This distinction between principle and

(Continued on page 44)

The Middle Way of LIQUOR CONTROL

Christian Herald does not necessarily agree with the viewpoint of all its contributors. With the article "The Middle Way in Liquor Control" _Christian Herald_ is at many points in disagreement. We believe that they will generally impress our readers as they have the editors. However, we are convinced that our readers should become acquainted with the constructive efforts being made in other countries to solve the liquor problem; and we do favor taking private profit out of liquor

By PHILIP GUSTAFSON

"I HAVE seen the beginning of the railroads, the telegraph and the telephone, the airplane and the radio and lived through the World War, but nothing I have experienced has so changed my world and the people I have lived with as the Bratt System of liquor control in Sweden," said Selma Lagerlöf, beloved Swedish novelist, in an interview on her 80th birthday.

"Young people do not know how it used to be," she continued seriously. "One could not go out into the street without meeting drunken men. And in Värmland (the province made famous in her writings) it was a disgrace if the guests at a party were not intoxicated. All that has disappeared now. It threatened to return during the War, when people made their own liquor, but now it has gone entirely. And that is a blessing."

I saw behind her words the dance of the drunkards around the Fryken lakes in "Gösta Berling," the book that brought her fame, the brawling of the peasant men and the unhappiness of their women.

There was more truth than poetry in a stanza from the pen of Palmér in the middle of the 19th century when Dr. Lagerlöf's life began:

Kung Oscar sitter på Stockholms slott
och nickar och nickar och nickar
Kring honom står hans försupna folk
och hickar och hickar och hickar.

Translated, the verse runs:

King Oscar sits in the Stockholm palace
and nods and nods and nods.
Around him stand his drunken subjects
and hic and hic and hic.

A flood of brännvin began pouring from the country's stills that never seemed able to cool the parched throats of the thirsty Middle 18th Century Swedes. Up to the last part of the next century drinking was so excessive that it assumed the proportions of a national deluge, leaving a trail of blasted hopes, despair, poverty, crime, disease and death in the country.

Tired of their misery, the Swedish communities and cities took things into their own hands; public-spirited citizens began organizing and taking over the operation of the public drinking places in the interests of temperance. They set up their own companies in which the profit motive was abated as much as possible, and took over the private liquor licenses. Thus the communities and cities formed the retail control structure that became known as the Gothenburg System, and it was on this framework that Dr. Bratt filled out the edifice bearing his name and won it the sanction of national legislation. First came the system, then the law. The Swedes believe in experimenting first and legislating afterward.

Health and vigor now characterize these young people, because they have turned to outdoor sports instead of wasting their time and health on liquor as they formerly did. On the facing page is Philip Gustafson

Behind it all was the organized force of temperance societies which as early as 1845 had 100,000 members. They guided a moral and cultural awakening in Sweden, an organized agitation for temperance and abstinence that brought the liquor problem out into the light and discouraged excessive consumption. At about the time the Bratt System was taking form they listed nearly 400,000 members. Oddly enough, it was the American temperance movement that gave impetus to the Swedish societies, and it was in Sweden that the American leaders of the campaign against liquor saw their own principles permanently realized.

Dr. Bratt, who transformed the Gothenburg into the Bratt system, was a Stockholm physician, a child specialist, whose practice led him into intimate contact with the effects of liquor on the home and the parents of his patients. The convictions he formed in his practice led him into a twenty-year campaign for moderation in the use of liquor, in which he displayed a notable lack of fanaticism or moralism either for the cause of the prohibitionists or the cause of personal freedom.

He entered the field on the heels of a nation-wide "straw vote" in 1909 which polled nearly 2,000,000 men and women, with an overwhelming 1,800,000 for prohibition and 200,000 against. There was such a popular demand for prohibition that the leaders of the Riksdag considered it as irresistible as fate. In the face of this show of public opinion, Dr. Bratt set up his banner between two camps and avoided the troublesome experiment of taking liquor away from people who see nothing wrong with having a drink.

The originator of this "Middle Way" in liquor control came to Stockholm last fall to help celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the plan that bears his name and I met the wiry doctor at the Grand Hotel in Stockholm shortly before he returned to his present work in Paris.

"Would the Bratt System work in the United States?" I asked him during our conversation.

"Yes, decidedly so!" retorted the energetic little inventor of the plan. "The principle of the Bratt System would work in the United States, or any other country."

We sat down on a sofa in the hotel's music room to pursue the subject, and the bespectacled and keenfaced physician began tugging at my coat sleeve with all the enthusiasm of his 20-year old campaign as he explained the idea behind it.

"The principle of the Bratt System," he hurried on, "is to take out of the liquor trade the private incentive and 'push' for profit. I am a great believer in private enterprise and free trade when the question is to sell as much as possible. But with liquor, it is different. There, the less you sell, the better.

"When there is a private inducement to increase sales, the press and the advertising media will be attuned. People will be induced to buy more liquor than is good for them. The primary principle of the Bratt System is to take out this private 'push'. Until you do this, you cannot diminish the grasp of liquor in any country.

"For these reasons, I believe a controlled monopoly in liquor would work in the United States. The country must decide on its own type of legislation. But whatever type proves most fitting to any country, the healthy thing is to limit or eliminate the private profit. (Sweden does not eliminate liquor profits, but only restricts them.)

How does Sweden take the private incentive for gain out of liquor distribution?

The nation's wholesale liquor trade is handled by a monopoly organized as a private corporation and obtaining its charter from the state. This corporation, called Vin & Spritcentralen, buys spirits from private distilleries, fixing a fair legal price by arbitration, and private distillers are required to sell to Spritcentralen any liquor not exported. The government runs some of its own distilleries as "yardstick" plants. It operates its own refineries, packages its product and distributes the nation's entire supply of wines and spirits. Spritcentralen has a monopoly as an importer of spirits and wine. It has its agents abroad, especially in the wine-producing countries, brings in all of the standard brands in bottles and sells them under trade names. A great proportion of the wines and spirits, however, are imported in bulk and bottled in Sweden. This bulk liquor is purchased impartially under a system of blindfold selection by professional "tasters."

Spritcentralen holds down the prices to the retailer, operates honestly, efficiently and economically, and realizes moderate profits. With the private profit motive removed, wholesale prices have declined from year to year independently of the general price levels. As a private corporation, Spritcentralen pays taxes to the state and community; pays its duties as an importer, its excises as a producer and collects a turnover tax. Operated as a public service, it turns a large profit over to the state each year.

The common stock is in the hands of ten individuals who must be acceptable to the state and the preferred stock is in the hands of the state insurance pension fund. The common stock pays only 5½ per cent and the preferred is guaranteed 5 per cent. Organized so that the state retains actual control, the corporation is managed for the public good. Profits over and above the fixed return to the stockholders are turned over to the government; in 1937 the Swedish state recieved about 40 million dollars from its various liquor revenues.

The Swedish liquor control revolves around the local system company, the unit of the old Gothenburg system. Buying from Spritcentralen, the system company supplies the private citizen through its retail stores and sells the liquor that is served by the restaurants when it does not operate eating places itself.

The company is a private corporation, with stockholders representing the community and obtaining only a five per cent return on their investment. Here in the local company, the private profit incentive is again eliminated, with the surplus returns going to the government. While it must live within the regulations of the national liquor board, the system company is responsive to the temperance ideas of the community and the commu-

(Continued on page 47)

Ma's lips moved as if mighty things were going on in her soul

FOREIGN INVASION

This is the first instalment of our new serial—a vivid story of the Southern Appalachians and their people—so little known or understood by the world outside. These people are primitive, mostly uneducated, and their ways seem quaint to us; yet they are of the sturdiest and purest American stock. This story was written by one who knows them well, and is authentic

By May Dixon Thacker

"THEY ain' no use to argue. I ain' a-gonna sell."

Ma gave her final word defiantly. She stood in a corner of the cabin in front of a table; a lank, bony figure, in a straight homespun linsey dress tied around the middle. Two strange real estate agents faced her, but they couldn't see what I saw; that Ma's right hand behind her rested on the old family Bible that had been brought over from England to this North Carolina mountain region five generations before. When Ma put a hand on that Bible and her lips moved when she wasn't talking out loud, mighty things were going on in her soul. I was too young and inexperienced to understand—but I knew.

All the family had gathered. I am Milly. My younger sister, Vi, sat beside me on one of the beds. My older sister, Dolly, and her husband, Tully Sprunt, sat on another bed. George and Will, our older brothers, leaned against the front door facings. The four younger children crowded the entrance. Pappy sat cross-legged on an old trunk in a corner.

We girls, Vi and me, were more interested in the agents than in what they were saying. They sure were two goodlooking swells, to our ignorant and admiring eyes. Dressed in city-store clothes and fine polished shoes.

The taller one, who had introduced himself as Jim Hartman, was chief spokesman.

"But, Madam, you don't understand," he protested. "If you will not sell your farm and cabin to us, the government may condemn it, eventually, and you'd have to take what they offered. I'm here now to buy this property for a Midway Recreation Park, with a tourist camp and concession features. We'll give you a good price."

Ma wasn't paying much attention for she said, "I war born in this-here room and my Mammy afore me. I give birth to twelve chillen—right in this room. Four o' my chillen died and war laid out and buried—from here. All my folks fer four generations war born and died—right here."

The other young man, whose name was Fred Adair, laughed out loud. "Don't you think—it's time you moved?" he asked, impishly.

Ma turned a stern face of reproof full upon him and her answer was, "My people poled down this river on log rafts an' settled here, in the first place. Thars war the first feet o' a white man to come here. They fought wild beasts an' Indians an' cold an' ice an' snow. They felled trees an' built a shelter. They conquered the wilderness. . . .

"Thar women come with 'em. Hit war thar hands that dug the well fer water. They struggled and fought and starved throughout all the days o' thar lives. What did anybody do about hit—fer a hund'ed and fifty years? Nobody come anigh us but the missionary preacher, twice a year. I reckon we kin fight now. . . You come along an' tell me I better git outta my home. I ain't a-gonna do hit an' you can't 'tice me."

While she was speaking, the longest speech I ever heard her make at any time, the two men listened with a new kind of interest, almost deference. Jim Hartman even had the grace to say, "I'm sorry."

"You ain't half ez sorry ez you will be if you come pesterin' me an' my fam'ly," Ma flared back at him. "I got a shotgun an', stranger, I kin shoot straight."

At this point Fred Adair stepped forward and spoke: "Everything is bound to be different from what it has been—up here in this region. You might as well begin to accustom yourselves to it. The great Skyline Drive is to run along Sandy Ridge just back of you. Over in Tennessee, the T.V.A. has built a Norris Dam that will revolutionize the country in putting cheap light and power into every home and cabin. They've moved out hundreds of families, even seven small villages. The water above the Dam covers 50,000 acres. This Cove, Split Lick, bordering the River, may be included in a great National Park. Then—you'd *have* to sell. We want to make a Recreation Park," he repeated.

"What is a—Recreation Park?" asked Ma, dryly.

The men stared at her incredulously; was it possible she didn't know that? I knew she didn't.

"Why—it's a—playground—a huge playground," Jim Hartman explained.

"Playground," sniffed Ma, scornfully. "You come here to tell me to make my home into a—playground!"

"You can't stem the tide of progress," ventured the Adair man laughing.

"An'—you can't move me," Ma countered, her old gray faded eyes alert and determined. "Fer no playground."

The two men finally saw they would get nowhere with conversation. They turned their attention to Pappy. "Mr. Owens, what have you to say?"

Pappy squirmed and uncrossed and recrossed his legs.

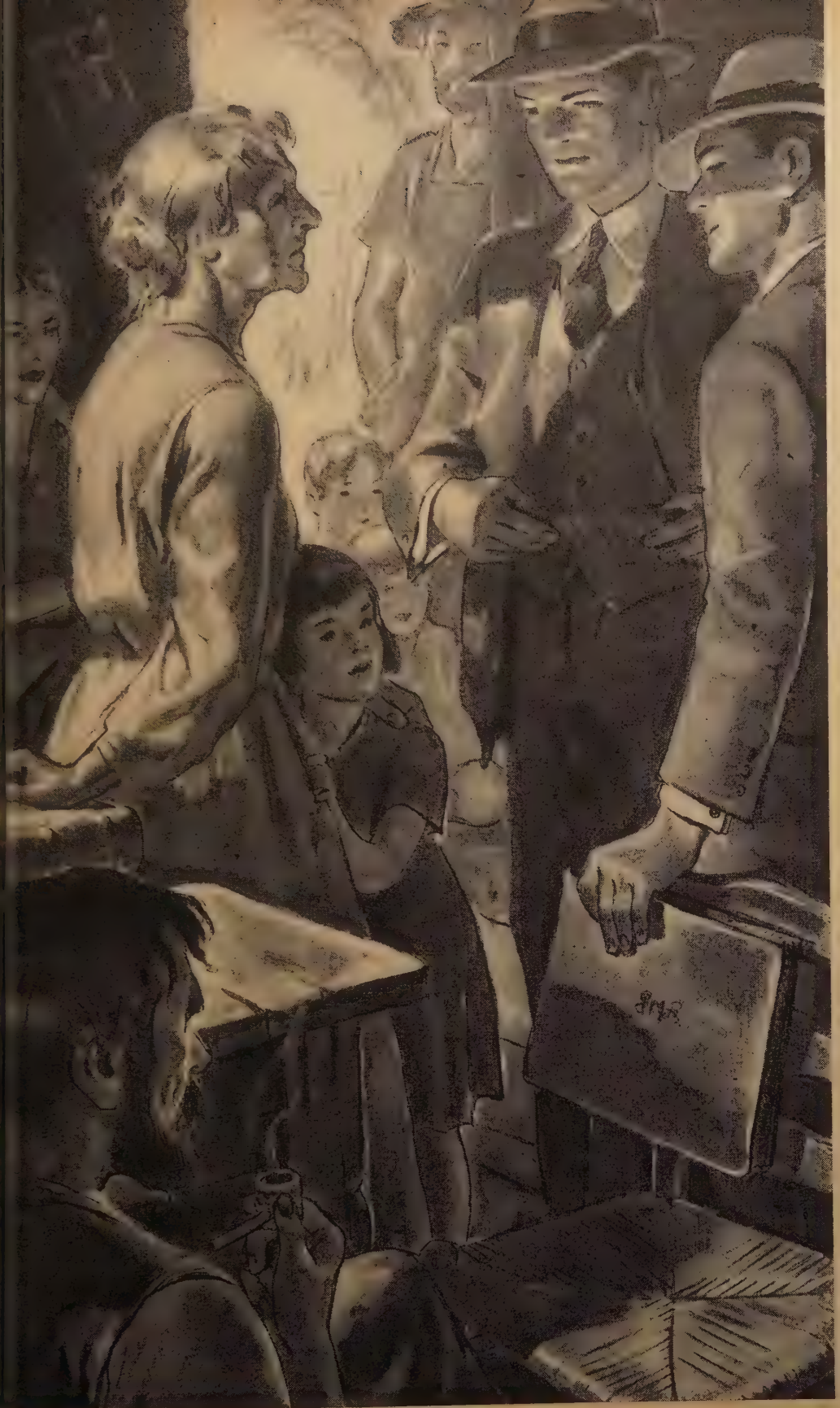
"I ain't decided. But, fer the present, what Ma says—goes," he grinned amicably.

Tully Sprunt made bold to state that whatever interest his wife Dolly might have in the place, they both felt confident it was safe in Ma's hands.

The men started to speak to George and Will but didn't. Their eyes wandered around the room, drifting to where Vi and I sat. I saw a light come into the face of the taller one, Jim Hartman.

"And you—young ladies?" he questioned. I was seventeen and Vi was fif-

MILLY



They couldn't see what I saw—that Ma's right hand behind her rested on the old family Bible that had been brought over from England five generations ago

Illustrator,
CHARLES ZINGARO

☆

teen. "You surely do not want to spend your lives in this remote wilderness? Now that highways are going to stretch—out—in all directions?"

Before we had time to reply, Ma clipped in, "Our darters will do what we tell 'em."

The men laughed. "Wait a few years—and try to make them!" Jim Hartman challenged.

A little prophetic chill crept up and down my spine. I had been taught to honor my father and mother—whatever that meant. Strangely I felt sorry for Ma, standing there throwing brave defiance into the faces of the agents of the Recreation Park and meeting their scorn and contempt. . . .

They were looking at her shoes too; old, wornout men's shoes, tied with white string; the only kind she ever had.

Maybe she didn't know much. Poor Ma! With her wrinkled face and toothless mouth and straggly gray hair wound in a hard knot on the back of her head! Her scrawny figure was hardened out of all semblance to her sex by work in the fields—plowing the little steer on the rocky mountain-sides, milking the cow, feeding the hog, chopping wood, cutting cabbage into kraut, washing, cooking, spending countless hours at her foot-pedal loom weaving cloth for our clothes . . . bearing twelve children. . . .

These men only saw what she looked like. I had never noticed what Ma looked like. Ma was—*Ma;* and how she looked made no difference. Something swelled up in my throat. . .

"Don't let that bother you, Ma," Vi was saying. She was feeling sorry for her too. "We'll mind you and be good."

"I ain' a-borrowin' trouble," Ma sighed. "I'll meet whatever comes—when hit comes."

The men were looking at Vi and me. "Have you girls been to school—any?" asked Jim Hartman.

"Sure!" answered Vi. "Milly and me went four years to Penmore. It's a grand Mission School."

"My gals is eddicated. A-plenty," said Pappy.

Fred Adair sort of exploded, suddenly. "You're all silly fools! Think you can turn the clock back and get by. It can't be done! You live in this rotting hovel because you've always lived here. Things change! You got to change with them. Better sell this place, get a good price, go and buy a real farm where you can make a living, or else go work in the factories and get good wages. You might as well climb on the bandwagon while the climbing's good. What's your business anyway?"

"We're farmers," grinned Pappy.

"In the couple of patches of corn I saw planted on the steep mountain-sides?" Hartman scoffed.

"Hit's kept us a-goin'," countered Mammy. "Hit'll go on keepin' us."

She didn't tell of course that Pappy and the boys had a moonshine still with the Spenzors at Devil's Den down the river below Black Cove, and that's where the patches of corn we raised were made profitable. Ma hated that still, but couldn't do anything.

Deep silence followed the departure of these men. George, the oldest remarked, carelessly, "I hear talk that what they say is—*so,* Ma. They kin force you to move out, sooner or later."

"They'll have to. I ain' a-sellin'," she repeated.

The matter for our family was settled. From that day, the whole world on Sandy Ridge was turned upside down. A foreign invasion was on. Pappy had said he'd wait and see what happened. He saw. Things began to pop thick and fast.

Our nearest neighbor in the Cove down the river was Roxanna Spenzor and her family. Roxanna was a famed character in the settlement. There was no prouder family than the Spenzors and they had lots to be proud over, too.

Everybody knew how the first Roxy Spenzor had come down the river, a hundred and fifty years before, and had her baby on a bed of leaves before the men could build a shelter. That's history. Ma's family Bible came down in the same boat. Roxy was an aristocrat from England.

Winter overtook them before they could get back up the river. By the time spring came, the Company had learned to like the place. There were convenient springs and streams of water; the soil was rich and hunting and fishing were excellent.

Roxanna Spenzor belonged to the sixth generation that followed. She had nine living children; her daughters, Lilly and Pearl, were the ages of Vi and me and had been our lifelong best friends.

Dressed in store clothes and polished shoes, Jim Hartman was a goodlooking swell to my ignorant and admiring eyes

Mammy Clo Sprunt, who lived in Black Cove also, was another descendant of that same Company that brought Roxy down, and so was Ma.

I could understand how badly Ma and Roxanna and Mammy Clo felt at the thought of being uprooted and torn away from their homes. People said that Roxanna and Mammy Clo and Ma were each like sturdy gnarled oak trees, with roots more than a century old, deep in the mountain soil, that couldn't be uprooted.

It was getting to be different with Vi and me. We were beginning to look over those long stretches of highway leading to a new and thrilling world, represented principally, to be sure, by the two real estate agents.

The day after the visit of the agents to our cabin, Lilly and Pearl came to see us. Then men had been to their home at Black Cove also.

Excitedly they told us that Roxanna had ordered them out of her cabin; wouldn't even let them talk, the girls said. "Sell her cabin? Never!" was all anybody was able to get out of her.

Ma was busy at her loom when Lilly and Pearl came; bending, pedaling, straining her old body in the weary accustomed motions the loom required when weaving. Apparently, she was paying no attention to our jabbering on the front porch.

"The men talked to *us*—outside in the yard," Lilly whispered. "And oh, Milly, what do you *think?* They say there's a big hotel being built on the Ridge and they can get us jobs there. We'd get paid money."

Lilly paused for want of breath. Pearl took up the exciting story, "They asked us if we knew you all and when we said we did they said they could get jobs for both of you, too. They want native help. All of us together. Wouldn't it be grand!"

"Ma would never let us," said Vi. "I'd be scared too, wouldn't you?"

"Of what?" I exclaimed. "I think it would be just fine."

"The men said we'd be paid wages as chambermaids, but that there were lots of ways we could make a lot more money besides. Waiting on the ladies; doing their washing, maybe. . . And the men would give us big tips."

"Men—like Jim Hartman and Fred Adair. Gee!" gasped Vi. She added, "What have we got to look forward to, living here, after all? Nothing. Plain nothing! And—" blushing and lowering her eyes, "if Jakie McRoy and Bud Sprunt really and truly love Milly and me, like they claim, and want to marry us, they'll wait, won't they?"

"We'll always have them to fall back on," I sighed resignedly.

That was the beginning. Daily we saw the Spenzor girls and secretly discussed plans. Not the least of the allure of going out into the world was the very fact of Jim Hartman and Fred Adair; different, fascinating, charming. . . .

We would be thrown with other men like them. And, in spite of our lack of clothes and manners, we knew that we girls had our own good points.

A week later, Jim Hartman and Fred Adair came again to Split Lick and talked to Ma. They didn't discuss her selling the place; that could wait, maybe a long time. They told her how we could get good jobs as chambermaids at Mayfair Hotel.

Ma was dubious and suspicious. The men explained, patiently, that she, Ma, could not hope to hold us girls prisoners at Split Lick much longer. Better that we should go out in fine, honest jobs and earn a decent living.

"I want my gals to marry and settle down lak we've allers done," Ma objected. "That's honest and decent, ain' hit?"

"Aren't they rather young?" put in Fred Adair.

"I war married at fourteen," said Ma.

It was Vi who spoke her mind. When she got excited, she forgot all about her grammar and education. "Now Ma, you gotta listen to reason," she proclaimed, "so far as Milly and me are concerned. You kin fight over the farm and cabin all you please, but you just gotta let us do what we feel we're bound to. We intend to marry, lak all mountain girls, but we want to see something of the world first. Bud Sprunt wants to marry me. All right. He can wait. Jakie McRoy's been running after Milly for two years. All right. He can wait. We ain't planning to go off the earth. Just over the Ridge where so much is going on and people are coming in."

"They ain't our sort o' folks," said Ma, sternly, shaking her head.

"You gotta get this straight, Ma. We, Milly and me, we just ain't going to marry right away. We ain't," reiterated Vi. "Too much is going on. We wantta see things and go places."

"You talk plumb crazy," Ma reproved.

"No, we don't neither. These gentlemen have jobs for us. They pay good money. We can have things like other people. Gee, Ma, we'll get you a silk dress."

"I don' need no silk dress," Ma stated calmly. "An' neither do you."

"We're going to have them. Why Ma, you ain't never had nothing."

"All I needed."

"You thought so because you didn't know. We—*know*. Ma, you just don't know nothing. We ain't going to do nothing wrong. We ain't going far away. We'll come to see you often. We'll be good. We'll go to church every Sunday. But, Milly and Me, we just gotta get out!"

Ma finally gave in, reluctantly. Roxanna Spenzor wouldn't give in at all and so Pearl and Lilly had to run away.

They joined us on the road when we started, one fine sunshiny day in April.

When we got to the hotel sure enough, they were expecting us. They put us in nice clean little rooms over the garages.

Never had we imagined anything so wonderful as Mayfair Hotel. All our lives we had lived in the one-room and lean-to cabin with the family. The guests at the Hotel were awfully nice to us. We found that we were really part of the big show in the new developments—being native mountain girls. They laughed at what they called our "quaint old Chaucer mountain vernacular." We had been educated out of it, but when we saw it amused them, it was easy to lapse into it.

After a couple of months, two rich guests went home with us to see Ma's weaving. We thought this trip was made in idle curiosity; there was no way for us to suspect the tragic results that were to grow out of it. Their chauffeur drove us in an automobile as far as the road went, which was more than three miles from the cabin. At no point did the concrete highway come nearer to Split Lick. It was June, but the mountain roads were

(Continued on page 42)

MARRIAGE
its a matter of course

By Louise W. Antick

"MARRIAGES are made in heaven" is a romantic phrase, but it isn't a practical one. University of Iowa educators, recognizing the validity of this fact, have been the first to put scientific hands on what has been traditionally labeled "hands off" since Adam and Eve.

On this campus the institution of marriage has been taken out of its hiding place among the "not for publication" taboos, aired and sunned in the rays of intelligent knowledge and wise guidance, and presented to hundreds of eager students in the first "Marriage Course" of its kind ever sponsored at any university in the country.

Under the auspices of the School of Religion—a cooperative university unit that was established some ten years ago by representatives of the Protestant, Catholic, and Jewish faiths in Iowa to promote a better understanding of these religions among the students—this course is four-starred for popularity on the campus.

Marriage courses, as such, did not originate with this one. But this is the first one in which men and women take the work together; this is the first one in which specialists from many other departments lecture in their particular fields on so wide a scale; this is the first one in which professors give this service without compensation additional to their regular salaries; this is the first one in which faculty members are available for "clinics" or private consultations on the students' intimate and personal problems.

But because the University of Iowa faculty has faced facts and not fancy, the word "romance" is not deleted from the vocabulary of this course. Indeed, romance is its keynote—but knowledge is its watchword and its students learn that "I Love You Truly" echoes through the years as vibrantly as it did at the altar, when it is prompted by understanding of and insight into those problems which are, in some degree at least, common to every marriage.

In 1934, six students offered themselves as "guinea pigs" to Dr. Jung, of the School of Religion staff, and eagerly acquiesced in his suggestion that they study a problem in which they, as individuals, would some day participate and would find vital. And so the course was begun —informally and without fanfare but after one semester there was thundering applause and there were demands for an encore and requests by the hundreds to enlarge the work, to make it widely available.

Carefully, then, the curriculum was expanded. Thoughtfully it was planned. Painstakingly it was studied and shaped. University officials were consulted; leading professors were approached and agreed to give their services. And then the course was opened to senior students and to some recommended juniors and underclassmen.

From the first it was hailed with enthusiasm. From all over the state and from many points outside, letters poured in. Almost without exception these letters—from farmers, from business men, from alumni and parents and clergymen—congratulated the university and asked "Why didn't you do this ten years ago?" A few protests were heard but they were almost lost and certainly were overpowered in the tremendous storm of approval that swept the campus. In the beginning Dr. Jung asked visitors to listen to the lectures—parents, ministers, faculty members. The praise was high and uniform.

Above is Dr. Jung, originator of the Marriage Course, and at top students discussing the course

And now it has grown until 1938 sees the Liberal Arts Building Auditorium—where the classes are held each Tuesday and Thursday of the academic year—filled to capacity. Representative students, these. Many of them wear fraternity and sorority pins; some of the men have won athletic letters; members of honorary and professional campus organizations are enrolled; serious students, all. Most of them, of course, are finishing their university work. Sixty-eight per cent of them are engaged; eighteen per cent of them are married. A few have definite problems; others are trying to avoid problems or at least to learn how they may be intelligently solved when they do appear.

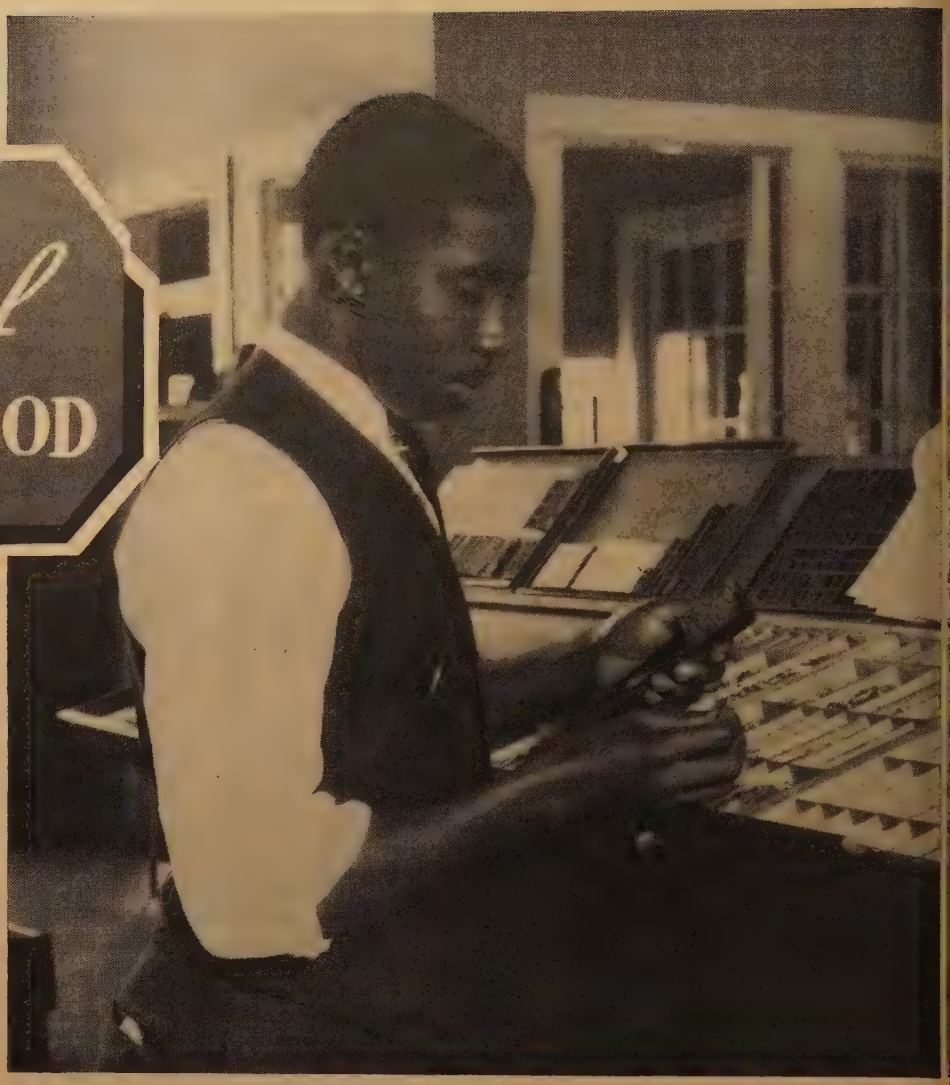
Here, then, is the classroom —which is, in reality, less a classroom than a laboratory for investigating one of man's most enigmatic and universal problems—filled with the cream of the university's crop. Here have been assembled, purely voluntarily, the mothers and fathers of the next generation. What happens?

Motivated, as Dr. Jung explains, by the conviction that the home is basic in education but that educators cannot start with the child in the abstract, these parents of tomorrow study the questions of marriage which confront them today. Its history, its philosophy, its physiology, psychology, and aesthetics, the black and white of the everyday problems of budgeting and household management, eugenics, the attitude of world religions toward marriage —like a gleaming and intriguing jewel the whole subject is presented and each facet receives its share of attention.

Since background must be thoroughly mastered in any field, a survey of the history of marriage begins the course. Dr. Jung presents this series of lectures which includes studies of marriage from historical times up to the modern day. A sociologist continues; there are lectures on the social relations of husband and wife, of parents and children.

Tensions, stumbling blocks of so many marriages are analysed by a district judge who brings his class into his court room where its members listen to cases concerned with domestic strife and get first hand Exhibits A *(Continued on page 49)*

Parade of BROTHERHOOD



By Frank S. Mead

[PART FOUR]

God's Image in Black

ON THE books of the gallant old church at Jamestown, Virginia, are the words: "About the last of August came in a Dutch Man-o-Warre and sold us twenty negars." With the words is the date, 1619. The first twenty Negroes! The first of all the races of this earth to come here not seeking freedom, and not of their own free will!

In the wake of the Dutchman, history's most venomous fleet put to sea. They were the slavers, inoculating a new, free land with the poison of slavery. For over two hundred years they plied their trade, and when the institution of slavery was finally abolished after our regrettable Civil War, there were four million Negroes in the United States.

When the war was over the four million, with the blinding light of freedom full in their eyes, stood up and asked, "What now?" They were free, but with what a freedom! They had no property, no education. They lived in a South crushed by the gods of war and lying prostrate. Some moved North, where they thought the second start would be easier. Some stayed South; they began to ask the government about the "forty acres and a mule" that they'd been promised.

Those who came North settled down in "black belts" or colonies in the metropolitan centers: New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Detroit, St. Louis. From the "cabin in the cotton" they moved to overcrowded, unhealthy, quarters in the most undesirable sections of our cities. Unskilled, they were forced to do the most menial of labor at the lowest of wages.

Yet in spite of his thousand and one handicaps, the Negro leaped ahead with unbelievable strides. No other social or racial group, said the amazed Lord Bryce of England, has ever made such rapid progress in so short a time as the American Negro made in the thirty years following his emancipation. From four million in 1865 they have increased to nearly twelve million. Penniless then, they possess property today valued at more than two billions of dollars. Ninety per cent illiterate then, they were only sixteen per cent illiterate in 1930.

Two and a half million Negro children are in school, 22,000 young men and women are in college. Limited to picking cotton or driving a mule in the '60's, 70,000 of them are now business men, more than 100,000 are professional workers; there are 56,000 teachers, 20,000 preachers, 5,000 nurses, 4,000 doctors, 1,500 dentists, 1,000 lawyers. At the close of the Civil War there were few independent churches for the Negro; today they have 47,000 churches, five million members, 46,000 Sunday Schools with three million pupils.

They have made a distinctive contribution to American music: most lovable of our harmonies is the spiritual. "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot." "Let My People Go." "I Want To Go Tell Moses." These are sad songs, and yet the triumphal expression of a great people. The Negro has given us the Fisk Jubilee Singers, the Tuskegee Quartette, J. Rosamond Johnson, Roland Hayes.

In poetry, the race has produced Paul Lawrence Dunbar and Countee Cullen, Phyllis Wheatley, Langston Hughes, James Weldon Johnson. To our stage it has brought "Green Pastures," "The Emperor Jones," "Porgy," Paul Robeson. To the World War it sent four regiments to be decorated for heroism in action. A Negro doctor in Chicago performed the first successful operation on the human heart. At the moment Negro champions are running away with American sport. George Washington Carver of Tuskegee has more than one hundred and sixty-five uses and by-products of the lowly peanut to his credit. Negroes have registered over fifteen hundred patents in Washington. Charles W. White waited tables at Harvard and managed to graduate at the top of a class of two hundred and twenty; H. S. Blackstone received a Ph.D. from Pennsylvania at the ripe young age of twenty-three. Eunice Hunton took both an A.B. and an A.M. in four years at Smith. The day Paul Robeson graduated from Rutgers he was an All-American tackle, and he was carried around the Rutgers campus on the shoulders of his white team-mates. And who has not heard of Booker T. Washington, the boy who walked from his home near Charleston, West Virginia, to attend school at Hampton, Virginia; slept under a sidewalk, and became one of the most famous and respected college presidents in the United States?

Now a race capable of lifting itself by its own bootstraps as far as this is worth all the help a Christian church can give it.

A Study in contrasts. At the left, the Negroes picking cotton are typical of the illiterate underpaid workers, of a kind which is slowly passing. Opposite, a Negro compositor in a modern printing plant —typical of the modern educated Negro

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There is a lot yet to be done, for the Negro still faces serious handicaps. His three greatest problems are still unsolved; poverty, low wages and discrimination.

They need schools. Over one million Negro school children are playing permanent hookey: there are no places for them to study. Thirty-eight per cent of our Negro teachers have had less than a high school training. The large majority of rural Negro schools are inadequate. The people need better churches, better ministers; less than twenty per cent of their preachers hold academic degrees, and even this percentage is shrinking. It requires sixteen hundred new men annually to fill Negro pulpits, yet out of the one thousand who graduate annually from college, less than fifty enter the ministry—and that includes those who take up social and educational work in the Church.

And what is home missions doing about all this?

James Solomon Russell was born a slave; his mother named his Solomon because she "hoped he would be wise." He was. Wise enough to become an Archdeacon in the Protestant Episcopal Church. Wise enough to borrow $1,000 in the days of his deepest poverty to buy a two-room frame house on three acres of land to build a school for his people. The school is a model, one of the best of a type built all over Dixie with home mission funds.

He started a church first. He had twenty communicants, no church building, an intense race prejudice to fight down, an indifferent public opinion and support, a Negro population poverty-stricken and illiterate, and a heart of oak. He saw immediately that if these people of his were ever to become self-respecting they would first have to become self-supporting; to become self-supporting they had to overcome their illiteracy. So he started a school, St. Paul's Normal and Industrial School at Lawrenceville, Virginia.

It began with no intention of turning out lawyers or doctors or college professors; that came later. The students they wanted were the illiterate, underprivileged youngsters who were all around them. The major emphasis was (and still is) on *industrial* education. On masonry, mechanics, carpentry, electricity, plumbing, tailoring, steam-fitting, plastering and farming for the boys; on home economics, cooking, table-serving, dress-making, sewing, nursing and barbering for the girls.

Seventeen thousand boys and girls have skilled themselves in these useful arts and gone out of St. Paul's to influence the living conditions of their people and to place themselves in high demand as workers among the whites. When a capable St. Paul's boy demonstrates that he can lay a floor or plaster a wall quicker and better than anyone else in town, then another Negro boy has a job—and money in his pocket; when a girl proves she can sew better and faster, then she finds plenty of sewing. Rarely, if ever, has any member of St. Paul's personnel been brought to a bar of justice. They are too busy . . . and too wise.

Farming is a great tradition at the institution. Boys are trained to be scientific farmers, but that is only part of it. For thirty-six years a St. Paul's Farmer's Conference has had this objective: "To encourage our people to buy land, build homes, churches, schools; to promote better race relations and to make useful, intelligent members of society." At an annual farmer's fair produce is displayed and prizes awarded; the farm women have a forum to discuss their problems, and a program of recreation. At the Farmer's Institute the men go over problems of crop rotation, diversified farming, livestock breeding, crops, prices, grades, marketing methods.

Due to this, Negroes own more farms and cultivate more acreage in Brunswick county than in any other in Virginia; they outnumber white farmers by more than two thousand.

Knowing that the greatest educational need of the Negro is in the rural field, St. Paul's has a two-year teacher training course built around rural work. Once a year from fifty to seventy-five young teachers are graduated; they filter out to "bury themselves" in backward sections; they set up lending libraries, flower garden contests, pin money and savings clubs. They have so raised the standards of the rural Negro that a professor of Rural Education at Columbia University has called the school that trains them "one of the best schools of its type that I have ever seen, white or colored."

St. Paul's sponsors good health clinics. The school's physician and nurse, with the local dentist and dentist's assistant, move into a community, set up their equipment in the schoolhouse, and announce "clinic day." Men, women and children come to it from miles around. The dentist nails an old galvanized tub to the floor, places a large porch rocker on the tub, and calls for his first "victim"; all day long he fills or pulls teeth, scolds or begs the victims to take better care of the fine white molars that are (or should be) the pride of the race. The doctor is at it in another room. Bad tonsils worry him most, malnutrition next. Each spring a tonsillectomy clinic is held in the school hospital. The nurses give talks on sanitation, children's diseases, the danger of "home remedies" and the advantages of a well-balanced diet.

There is an assault on irreligion going on here. The president of the school is the rector of the church; the students attend church and Sunday School on Sunday, devotional services every day. Twenty-six out of the twenty-eight rectors in the Episcopal Church in Southside Virginia received their early training at St. Paul's.

Two years after Appomattox, John Storer of Sanford, Maine, gave the first $10,000 to start the trek of ambitious Negro youth toward the four battle-scarred buildings at Harper's Ferry. Today, Storer College has seventeen buildings and a church near the original four structures. There were only two teachers in 1867, but what a pair they were! Now there are fourteen, twelve with Bachelor's degrees, six with Master's, one with a Ph.D. At the feet of these teachers have sat three thousand students; one thousand of them have graduated with degrees and are influencing the economic, industrial and professional life of the South.

Three are college presidents; several have served on the faculties of Howard University, West Virginia State College, Tuskegee, New Orleans University, and scores of high schools. Some are superintendents of schools, high school supervisors, teachers. Two have made outstanding records in the Young Women's Christian Association. There are nineteen doctors, six successful chemists, and other hundreds whose names are not listed in Who's Who, but are engraved forever on the hearts of the Negro race.

Like a stone dropped into deep waters sending out its ripples, this college has a circle of never-ending uplift and influence. Archibald Johnson, recently deceased, was a barrister member of the Inner Temple Court, London, England. Students have come from Africa, graduated and gone back to help their people in Liberia and Nigeria. This year there is registered a young man from Jamaica, a young woman from the Virgin Islands. . . .

In Atlanta there is a "Class A" Negro college with the usual aims: to prepare those who want preparation for the ministry, the law, social work or whatnot. Miles away is Davidson, a white college. Once a month, sometimes twice, a small group of teachers and students from each school meet around a discussion table to talk over such problems as segregation, opportunities for youth, and the Christian approach to the race question. Around that table we find the student commandant of the R.O.T.C., the captain of the football team, the president of the student body, the head of the Y cabinet. They are frank. They are honest. They are not bitter. They are Christian students of two races trying to find a way out of a bad situation.

You can lay your finger on spots in the South where these students, sometimes years after their college days, have put their findings on this problem into practice. Here, for instance, is a letter written by a Texas father; it concerns a football team coached by a man who had learned something in college. The letter reads:

"Dear Mr. W——:

Being a former school teacher and coach of athletics, the following message should be of encouragement to you and your pupils.

On Thanksgiving morning my young son, who is in his second year at N—— D—— High School, told me he was going out to a football game with some of his friends. When he returned about noon time I asked him against whom he had been playing and he told me he had been in a game with a bunch of boys from the B—— T—— W—— (Colored) High School. Being interested in the relationship between the two races, I immediately began questioning him concerning all angles of the game. He was very complimentary in his statement concerning the behavior of your pupils. I asked him whether any of the colored boys used bad language in the form of dirty expressions or cursing and he told me that although he heard some of the white boys using profanity, none of the colored boys did. He said that they were true sports through all the game and although one of the white boys received a broken collar bone, none of the boys felt it was due in any way to unfair play on the part of the colored boys. He said that after the game was over, when the colored boys had donned their clothes, that they were all nice and clean and were polite in every respect to everybody."

The race problem may not be as hopeless as it seems—provided we can get enough men and boys like this, and enough high school and colleges to teach them.

There is a rising feeling in the Negro church against the ineffectiveness of the old-fashioned, over-emotional, under-educated teacher and preacher of religion; some men who know say that too many young Negroes are being driven into the ranks of Communism because of this, and that steps must be taken to halt it.

There are facts to bear out both statements. One night in Harlem (the most populous Negro city in America) a crowd of three thousand Negroes gathered to honor Colonel John Robinson, who had just returned from Ethiopia where he had served as volunteer aviator to His Majesty Haile Selassie, former Emperor of Ethiopia. The chairman of the meeting rose and announced: "Rev. —— will open the meeting with prayer." A roar went up from the crowd: "No. No! We don't want any prayer. Christianity has failed the Ethiopian. Let's have no prayer for anybody!" Pathetic? Yes. It is more. It is the alarming symptom of a disease of distrust in the church that must be met with something more than a sad shake of our heads.

In the crowd, watching it, was a young minister, the Reverend Horatio Hill, director of Harlem Center. He knew all too well what it meant, and he knew the cure for it. He had the cure, at Harlem Center.

The correct name of Mr. Hill's antidote is "The Harlem Community Training School for Religious Education." Now in its twenty-second year, it offers a training to the religious leaders of his race that will make them really efficient and overcome the objection to the old-fashioned methods of Negro religious education. His program of courses covers four quarters of six weeks each, yearly. Among his courses are those on teaching religion in the weekday school, day church schools, the junior department (and all the other departments), how to teach the life of Christ to children, parent education in the church, cooperatives, church history, music programs, the social gospel.

Who studies here? Preachers, church school teachers, laymen, laywomen, children (about two thousand a year). Twenty to twenty-five Negro preachers attend the weekly classes discussing their problems man-to-man, listening to lectures by leading theologians and professors, studying Negro history, Spanish, French, elocution, English grammar.

Mr. Hill's teachers are the biggest group; he had eight hundred and fifteen of them last year. They came from Harlem and Westchester, from a dozen different denominations, and they set these standards for their own Sunday schools:

1. Our superintendents shall be graduates of an accredited leadership training school.
2. Our teachers shall have completed one year's training in an accredited school of religious education.
3. They shall have a deep Christian conviction.
4. Our directors of music shall have two or more years training in music.
5. Our secretary shall have knowledge of business methods.
6. Our leaders of worship shall have training in the technique of conducting worship.
7. Our school shall relate itself to the community's needs.
8. Promotion shall be on the basis of work done, and not on the age of the pupil.

Now that is remarkable. It would be remarkable, in a college where finances were not a worry, and where the best teachers were easily procurable. But in a place like Harlem, with a group of people who must finance themselves, and against the background of struggle which the Negro churches have had for decades, a program as ambitious as this is amazing —and worth copying.

What has it accomplished? Says Mr. Hill: "I can tell in a minute when I visit a Sunday School or church led by a Center-trained preacher or teacher. If the worship is haphazard and inconsequent, if the school is a hubbub, if the whole thing shows carelessness and neglect—well, then

(Continued on page 51)

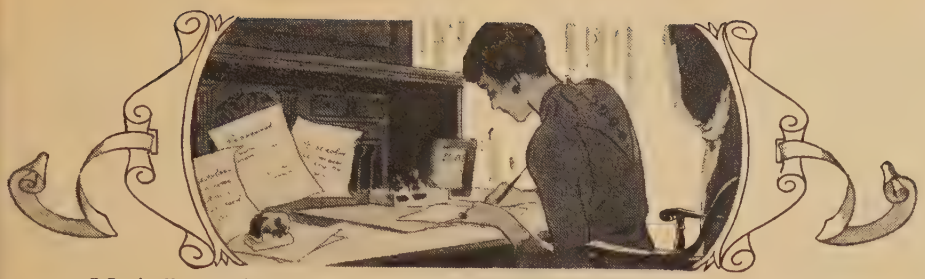
To a June Graduate

I wish you joy:
Not that which comes
From life without a care—
A deeper joy which wells
From having learned to meet
Both joy and sorrow gallantly.

I wish you health of mind and heart
From living much in God's great out-of-doors:
The peace of quiet streams;
The gladness of the wind among the trees,
And birds at dawn;
The glory of the sunset.

I wish you usefulness in some real task
Worth while to human welfare,
And in it joy of sacrifice
For those who call you friend.

Clara Elizabeth Bartley



MARGARET SANGSTER'S PAGE

Gravel and Mignonette

LONG ago—when I was a child—I read a little parable. It may have been translated from some foreign language—it may have been an English exercise in a primary schoolbook—I don't remember! But I do remember the subject matter of the small story—indeed, it has a way of coming back to me at unexpected times.

In this parable a garden path, running between rows of vari-colored flowers, held speech with a bed of delicate old-fashioned mignonette.

"Pity me," complained the garden path, as he paused beside the mignonette, "I lead the most miserable life in the world!"

The mignonette was drooping a bit, for it was late afternoon and she was tired.

"Why do you say that?" she questioned.

The garden path sighed unhappily and little pebbles danced up and down on his breast.

"Why do I say that?" he echoed. "I've reason enough to say it! People tramp on me all day long—I bear the weight of bodies and feel the scuff of feet. When evening comes I'm angry and discouraged and hurt."

"Poor path!" sympathized the mignonette.

The path laughed bitterly and dust rose from under the gravel.

"The more I'm tramped on," he confided, "the harder and more unyielding I get. I try to bruise the feet that step on me, and when children run down my length and slip and fall, I see that their knees are skinned! Sometimes fragments of me get into their eyes—once someone had to visit a doctor. . . . I'm vindictive, I am! That's my answer to this cruel world."

The mignonette hesitated for a long moment before she made reply. "It's not a very nice answer," she said at last.

The path grew aggressive. "It's easy for you to talk," he growled. "You're beautiful and rare—people don't step on *you!* Everyone smiles and says, 'How lovely!'"

"People admire me," admitted the mignonette, "and what do you think their admiration leads to?" She waited a moment, and when the garden path failed to speak, she went on. "When people admire me," she said, "they're very likely to break off my blossoms—think of *that!* Sometimes I'm fastened in a lady's belt or a man's buttonhole. And the moment I've grown a trifle faded, I'm tossed away and forgotten."

"That's true," muttered the path. "Once one of your blossoms lay on me for a whole day."

"A whole day," breathed the mignonette. "And sometimes it's even worse. Once all my blossoms were cut off with sharp shears and put in water, in a vase. . . . That's better, of course, than being worn and discarded—but I don't live long, in water."

The garden path spoke thoughtfully. "Mignonette, why don't you grow yourself a set of thorns? So that you can scratch the fingers that pick your flowers?"

"I don't want to scratch them," murmured the mignonette. "Life's too short to be wasted in revenge. I want to devote all my time and strength to the growing of *new flowers.*"

That is the end of the parable. Can you read the moral of it between the lines.

Some folk take their hard knocks the way the gravel path, of the parable, took his. They grow stubborn and unyielding—they make a point of paying the world back in its own coin.

On the other hand, there are some people who become definitely finer because of adversity. The cutting away of bloom inspires them to put forth new efforts to attain beauty of soul. They concentrate on putting forth new flowers. . . .

PRAYER . . . *In a June Garden*

Let me take into Heaven, God,
The vision of a path that lies
Between warm reaches of green sod—
A spot where golden butterflies
Drift drowsily the whole day through,
Where flowers listen to the breeze;
Where every dream seems fresh and new
Beneath the shade of friendly trees.

Let me take into Heaven's grace
The picture of a rustic gate
That guards the entrance to a place
Where there is neither fear nor hate.
When shadows gather and Your voice
Has whispered that the race is won,
God, let me keep this memory—
My garden gleaming in the sun!

My Letter . . . OF THE MONTH

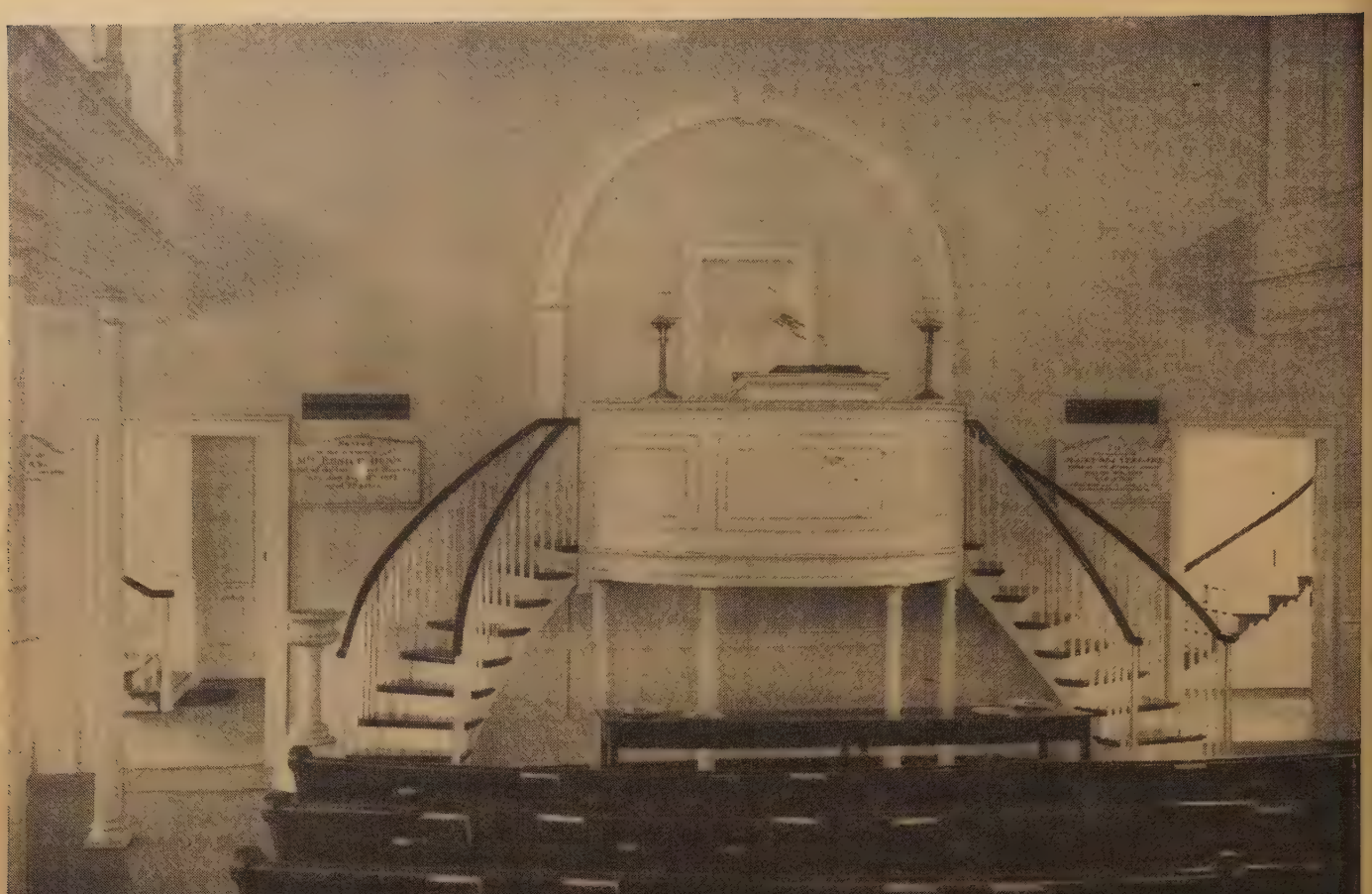
THIS letter comes from a Kentucky friend who describes herself in this fashion: "I am only a simple country woman, making a home with my mother. I live twenty miles from a railroad or a town of any size." This country woman, despite her isolation, has been curiously blessed by God. Let her tell the story in her own words:

"At the early age of fifteen I accepted Christ as my personal Saviour. With simple childlike faith I believed all that was taught me at home and in Sunday School. But all too soon came the ever constant thought that Christians were missing certain blessings intended for them. Something seemed wrong, but I managed to keep my faith.

"In 1921, I entered Nurses' training and my rebellion grew. I could not believe that sickness and death were providential. My great desire was to become a missionary nurse, but five months before my graduation I, too, became very sick. With health gone, my missionary dream vanished.

"From this illness developed an eye complication that no doctor could cure, and the condition became worse as months passed. In 1931, when my eyes were at their worst, I prayed alone and told the Lord that I would no longer believe that continued sickness or pain or affliction was for His children. Someone seemed to come into the room and whisper in my ear, 'Take off your glasses and read.' I did so and read for an hour without them. The pain was gone and I could read all kinds of print.

"All of my prayers have not been so vividly answered, but I know that they will be at their proper time. R. L."



AN AMERICAN HERITAGE

By **DANIEL D. MERRILL** *and* **R. E. McCLURE**

THIS is a saga of interest to the theologian, the antiquary, and the historian—of a town steeped in early tradition and historical background, and of a church building that is one of the architectural heritages of our country.

To give you first the historical background; New Bern, now a city of some thirteen thousand inhabitants, is situated in North Carolina—near the seacoast. It balances on the point of land formed by the juncture of the Neuse and Trent Rivers as if it were proudly peering after the countless ships which once set sail from its wharves to the seven seas. Today the steady stream of traffic and commerce rushes madly by on rubber and concrete many miles inland, and leaves it at ease with its memories—unspoiled and hospitable and friendly to all who are sufficiently interested in its architecture and history to wander within its gates.

In 1709, Baron Christoph von Graffenried, a well-to-do adventurous aristocrat of Bern, Switzerland, associated with a fellow-countryman, Franz Louis Michel, in a colonization scheme in the New World. After exhaustive study of the tales and reports of explorers in various sections, they decided North Carolina held promise of great wealth. Negotiations with the English Crown were tedious but in the end von Graffenried was able to buy about seventeen thousand acres of land in the location he had in mind, and to be honored with the title of Landgrave. He and Michel then set about organizing the colonists.

At that time there were many thousands of Palatines in England, men with families who had fled from their native land to escape religious persecution, and whose support was rapidly becoming a serious problem for the English people. The Crown was anxious to be rid of them and the High Commissioners for America were eager to obtain more colonists. It was not surprising therefore that Queen Anne gave Graffenried permission to take one hundred families with him. Moreover she promised each emigrant about five pounds sterling passage money and gave each one a present of twenty shillings worth of clothing.

This part of the expedition, under the care of Surveyor General John Lawson, set sail from England in January 1710. Unfortunately, overcrowding on shipboard and poor food resulted in the death of half of the number at sea; and to add to their woes, one of the ships was attacked and plundered by a French privateer off the coast of Virginia. The remainder of the Palatines, however, finally reached the destination in sorry plight.

Immediately following the sailing of the first contingent, von Graffenried had returned to Bern and recruited a second company of about one hundred Switzers that left on March 8th, 1710 for Newcastle, England.

This band was to have been augmented by fifty-six convicts who had been imprisoned for their Anabaptist views, but had been permitted by the Swiss authorities to join the expedition with the stipulation they remain shackled until on board ship en route to America. They left Bern on March 18th in charge of Michel. On the way down the Rhine, half of them became ill and had to be left behind; the others were freed when they had passed the Holland border, for the liberty-loving Dutch were not at all sympathetic with the Anabaptist persecutions. Most of the embryo colonists decided to remain on familiar shores, but from letters brought to light, in which the writer claimed to have started from Bern on March 18th, it would appear that one, at least, kept on to America. At any rate, Michel with the few who were left, eventually joined von Graffenried in England, set sail in June, and came within sight of the Virginia shore at the James River on September 10th, 1710. Upon landing, Graffenried paid his respects officially to the Governor of Virginia, and as quickly as he could do so with the proper courtesy, set out overland for North Carolina. There, on the tongue of land between the Neuse and Trent Rivers, a site he previously had determined to be an ideal one for his future city, Graffen-

The pulpit of the beautiful old Colonial Presbyterian Church at New Bern, North Carolina. The name of the architect is not known, but the style of the building suggests that he patterned this church closely after the graceful designs made so well known by Sir Christopher Wren. Both the church, and the town of New Bern, although in North Carolina, suggest pure New England architecture

ried joined the survivors of the first contingent, and established the second settlement in North Carolina,—Bath having had its beginning in 1705.

The purchase of land from an ostensible owner situated several thousands of miles distant was perfect in theory, but unfortunately von Graffenried discovered his domain already had an owner of long standing in the person of King Taylor and his tribe of Tuscarora Indians, who quite naturally resented the occupation of their land by strangers. In consequence, it required all von Graffenried's diplomacy and fairmindedness to prevent serious trouble between one faction of his band, led by the arrogant Michel, and the Indians; in the end he was compelled again to purchase the grant from King Taylor.

The city was laid out in the form of a cross, one arm extending from river to river and the other back from the point indefinitely; a church was planned at the intersection, a water mill constructed, and a schoolhouse set up—for Graffenried had provided for this important part of the program by bringing over an English schoolmaster. When the little town was roughly completed, a solemn assembly gave it the name New Bern, whence came the major portion of the colonists.

The ensuing year was a turbulent one. English settlers came down from the Virginia colony with John Lawson, and shamefully mistreated and abused the Indians. In 1711, Graffenried and Lawson, with two Indian guides and a negro body servant, started up one of the rivers on a trip of exploration. They were captured by the Indians, and Lawson, who was thoroughly hated, was put to death. Graffenried, held in high esteem because of his past friendliness and fairness to the tribe, was spared and held prisoner for six weeks. He at last made his way back to New Bern to find, in the meantime, that most of the settlers had been massacred.

Then followed a period of intrigues directed by the English against Graffenried, coupled with further troubles with the Indians. Finally, discouraged by all this, heavily in debt, penniless, his pet scheme demolished, and his partner, Michel, faithless, he retired to Virginia in 1712. Then to New York, England, and back to his native Bern, which he reached on November 11th, 1743. The story of the remainder of his life is soon told,—uneventful, dependent upon his father for support until his death in 1743.

It is one of the ironies of fate that one of von Graffenried's chief ambitions for his town was realized only after his death. He had hoped to make New Bern the chief city of the Province. In 1723 it had become a township, and in 1765, over twenty years after his death, it was officially made the capital of North Carolina.

The first political representative assembly ever to be convened in North Carolina independent of royal authority, and, indeed in the face of the Governor's prohibition, met in New Bern in 1774. It was known as the "Provincial Congress" and inquired into the encroachments of England upon the rights and liberties of America.

On May 31, 1775, while the Royal Governor, Josiah Martin, and his Council were in session, leading Whigs seized and removed the cannon from the front of the palace. That night the Governor fled the city and English rule ended forever.

These are merely the historical highlights of New Bern up to the time of its most prosperous era, the early years of the 19th century; to describe all of its interesting events and personages would require pages.

The architecture of the city is a delight not only to the architect, who by training fully appraises its beauty, but to the layman. The exquisite detail of the buildings convinces one that the early builders of our nation were not only keen political scientists, but men of infinite taste and artistic background as well—what they sought was essentially the expression of an ideal. We can indeed be grateful these examples have escaped both the destructive forces of the Civil War and that far greater enemy of old architecture—Progress. The buildings of New Bern are still part of the daily life of the community.

The character of the architecture itself is a most fascinating subject for the student of early Americana. He would naturally expect to find it, if not a definite copy of the Virginia adaptation of Georgian, at least strongly flavored by it; for from the outset New Bern was influenced by the steady infiltration of settlers from Williamsburg and the other towns farther to the north. But no—he finds it transplanted from New England with all the tang of the seacoast settlements of Salem, Gloucester, and Boston, and with the refinement and character of Samuel McIntire in its scale and detail.

Research fails to disclose any definite and logical reason for this oddity. No one seems to know very much about the architect or the builder of this or that house; even the actual dates of completion are somewhat conjectural. Several theories have been advanced but each one seems to have its weak point.

New Bern during the latter part of the eighteenth and the early part of the nineteenth centuries was one of the important shipping ports of the South, and its ships and shipmasters carried on an extensive trade with New England in tobacco leaf, lumber, and molasses. It is quite conceivable that several skilled housewrights and woodcarvers might have migrated south on some returning ship and settled in New Bern, but it is peculiar that with all the beautiful examples of their workmanship, they failed to gain at least some recognition in records or papers handed down to posterity. There does appear to be certain similarities in the detail of the woodwork in a number of the buildings that would indicate the same source of inspiration.

Or another theory might be advanced that a builder of architectural imagination and draughting skill might have journeyed to New England on one of the ships and recorded with his pencil the architectural details he saw.

Another oddity over which to ponder; there were other southern seaports with as much shipping intercourse with New England, but in which there is no trace whatsoever of the northern colonial type of architecture.

Whatever the correct explanation, there it is—unmistakable New England architecture in New Bern, North Carolina.

Among the brilliant examples is the First Presbyterian Church, now restored to its original condition by an appreciative Pastor and his Board of Deacons. The building, while not the first church erected in New Bern, is now the oldest remaining one, and is in fact one of the oldest in the State.

Presbyterian history in North Carolina began in 1690 when a wandering band of Huguenots migrated from the upper James River in Virginia and settled on the Pamlico River near Bath. In 1707 another group, led by its pastor, Philippe de Richebourg, set up a colony on the Trent near the site of New Bern, and of course, three years later, von Graffenried with his Swiss Presbyterian pastor, Henry Hoeger, founded New Bern. After the Indian massacre most of them moved to South Carolina, but Presbyterianism grew and flourished in a modest way, establishing the first free school in North Carolina and developing leaders to carry on its work.

In an early issue of the "Morning Herald" of New Bern in 1808, there appeared this interesting announcement:

"A SUBSCRIPTION
for the purpose of Erecting a
PRESBYTERIAN MEETING HOUSE
Has lately been set on foot in the town of New Bern and a number of names obtained . . ."

The result is not a matter of record, but obviously not a great deal was accomplished toward the building for a later news article in 1818 says, "There are three houses of public worship in New Bern and at present three congregations supplied with pastors. The Episcopalians, who are a numerous and respectable body, have a decent brick church at present supplied with a clergyman. The Methodists, the most numerous society of Christians in the place, have a very large and convenient chapel and are supplied with a regular succession of able and evangelical

(Continued on page 50)

At the left, Dr. Bill Stidger and Mr. Frank R. White, organist, working out a new hymn for their broadcast, "Getting the Most Out of Life." Right, Dr. James Houghton, musical director of the program, who adapted "Judean Hills," by Dr. Stidger, to an old hymn tune

HOMESICK ... for the Old Hymns of the Church

By William L. Stidger

★

THE heart of this nation is hungry for something. There is a universal nostalgia for the ancient and simple and beautiful things of the past. I have felt it in drama, motion picture, radio; from the man on the street; and in church and concert hall.

A friend of mine—a business man with a so-called "hard-boiled" business attitude toward everything he touches—was on a business trip to New York City. It was a hot summer afternoon and he was lying on a bed in his hotel room resting; suddenly he heard a Salvation Army cornet playing in the street below him. He pricked up his ears and for the moment all of his business thinking, his contemplating that "big deal," was swept out of his mind as a summer wind catches up the falling leaves on a small town village street and sweeps them over a fence into a field. In the twinkling of an eye that American business man was a boy again, sitting with his parents in a little white church on a New England hillside. He could hear a church bell ringing through the quiet twilight; hear the familiar, long since "hushed-in-death," voice of his mother in that village church choir singing. For the sound he heard coming up to him from that Salvation Army cornet was the sweet strains of an old hymn which has been loved for centuries, "Rock of Ages Cleft for me, let me hide myself in Thee." And suddenly that business man, who had come to New York City with the all absorbing purpose and passion to put through that big business deal, had the feeling that he didn't care whether he put it through or not. In the flash of a second that deal didn't seem to be of half the importance that he had formerly given it. In fact with the sound of that old hymn all he wanted to do was to take the next train and go back to that little New England village, to feel once again the simple, naïve, unaffected atmosphere of true things. He wanted once again to see the old home of his childhood and to walk into the doors of that little village church. He knew that he might be disappointed but he would never be happy until he did it. And that is exactly what he did. He took the next train out of New York City, and visited the little New England village of his childhood; all because he had heard the ancient and beautiful strains of "Rock of Ages Cleft for Me" coming up to his thirty-story room in a New York Hotel from a Salvation Army cornet playing in the street below. And when he told me that story not long ago; told it to me because he knew that I would understand it and not laugh at him; he said: "And I'm telling you, I don't regret it a bit. It did me a world of good. Just to get back into the simple and unaffected atmosphere of that quiet little New England village; just to get into the memories of mother and father; and to walk in through the doors of that little white church, refreshed my spirits. It was almost like the experience of plunging into a cool clear stream on a hot summer day after one had been walking down a dusty road. It cleansed my soul."

Then that business man, feeling my sympathy, continued his reminiscences quickened by the memory of that old hymn. He said further: "And when I got to the little village and had slept in our old home, a memory came flooding back to me which I honestly believe is a universal American memory, for I have told several of my business friends about it and they all have the same one. The second night in our old home I asked my sister if she remembered how father used to gather all of us children together on Sunday evenings at twilight, with a wood fire burning in the fireplace, and sing the old hymns of the church. Father didn't have much of a voice but he loved to sing. He would start off with secular songs and ballads such as "Annie Laurie," "Home Sweet Home," "Just a Song at Twilight"; and then, as we eight children sang with him at the old fashioned family organ, father would gradually work us into the Negro Spirituals and then, before we knew it we would merge into the great old hymns and would find ourselves singing "Nearer My God to Thee," "Rock of Ages," "Tell Me the Old Old Story," "Softly Now the Light of Day, Fades Upon my Sight Away."

Then that so-called "hard-boiled business man" said to me, as we talked in the restaurant of the same New York hotel in which he was resting when he heard the Salvation Army cornet which started all of this magic in his soul: "And my friend, I honestly believe that most of the American born business men of this big, so-called indifferent New York, if they honestly confessed it, would have just such a memory of their own; the memory of a father or a mother sitting at an old-fashioned organ playing and singing the great hymns."

Yes, I think you're right. I remember reading recently a book about President Woodrow Wilson, written by his daughter Eleanor, and she told the story of the real Wilson; not the college president, scholar, diplomat, world Statesman, but the home man, the father of his children; and she told of how each evening in their days at Princeton, Woodrow Wilson used to come

Judean Hills Are Holy

William L. Stidger

Gesangbuch der Herzogl, 1784
Adapted by James R. Houghton

1. Ju - de - an hills are ho - ly, Ju - de - an fields are fair,
2. His trails are on the hill - sides And down the vales and deeps;
3. He stands a lone-ly fig - ure, A - long the fringe of night

For one can find the foot - prints Of Je - sus ev - 'ry - where.
He walks the long hor - i - zons Where ves - per si-lence sleeps.
As lone-ly as a ce - dar A - gainst the fad-ing light.

One finds them in the twi - light Be - neath the sing - ing sky,
He haunts the low-ly high-ways Where hu-man hopes have trod
Ju - de - an hills are ho - ly, Ju - de - an fields are fair,

Where shepherds watch in won - der White plan-ets wheel-ing by.
The Vi - a Do - lo - ro - sa Up to the heart of God.
One can find the foot-prints Of Je-sus ev - 'ry - where.

Printed in the U. S. A.

Dedicated to Dr. James R. Houghton and The New England Singers

I want to know more about Jesus

Poem by
Dr. William L. Stidger

Music by
Frank R. White

1. I want to know more a - bout Je - sus,
2. I want to know more a - bout Je - sus,
3. I want to know more a - bout Je - sus,

More of His won - der-ful life; — I want to feel some of His
Tell me some things you have heard; Your mind may have caught a new
More of His hours un - told; — I want to know more of that

glad-ness, I want to share more of His strife. —
vis - ion, Your lips may have found a new word. —
sto - ry In pag - es that yet are un rolled. —

Refrain.

I want to know more a-bout Je-sus, I want to walk with Him a way;

want to walk with Him from morn-ing clear on to the end of the day. —

Copyright, 1938, by Dr. William L. Stidger.

up to their bedroom and sing them to sleep with the old hymns of the church. She tells of how he would slip into their rooms after they had gotten into bed, lie on the bed beside them and sing "Rock of Ages," "A Mighty Fortress is our God," "A Bulwark Never Failing," or "There's Wideness in God's Mercy Like the Wideness of the Sea." His voice was high, and it cracked now and then, but all of the Wilson girls loved to have their father come up and sing them to sleep; and one of their sweetest memories of that great man, now gone, is the memory of how he used to come up to them for a little goodnight song before they went to sleep.

Yes, the heart of the nation is homesick for something and that something it finds in the magic of the old hymns; the old hymns which have had something of mystical power in them for untold centuries; a power that was born in the days of the Reformation when Martin Luther wrote "A Mighty Fortress is Our God," while he was confined in a fortress after he had posted his famous Thesis on the doors of Wittenburg; and had been put into prison by a friendly Governor to save his life from those who would have killed him because he had started the battle for human freedom in worship. The old hymns have moved the hearts of men in every great crisis in history since that Reformation Period. It moved them in the Wesley Revivals in England, revivals which saved a nation from industrial revolution. The great hymns moved the heart of humanity in the days of The World War. Most of us will remember the "Big Sings" which were held in churches and theaters during that crucial period, when millions of people met and were glad to lift their voices in the singing of not only "Over There," "It's a Long, Long Way to Tipperary," "There's a Long, Long Trail," "Pack Up Your Troubles in Your Old Kit Bag and Smile, Smile, Smile," but when they also sang the great, solemn, heartening hymns of the church.

A friend of mine, Bishop Francis J. McConnell, served in France during the worst of the war; and one day he told me the story of how he was called to the Somme line of the English Army just before the English Tommies went into the worst period of the Somme drive. He talked to those English boys for a few minutes, administered communion to them and then asked them what hymn they would like to have sung just before they went into battle and they yelled as if with one voice: "Oh God Our Help in Ages Past, Our Strength in Years to Come, Our Shelter From the Stormy Blast and Our Eternal Home."

Another friend told me the story of an experience he had in the World War period as he was coming back from France in November just before the Armistice. As he tells the story it runs like this:

"The great transport *Matsonia* was cutting its way through three dangers; the submarine zone, a terrific storm beating from the west, and a night as dark as Erebus, with no lights showing.

"I had the midnight-to-four-o'clock-in-the morning watch on the 'Aft Fire Control.' Below me on the aft-gun deck, as the rain pounded, the wind howled and the ship *(Continued on page 55)*

EDITORIAL FORUM

CHRISTIAN HERALD, *always a crusading journal, has this as its permanent platform: To conserve, interpret, and extend the vital elements of* EVANGELICAL CHRISTIAN FAITH. *To support* WORLD PEACE: *that it may be world-wide and lasting;* CHURCH UNITY: *that it may be an organic reality;* TEMPERANCE: *that through education it may become universal and that the liquor problem may be solved. To carry forward a practical ministry to those who are in need. To champion those forces . . . wherever they appear . . . that bid fair to aid in the effort to make a* CHRIST-LIKE WORLD.

DANIEL A. POLING, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

America Speaks for Peace

IF BY any miracle—and I believe in such miracles—a world war is averted now and appeasement presently begun, the sublime event will come not through silence. If the peace is won, America's contribution will have been her unequivocal, undelayed, and constantly repeated support of human freedom, democratic institutions, and the democratic ideology, as opposed to the totalitarian ideologies of Communism, Fascism, or whatever. Our only chance to avoid fighting eventually is to "speak out and bravely in God's name" now.

I hope that in a humble way I am a peace-maker. I have respect for the convictions of the pacifist and admiration for his courage. I hope that I would defend with my life his right to express his convictions. But I am not, and as a Christian cannot be, a pacifist. For me there are some things more precious than peace. Fearful as it is thus to consent, more terrible it would be, more terrible for man's immortal destiny, to surrender justice, truth, human freedom, and that most sacred thing, individual personality, while physical life survives.

I still believe that by speaking now, and by supporting our words with every possible act of this Government short of physical participation in overseas conflict, we may play a major part in saving civilization from a cataclysm of blood and hate. I believe that we could stop war in China, give success to ravished democracy there, without moving a ship beyond Honolulu. Were we to discontinue our shipments of airplanes, war supplies, and raw materials to Japan, she would be placed seriously upon the defensive within six months. I believe that what this Government has said and done, and particularly President Roosevelt's note to Hitler and Mussolini, have at least delayed the greater conflict in Europe. Both Hitler and Mussolini have so confessed, though in language otherwise intended. Only Father Coughlin has in recent months received the applause of Berlin. His broadcasting of the infamous Protocols of Zion brought forth vociferous "Heil! Heil!"

CERTAINLY there is risk in the course outlined above. Unavoidably there is risk in any course that democracy may take through a mad world. But democracy must march to survive. Today she must choose her course or have the power of choice taken from her. For Christianity the choice is hard but clear. Christianity and American democracy are in North America the original partnership. They rose together; together they have prospered and increased. For weal or woe their future is one future. Christianity and Democracy stand or fall upon the sacredness of individual personality. Totalitarianism, by whatever name known, is religion. To survive, it can have no other gods before it. Hitler, Mussolini, and the Sun Emperor must presently join Russia in liquidating religion. Their ultimatum is—"Liquidate or fail!" Here is at once the strength and weakness of the authoritarian state. Here, too, is the ultimate power of democracy and, we believe, democracy's ultimate triumph. For the moment, and for her own interests entirely, Russia may strengthen the democratic position by supporting England and France, but in the end Russia, too, will be conquered by freedom.

In the field of international affairs, we must now distinguish between peace-makers and pacifists. Peace-makers may or may not be pacifists. Peace-makers and pacifists have much in common and may go the length of their common agreement without prejudice to their individual, ultimate convictions; but between peace-makers and pacifists, if and when war comes, there is a great gulf fixed.

Nor does pacifism, provide exemption from moral responsibility if and when war comes. Measures designed to insure peace now appear as war measures. The sanctions, had they been applied to oil and imposed upon Italy, would have resulted in armed conflict. Many pacifists nevertheless supported sanctions. With them I agreed. Economic pressure, the boycott, punitive tariffs against aggressor nations, and closing of markets to aggressor nations—even governmental statements, also the statements of private citizens and editorial comments, all are war measures. The dictator nations definitely so declare, and having declared act accordingly. Yes, to advocate any program of restraint upon dictatorship to condemn the torture of minorities, to offer economic or even moral opposition is to invoke the wrath of dictators and to invite armed conflict. For the pacifist and for us all, the cruel alternative to a full share of moral responsibility for any Twentieth-Century armed conflict is silence. And would not silence be consent? Certainly I may choose not to fight, but by my opposition to the authoritarian state I may join myself to those forces that send other men to death if the authoritarian states persist in their present plans and methods. Nearly twenty years ago when invited to sign a pacifist pledge, I replied: "For me there is a certain immorality in pledging a specific action in advance of a particular event, the details of which cannot be known." Without judging the position of any other person, and with respect for those with whom I differ, this through the years has become increasingly my conviction.

Certainly the United States has her full share of moral responsibility for the present situation in Europe and throughout the world. The injustices of the Versailles and the Trianon Treaties, and the refusal or failure of victorious nations to offer any program of appeasement to the defeated nations may with justice be charged with the creation of opportunities of which Hitler has taken advantage. But though the democratic world repents in sackcloth and ashes for these failures, democratic nations are still bound to do their utmost to preserve the heritage of democracy. Their task will be heavier now because of past failures, but it is nevertheless their task. The choice of America is the choice of stultifying silence (a silence in which our own people as well as foreign governments are misled as to the beliefs and sympathies of the overwhelming majority of our citizens)—or of speaking out, declaring our fidelity to democratic institutions and our horror at the rape of freedom in Europe and Asia. It is in such speech now, however angrily the totalitarian states reply, that we have our only hope of defeating war. The voice of the President of the United States and of the Secretary of State have been and are voices for peace.

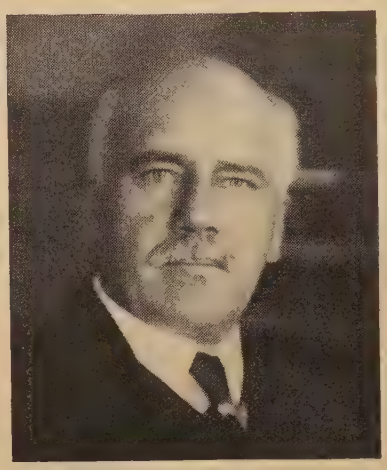
Name and Address? Please

Some one in Michigan has written Dr. Charles M. Sheldon a delightful letter, praising his article on "The Place I'd Like to Live In," but left it unsigned. Dr. Sheldon would like very much to answer that letter. Will the writer please send her name and address to Dr. Sheldon, Topeka, Kansas, so that he can reply?

SELFISHNESS

A Sermon by Charles M. Sheldon

"AND THERE WAS IN THEIR SYNAGOGUE (CAPERNAUM) A MAN WITH AN UNCLEAN SPIRIT; AND HE CRIED OUT, 'LET US ALONE! WHAT HAVE WE TO DO WITH THEE, THOU JESUS OF NAZARETH?'" MARK'S GOSPEL, CHAPTER ONE, VERSES 23 AND 24.



DR. SHELDON

Charles Monroe Sheldon was born in Wellsville, New York, February 26, 1857. He received his A.B. degree from Brown University in 1883, graduated from Andover Theological Seminary in 1886, and has since received the D.D. degree from Temple, Washburn, and Brown. He was married in 1891, and has one son.

He was an active minister in the Congregational Church from 1886 to 1919, having served the Central Congregational Church of Topeka, Kansas, for thirty successive years. He was Editor-in-Chief of Christian Herald from 1920 to 1925, and has been Contributing Editor since.

He is the author of many books, the best known being *In His Steps*. This book has sold millions of copies and is still selling regularly, all over the world. At 82, he is still vigorous, and actively engaged in writing and lecturing.

Dr. Sheldon is one of the most widely known, kindliest, and best beloved men in the Christian ministry.

☆

This is the second in our new series of sermons by prominent preachers, on the common human faults and virtues.

THE word "selfishness" is not found in the Bible, but it is full of other words that define it. And perhaps the description of the man with the unclean spirit, as told by Mark in his Gospel, gives us the real picture of a selfish man. For all through the centuries every selfish human being has practically said "What have we to do with Thee, Jesus of Nazareth?" In other words the selfishness of the human race is a denial of Jesus and His way of Life.

Here is the diary of a selfish man, as written by the spirit in him that shuts Jesus out of his own life:

"Went out on the front porch and got the morning paper before any other member of the family could get it and propped it up in front of me at the breakfast table where I could read all the scandal and trouble of the human race around the world. I replied shortly to my wife when she asked me a question and told the children to hurry off to school and not make a fuss about their oatmeal.

"Got down to the office and found the janitor of our building, as usual, sweeping out my room and raising a dust on my table. Gave him a piece of my mind and got down to work. Been losing money all through the depression and mostly on account of the stupidity of the other members of our firm. Some of them are church members and give money to foreign missions. I believe that is what they call it. Waste of good money I call it. The main thing in life is to keep going, and make all the money we can and keep it.

"Went out to lunch and met some of the fellows who are out on a drive for the Community fund. This town is full of 'drives' for every conceivable cause—Community Chest, Red Cross, Salvation Army and what not. I have never understood why all the philanthropic organizations, including the church, are always in debt and begging the business men to help them out. I told the solicitors I couldn't give anything, as I had a home to support and hurried back to the office.

"Seems as if everyone in the office had a grouch, and I got away after a lot of trouble with the office boy, and got home in time to read the evening paper before dinner, which was late, as usual. My wife had been home all day and wanted to know if we couldn't go to a movie but I didn't feel like it and said so. The children made a lot of noise with the radio, each one turning it on for a new wave and I finally turned it off and sent them to bed.

"Another day gone, and nothing done, but thank the Lord, if there is any, we did not lose as much money as we did a year ago."

Now this may seem like an exaggeration of a daily diary of a selfish man but there are multitudes of men who often have such a day. Of course this man has days when he kisses his wife goodbye after breakfast and comes home ready to go to the movie with her; and he plays with the children and gives the janitor a quarter instead of a complaint; but selfishness is a habit with a good many men, a habit that grows with the years. It would be a revelation if we could uncover the breakfast table in a multitude of homes in America and see this man John Citizen reading the Morning Shudder between gulps of coffee and short replies to his wife and the children. For let us not be afraid of calling selfishness by its right name which is *sin*, as Jesus called it, and a sin of real meaning because it is the sin of not being willing to have Jesus rule the life. "Leave us alone, Jesus! What have we to do with Thee?"

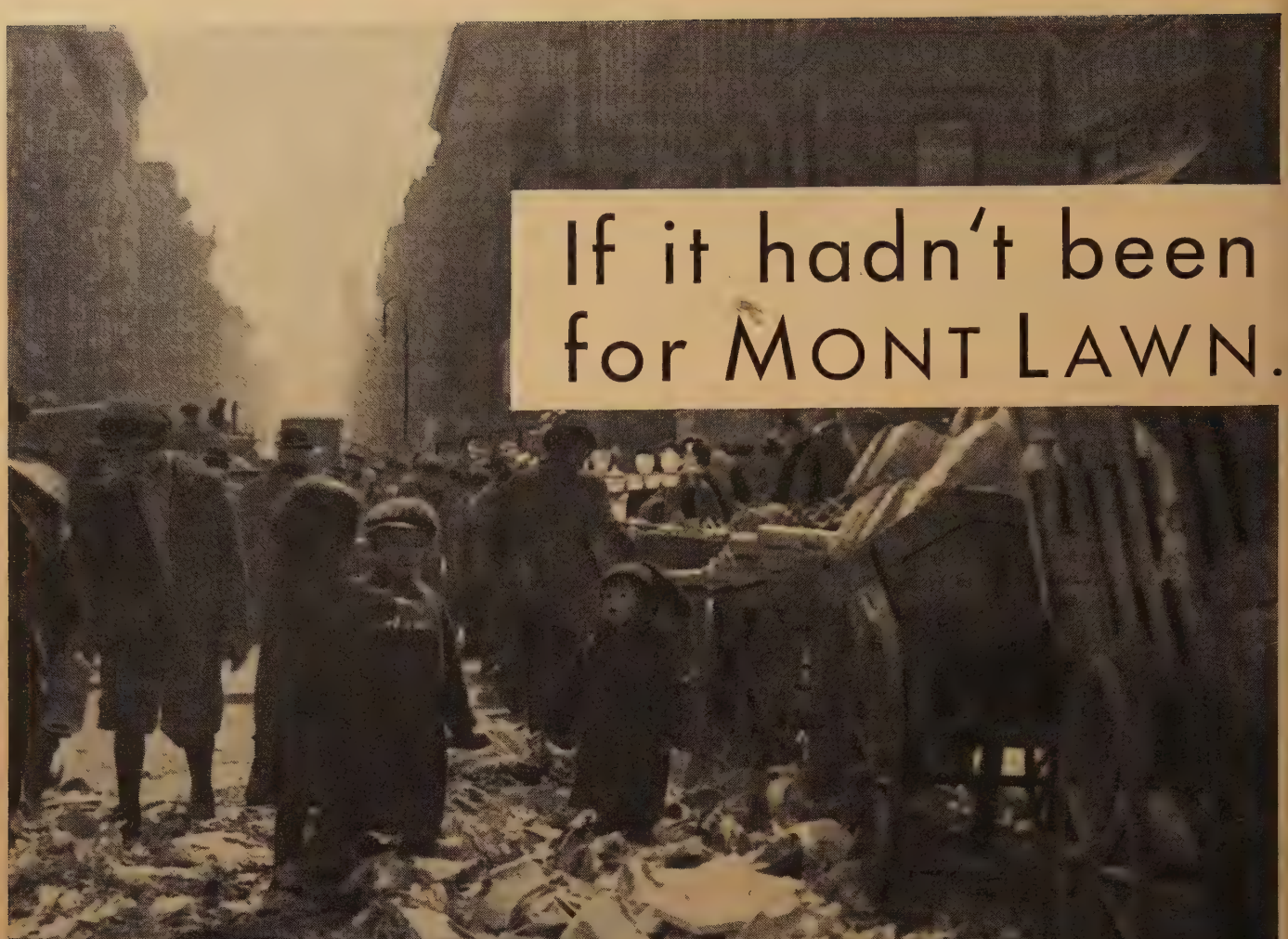
I have been spending a good deal of time during the last five years holding union peace meetings with churches of all denominations, and my expenses are met by free-will offerings given by the audience at the meeting. At one of these meetings a short time ago a big church was filled with an audience of 2,000 church members of a dozen different denominations and the chairman of the meeting was the Pastor of the church where the meeting was being held. Before he passed the plates for the evening offering I asked this good Brother if he would be willing to ask the people to put as much into the plates as they had put into the movies the week before. He was very much embarrassed and said he would not like to do it. But if he had, I think the offering would have been somewhat larger than it was. In fact, I believe that if all the members of all the churches in America would give as much money to the churches to which they belong as they give to the movies, every debt on every church in America would be lifted. For the Official Board of one of the denominations in a printed hand book makes the statement that their church last year spent $116,000,000 for movies and unnecessary luxuries and amusements.

Can this be called "Selfishness?" If Jesus is ruling the lives of the church members of America do they not owe Him as much as they give for their amusements? We are entitled to the innocent pleasures of life. Jesus certainly does not quarrel with His disciples if they go to places of innocent amusements. But what proportion of the money we earn or have ought to go to maintain the church and how much to amusements? This last year at the time of the great wave of football that swept over the colleges and high schools of this country, in a stadium near where I live there were twelve football games played at which 6,000 people attended each game, at an average expenditure for tickets of $1.50 apiece.

The Pastor of one of our city churches told me that hundreds of his own members attended these football games whose pledges to the support of the church would not equal the expense of these games, and many of them paid more for season tickets to football and basketball games every fall and winter than they ever paid for church support. Are we guilty of judging others? But Jesus scathingly condemned the Pharisees for their hypocrisy. Is it fair to say that a large number of church members of all the denominations are selfishly withholding the money from the churches to which they belong, in order to satisfy their passion for athletic sport or some other form of self indulgence? In other words are they, (and by "they" we mean "we,") denying the rule of Jesus and saying to Him "Let us alone!"

Human selfishness assumes a great many forms besides the niggardly habit of saying "no" with our money. But trav-

(Continued on page 54)



If it hadn't been for MONT LAWN..

The story of the Christian Herald Children's Home, and what it has accomplished in forty-five years

By ALBERT LINN LAWSON

MONT LAWN time again! Already the summer sun is beginning to blaze pitilessly down upon the bare, shadeless streets of New York's East Side. Already the fetid air in the windowless rooms—250,000 of them, in which a million children live—is becoming unbearable, so that children and adults resort to outside fire escapes to sleep. Even in good homes the nights are often stifling; in the slums they become a breathless, airless torture. Already anxious "mothers of the poor" are besieging the various welfare agencies begging that their children be given a chance to go to the country—a chance which will be given as large a fraction of those little unfortunates as possible, but still just a fraction, because there is never enough money.

For several years it has been my lot to write articles and stories intended to present facts about New York's little slum children, and the part *Christian Herald's* Mont Lawn is playing in helping to better their condition. And after every such article appears in this magazine, I always receive letters asking, "Is existence in the slums really as bad as you depict it? Don't you sometimes exaggerate a little?"

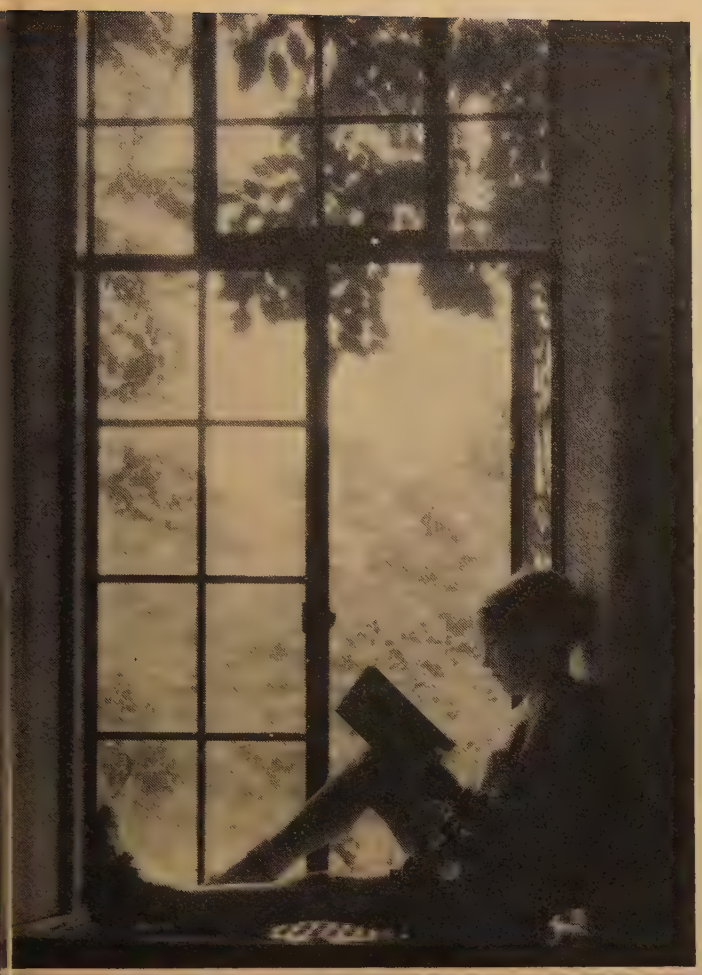
No, good friends, I do not exaggerate. Of course not every slum child is actually starving, or living in filth and squalor. But they are all poor, generally undernourished, and have to breathe the hot, unhealthy air of the city's crowded, congested districts. Even these children need Mont Lawn, and benefit by a vacation there. But there are thousands of others who live under conditions almost unbelievable. Many of the slum dwellers exist—not live—in decrepit "old law" tenements; that is, buildings erected before the more rigid requirements as to space, ventilation, fire protection, etc., went into effect. Even when they were new, old-law tenements were hardly fit for human habitation, because they were built to rent, and not to live in. Now that they are all old—for no more can be put up, under the newer building regulations—they have become, in many cases, indescribable. Originally divided into small apartments of from three to five rooms, each of these apartments, in many instances, has been subdivided and rented as "single-room apartments" without light, or air—without anything. Yet it is by no means uncommon for an entire family to sleep in one of these unventilated rooms; and in that family there are certain to be children. Even the best-intentioned parents—and many of these poor people are well-intentioned—cannot bring up healthy, happy children in these surroundings, yet these surroundings are the best they can afford.

But there are numerous cases where the parents are cruel, or drunken, or just neglectful. I have seen instances of children who have never been away from the tenement block where they were born, except to go to the nearest school, who have never had enough to eat in their lives, whose only food is often just crusts of dry bread, who have no milk or fruit or decent clothing, who never saw a garden or a green tree or grass or a flower bed, whose only playground is the crowded, villainous street where the law of tooth and fang prevails and the weaker have no chance—where in summer the asphalt sometimes melts in spots so the thinly shod small feet cannot endure it; where the children have never heard the word "God" except as a profane oath.

Exaggerated? My friends, I only wish it were!

But how do children live, under such conditions?

The reply to that is, they don't—a pitifully large number of them. Despite the able efforts of New York's excellent Health Department, the death rate on the



Contrast the crowded, sweltering East Side street, with its noise and congestion, with the quiet wholesome beauty of Mont Lawn as the little girl above sees it from the library window. And note how the hungry children clamor for more milk!

East Side is inevitably large. How else could it be, when their little lives so often lack almost everything necessary to keep them living? Compelled to sleep, it may be, in a foul basement, crowded with other humans, with no bed, or chair, or covering—just a dirty rag, or their own clothing; compelled to exist without adequate food, or even God's air and sunshine—of course many of them die.

Why do people live in such places? And the reply to *that* is the same old story—poverty. A library would not hold the written accounts of all the suffering hidden away in these dirty old tenements. Thousands are here because the fathers are in prison for some crime; and their children must suffer. But there are other thousands of cases where misfortune, rather than wrong-doing is back of the family's misery. There are thousands of children here who are crippled; thousands who are cardiacs—these especially need air and sunshine and good food. And sad to say, there are other thousands whose fathers have deserted them. Particularly since 1930, many, many thousands of men, once decent, honest citizens, who loved and supported their families, have deserted those families because they were no longer able to support them. And there are widows who toil, wretchedly, for a few cents a day to keep life in their little ones' bodies. All these must live in the slums because they cannot afford any better place.

The pity of it is that the little slum children are not naturally abnormal, or deficient. Given proper food, air and sunlight, and decently clothed, they would be just like other children. Too often, now, they drift inevitably into vice and crime; think what a benefit to society it would be if they could be given the opportunity to become decent citizens when they grow up!

Of course, not all the children who are taken to Mont Lawn are as badly off as these I have been trying to describe. There are many others whose parents are very poor, but not in such abject misery as the slum children. These parents are honest, decent people—just poor. They lack employment, and cannot support their children properly. But the children from such homes also need the fresh air, sunshine and good food which Mont Lawn affords.

It is hard for you who live in the country, or in small cities or towns, to visualize the conditions I am trying to make real to you. Where you live, even the poorest child has at least air and sunshine—and probably the fields and streams, where he can roam to his heart's content. And did you ever hear of any child literally starving, where you live? If you should find that, by some strange oversight, a single child in your neighborhood had died from actual lack of food, or had grown up a hopeless invalid because he had no fresh air to breathe, you would be inexpressibly shocked.

That is the reason for Mont Lawn's existence—to give some of these underprivileged little ones, for two weeks, at least, the things they have never had, but which they so sorely need—good wholesome food, fresh country air and sunlight, clean beds, innocent play, and, above all, that which they have most lacked, a *home*. You have noted that Mont Lawn's official name is The Christian Herald *Children's Home*. That title was not selected idly. The only home some of these poor innocents have ever had is such as I have tried to describe—a crowded, fetid room in the tenements. Some of them never slept in a bed; very many of them never knew what it is to sit down at a table to eat; while the love and understanding and care which a normal parent gives her child they have never dreamed of. So Mont Lawn's chief aim is to give them for a brief period the sort of home every child deserves. And I am sure that, if you could visit the Children's Home, you would agree that it has achieved its purpose well.

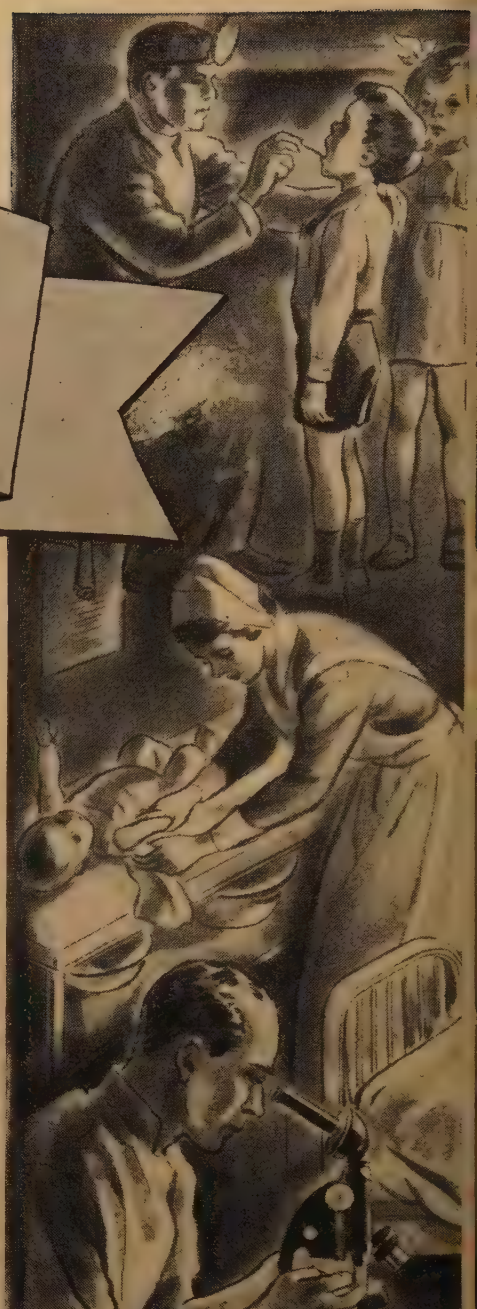
No better location exists in America for such a home for children than that of Mont Lawn. We have often described it to you—but until you have seen it you cannot realize its beauty. It is situated in the Rockland Hills, above Nyack, New York, looking out across the beautiful Hudson River to Tarrytown and Sleepy Hollow—a vista of loveliness unsurpassed on the continent. Soft, healthful breezes waft across the river and the hills, and stir the leaves of Mont Lawn's beautiful Avenue of trees. To many of these poor children the trees themselves are a source of never-ending delight—actually to play under their shade, and to be lulled to sleep at night by the soothing whispering of their leaves! These little chaps have never known anything like that before. The whole scene is clean and wholesome and delightful. No wonder some of the children look back at it, longingly, with tears, when the time comes when they must leave it!

Every effort has been made to preserve this effect of quiet beauty throughout the entire "plant." The buildings though not extravagant, are attractive and neat. The walks are flower-bordered. And how the children love flowers! If you could only see the pure delight the children receive from gathering the wild flowers during their walks in the woods you could understand what I am trying to tell; the playground is clean and grass-covered, the little pool pure *(Continued on page 52)*

LIFE · LIBERTY *and* THE DOCTOR

By

C. Ward Crampton, M. D.



A National Health Program, designed to provide medical care for all, has been prepared by the government and is being vigorously discussed throughout the nation. Senator Robert F. Wagner has introduced bills to put the plan into action. Opinions differ widely about those bills. Knowing that you are interested in this vital subject, we asked Dr. C. Ward Crampton to discuss it for you. Dr. Crampton has had long experience as a physician both in private medical practice on the one hand, and on the other in the public health and social work field. Thus he knows both sides of this question from the inside—and he speaks our language.

☆

WE CAN understand the National Health (Wagner) Act far better if we look back a decade and study its ancestry, which includes both figs and thistles. It is a product of the depression. The New Deal brought forth the Committee on Economic Security, which in 1934 drafted the Social Security Act.

As passed, the Social Security Act, did not contain a full medical program. That was advisedly reserved for further study. Opposition was sensed. To put the matter in form the President appointed the "Interdepartmental Committee to Coordinate the Health and Welfare Activities of the United States." This committee included representatives of the Departments of Labor, Agriculture, Interior, Treasury and the Social Security Board. The Committee, however, delegated its labors to a "Technical Committee on Medical Care," of which Martha Elliot of the Children's Bureau was made Chairman. It prepared "The National Health Program." This was presented to the President February 14, 1938. This program is the basis of the National Health Act. Meanwhile a National Health Survey, designed to ascertain the amount of chronic disability, illness etc., was conducted under the Works Progress Administration. It cost $4,000,000, gave employment to many W.P.A. workers. Much information was gathered and utilized in preparing publicity for the National Health Program and the Act itself.

These data have been seriously questioned on several grounds. Some interpretations were made and conclusions drawn, which offered the basis of argument and publicity, but did not inspire confidence in all quarters.

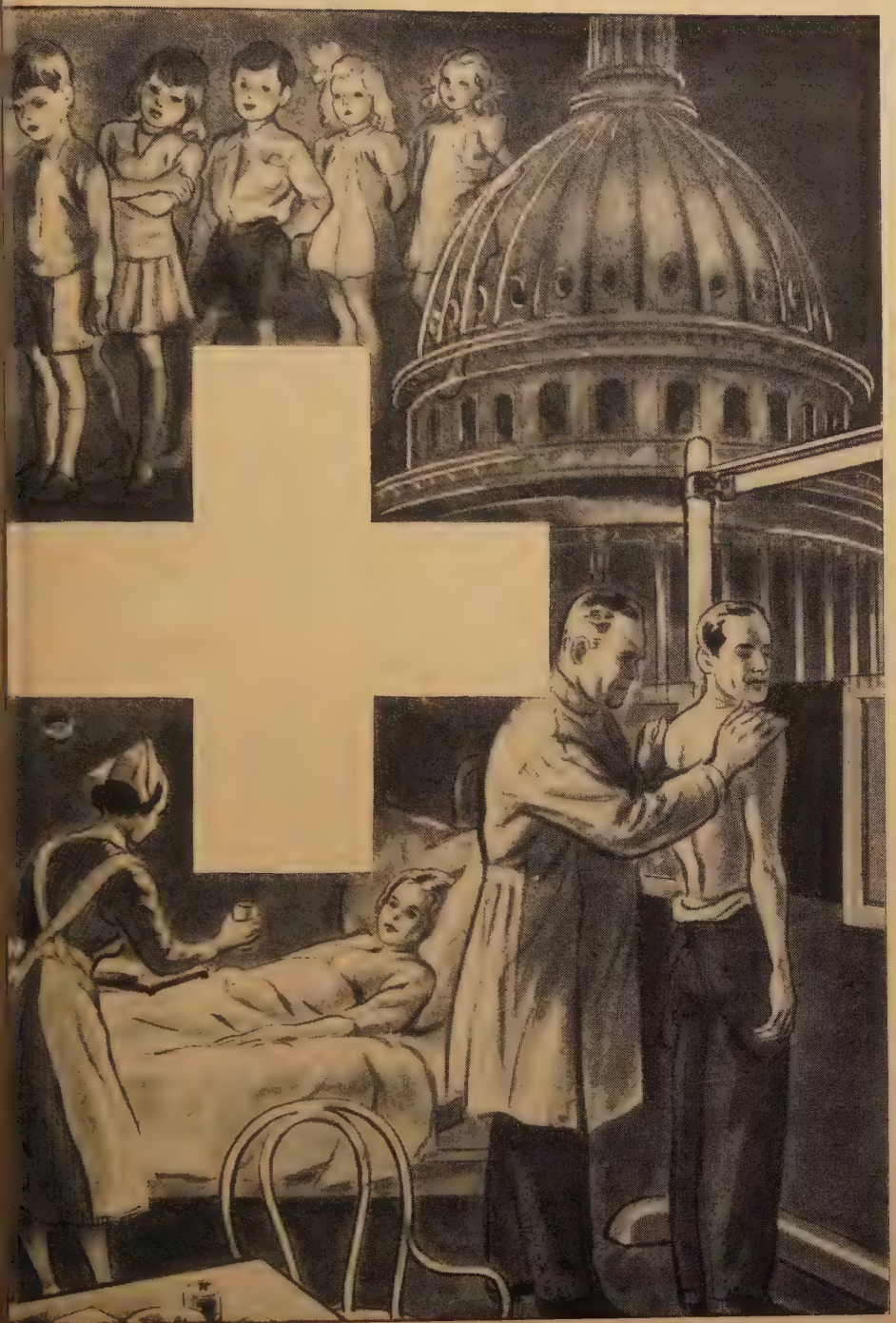
At this juncture it was decided to call a National Health Conference to consider the report and its recommendations. This was held July 18, 19 and 20th, 1938. Some 180 persons were invited. Roughly classified they included perhaps forty social work experts, twenty-three representatives of labor, sixteen practicing physicians, nine farm experts, with health organization leaders, professors, insurance experts, dentists, nurses, business men, hospital officials, an osteopath, a pharmacist and others. As one would expect from the Social Security background, the social welfare experts were most in evidence. About one in three of all present had medical degrees. About one in three of these physicians were in actual medical practice or had been at one time. It was a very distinguished group of persons, of knowledge and experience in the fields they represented. Most of them, however, were very far removed from the sick man's bedside. *None of them represented health, first and foremost.*

The Conference has been criticized on the following points:

1. Too few practicing physicians.
2. Too little time to deliberate on the multitude of questions involved.
3. Criticism of the plan was unheeded.
4. The general press notices released to the country were quite too optimistic and gave the impression that the plan was overwhelmingly approved and that all that remained to do was to pass enabling laws, proceed to spend the money, all would be well and the health of the nation secure at last.

Alas, no! The Conference did, however, set forth the fact that many organizations in the nation must be recognized as affecting health and that they must work together. This is true. But such Conferences should allow time to confer, otherwise the rubber stamp might rise as the symbol of the left wing of the Bill of Rights.

Conspicuously absent from this Conference were representatives of health, health education, the body-building and character-building agencies of the country. No one seemed to miss them. The only minister of God present was there in his capacity as editor of a hospital magazine, the Rev. Alphonse Schwitala, S.J. He spoke as a hospital expert and decisively challenged several fundamental ideas and theories basic to the whole program. Some doctors spoke in favor and some against various features of the report. Nobody could possibly discuss the whole matter, and no one did. Most conferees were content to speak appreciatively of the motives and ideals and to call for action. That was pleasant, but to quote from my father's rich store of wisdom, "kind words butter no parsnips." If the meeting were "hand-picked" for



approval according to the expressed opinion of Haven Emerson, M.D. former Commissioner of Health of New York City, it went off quite well according to press reports, *but it was no Conference.*

It seemed at first to some that the government intended to force this plan through and put it into action forthwith and regardless. It seemed also that the government was attacking the physicians and slandering the medical profession. This opinion did become general and throughout the country there arose a strong protest against the vilification of the profession "by the politicians." This is something that the American public quite evidently resents and will not tolerate. At any rate, for more than one reason there seems to be a lessening danger of forcing the adoption of a National Health Program obligating us to spend $850,000,000 a year and based upon not entirely substantiated investigations and statistics.

The Wagner Health Bill called "The National Health Act" was introduced February 27th, 1939. It is technically an amendment to the Social Security Act. It confines its attention to the provision of appropriations for three Federal Bureaus, as follows:

1. The Children's Bureau of the Department of Labor is given money to give to the states that provide approved plans for spending it for mothers and children, particularly crippled children.

2. The Public Health Service of the Treasury Department is given money to give to the states who support work against tuberculosis, malaria, pneumonia, cancer, mental and industrial disease, and to build new hospitals. It also provides appropriations for the health service to conduct investigations on its own account.

3. The Social Security Board is given money to give to the states to provide medical care for sick people ("Compulsory Health Insurance,") and to pay folk who lose wages when sick ("Temporary Disability Compensation").

This Program should be examined; the good recognized and preserved and the evil which contaminates it like the flies in the apothecary's ointment should be recognized and removed and a new start made.

The first fundamental defect is a fundamental disregard of some of the most powerful and important factors in National Health.

The health of the nation as a whole is a matter for the whole nation, not just a selected three of the health bureaus (named above) which produced this plan and through which this plan is designed to function. The health work of the United States Bureau of Education and the great 4-H Club work seems to be omitted.

This plan sees government too large and human people and their affairs too small. It omits and even seems to combat sources of great and beneficent power arising from the people themselves. This is the fault we find increasing in the world's governments.

A national health program should be a program not only of government *for* the nation's people but a health program *of* the people and *by* the people of the nation. Let us try to look at the whole broad, diverse and complicated field from the simple human viewpoint, for the simple human viewpoint has advantages.

My father, Henry E. Crampton, M.D., had the broad, human viewpoint of which I speak. He was a doctor of the "new" school of his day. He was a man of God at work, Superintendent of the Sunday School of the old square towered brownstone Fourteenth Street Presbyterian Church, and he was diligent among the people. He had the point of view of most, if not all of the factors in the present proposed health program. A private physician treating the poor free, the public health officer, the social organization, organized medicine and the sustaining example of the simple man of Nazareth. These things have not changed in half a century.

Take note of the several forms of health forces represented in my father's work, for they are the essential building materials of the structure of a National Health Program. Lest we overlook them we shall repeat:

1. *The family doctor;* earnest, professional, alert and up-to-date, giving personal service free to the poor.

2. *Organized medicine;* such doctors associated in the Academy of Medicine to preserve ancient ideals and to aid each other in scientific advance.

3. *Organized social work;* a philanthropic good intent of the community organized efficiently to bring health and happiness to the under-privileged mothers and babies, and others.

4. *Public health;*
   - (a) Federal quarantine against cholera.
   - (b) City health commissioner's cooperation in early public health education.
   - (c) Department of public works, public baths.

5. *God;* his Sunday School was a wide river of influence toward safe conduct in a hazardous world ("for the healing of

(Continued on page 46)

DAILY MEDITATIONS

For the Quiet Hour

BY ELIZABETH STEER HAHN

June, 1939

A PRAYER AND MEDITATION FOR SPIRITUAL PROGRESS EACH DAY OF THE YEAR

THURSDAY, JUNE 1

HEARING, THEY HEAR NOT.

READ MATTHEW 13:10-7.

WHEN we go out for a ride, R. is alert to every strange noise in the mechanism of the car. His ear is tuned to vibrations of the motor. He hears the least irregularity. Every rattle has a meaning for him. Should a new squeak develop, he is uneasy until he has located its source. The same sounds do not register with me. Though I have a keen ear where anything musical is concerned, I am not sensitive to mechanical noises.

Here is food for thought. It is not only that we hear what we are interested in; we hear what we have trained ourselves to hear, just as we actually fail to hear what we continually disregard. The more we hear in the particular field we have cultivated, the keener and quicker becomes our perception.

Lord, give us ears alert to Thy every whisper. Give us minds intent on divining Thy purpose for us. Quicken our lives, sharpen our sensibilities, refine our spirits. In the name of Thy dear Son. Amen.

FRIDAY, JUNE 2

RECOMPENSE.

READ EPH. 3:14-19.

'I HAVE lived long enough to be thankful for every bitter disappointment, every sorrow, every tragic experience that has come to me, for they quicken spiritual life.'

The coming of Christ's kingdom depends on what kind of Christians we are. What kind of Christians we are depends on how close we live to God.

Indifference, self-centeredness, worldliness, slothfulness in the midst of ease, are the walls that shut God out of our lives.

Grief, tribulation, distress, failure, loss of that we hold dear, bring us to the feet of Jesus.

We cry unto Thee in our anguish, and Thou dost hear us, and comfortest us with Thy divine compassion. May every trial that comes to us bind us closer to Thee, O Thou divine Redeemer, till every fiber of our being becomes lost in Thy love. Amen.

SATURDAY, JUNE 3

LOVE NEVER FAILETH.

READ I COR. 13.

MORE and more I am coming to realize what a wonderful thing it is just to be kind. To say the gentle thing instead of the sharp words that spring to the lips, to pass over in silence the thoughtless phrase that carries a sting.

Not all of us can be brilliant. Few of us are geniuses. Leaders and executives are in the minority. But whoever will can cultivate the charitable spirit.

Christ was kind, even to the hardened sinner. Who made you a judge?

Teach us Thy patience, Lord. Give us a humble and contrite spirit that we may have understanding in our relations with others. Amen.

SUNDAY, JUNE 4

KEEP MY COMMANDMENTS.

READ ST. JOHN 14:15-23.

TODAY, as never before, one specter haunts the path of men—the hideous, paralyzing figure of fear. One cannot evade this knowledge. Everywhere are fear-ridden men and women seeking to escape their personal old-man-of-the-sea. One plea is on the lips of all—'give us security!'

To the thoughtful person it is at once apparent that there is but one answer to this cry. Physical security is impossible of achievement. No human scheme, however fine, can give insurance against all disaster. The only true security is spiritual.

"Fear thou not; for I am with thee; be not dismayed; for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee, yea I will keep thee."

"Love divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heav'n to earth come down
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
All Thy faithful mercies crown."
Amen.

MONDAY, JUNE 5

PUT ON CHARITY.

READ COL. 3:8-16.

AS A child, I remember the excitement caused in the village, where my grandfather had a pastorate, by the discovery of a certain metal in an outcropping of rock just over our line fence. The Osbornes' were going to be rich over-night, and all the villagers began digging frantically in their own lots, hoping for a similar find.

The furore soon died down however, when the engineers called in, decided that the amount present was in such small proportions and the excavation necessary was so great that it would not pay to work the mine.

In our church is a fine Christian woman, but she has such a prickly personality that people shrink from contact with her. The capacity for extended Christian service is there but it is nullified or greatly reduced by her unfriendly attitude. At bottom she is a worth-while person, but one has to dig long and deep to find the precious metal.

Help us to cultivate a friendly spirit, heavenly Father. May our love to Thee show in our faces, our love for our neighbors in every deed and word. Amen.

TUESDAY, JUNE 6

NOW IT IS HIGH TIME.

READ ROMANS 13:10-14.

COMMENTED Jane one day recently, "Is Betty going to be eighteen years old on her birthday? My, isn't she getting old!"

At practically the same time big sister, writing home from college remarks,

"So Jane has just had a birthday party. I well remember when I had reached the age of eleven. I thought I was practically grown up. Now I realize what an infant I was."

We adults smile indulgently, and suppress a sigh, with a consciousness of years slipping away, and so little time left to finish our work! It behooves us to keep our faces steadfastly turned toward the haven of our goal, not to be tempted to waste time and energy on the trivial.

We thank Thee, O God, that the future is hidden from our eyes. We thank Thee for the gift of this beautiful day. Give us to labor, smiling, to endure with fortitude, to lie down in joy and peace when night shall fall. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 7

HE THAT OVERCOMETH.

READ REV. 21:1-7.

THERE is something about the first balmy days of spring that invites day-

dreaming. Instead of striding off across the hills, as has been our habit on the bracing days just past, we feel a strong impulse to throw ourselves down on the soft green grass, and give ourselves up to contemplation.

All this is very well. There must be some periods of comparative inactivity in every life, but let us be on our guard that we do not use our dreams for a retreat. Every great accomplishment was once a dream in some one's heart. If the world is to go forward, we must never let go our visions, but struggle without ceasing toward their realization. Yes, dreaming is legitimate. Just let us be sure that we dream to some purpose.

Hold us in Thy keeping, Lord, that we may not falter or turn aside from the path that we have chosen. Teach us Thy patience. Renew in us a steadfast spirit. For Thy Name's sake. Amen.

THURSDAY, JUNE 8

LORD, I BELIEVE.

READ MARK 9:17-27.

WHEREVER thoughtful people are gathered in small groups, one topic is almost sure to come up for discussion. That is, why, nearly two thousand years after Christ preached His gospel of hope to a weary world, are we still so far from a realization of that ideal?

Who was it that, when told 'Christianity had failed', replied in ringing tones, 'It has never been tried!'?

Here and there one finds individuals, such as Japan's great Kagawa, who accomplish prodigious things for the kingdom of God because they take Christ's teachings literally. Their lives are wholly surrendered to God.

Just suppose for a moment that every professing Christian in the world to-day were a Kagawa!

O Divine Redeemer, we bow before Thee in humility and supplication. Thou knowest the things we have need of. Chastise us, purify us, sanctify us, O Lord. Our times are in Thy hands. We rest on Thee. Amen.

FRIDAY, JUNE 9

THE HEAVENS DECLARE THE GLORY.

READ PSALM 19.

THERE is a beauty so sharp it stabs like a pain. A baby's innocent smile; a clear bird-call falling unexpectedly on the still air; the flush of color over hill and marsh, that marks the reawakening of life in early spring; a western sky, gloriously aflame at the close of day. All these remind us of the loving God, infinite in wisdom, radiant with beauty, a tower of strength in time of need; changeless, omnipotent, eternal, yet ever mindful of the humblest work of His hands.

With full hearts and directed minds we thank Thee for Thy wonderful gift of life, O Lord. Grant that we may live gloriously, triumphantly in this beautiful world of Thy creation. Amen.

SATURDAY, JUNE 10

THE YEARS BRING WISDOM.

READ ROMANS 12:9-21.

WHEN I was a girl my attention was directed to the admonition from the pen, I believe, of the eminent Henry Van Dyke: "Your duty to yourself; be good: to others; make them happy."

It seemed to me a very dour doctrine. I can remember puzzling over it, thinking about it, even tentatively putting it to the trial, in a faint half-hearted way, which of course was barren of results. Now, thirty years later I have come to realize how inextricably our lives are bound up with the lives of our loved ones. Just as it is impossible to be happy while making others unhappy, so when we try definitely to create a happy atmosphere for our family and friends, our own happiness is inescapable.

We thank Thee, Lord, for love. We thank Thee for friends, and loyalty, and kindness—for all these things that sweeten life, and give it meaning. Help us to share our happiness with everyone we contact, knowing that the more we spend, the more we have to give. Amen.

SUNDAY, JUNE 11

PROFESSION AND PRACTISE.

READ ST. JOHN 15:1-8.

MOST of us go through life with our tongues in our cheeks. Our inmost thoughts often fail to agree with the words that fall so glibly from our lips.

"Yes, we believe in the principle of World Peace." (But in our hearts we feel that it is an impossible ideal.)

"Surely, we are sold on the idea of social justice." (Yet the personal sacrifice of any of our possessions is unthinkable.)

"Indeed we do believe that God takes care of his own." (But we refuse to go out of our way to help Him!)

One cannot fail to be saddened constantly by the apathy of many nominal Christians, in the face of the misery and distress rampant in the world today. The wonder is that God has been able to accomplish so much down through the ages by the aid of such imperfect instruments!

Could we but truly open wide our hearts to Thee, O God! Help us to surrender ourselves wholly to Thy boundless spirit of love and compassion toward all mankind. May all petty desires, all unworthy impulses fall away from us that we may perfectly express Thy will and Thy purpose. Amen.

MONDAY, JUNE 12

THOU GAVEST ME TO DO.

READ ST. JOHN 17:1-11.

PERIODICALLY, everyone falls upon arid ways. It is so easy to be sidetracked, so hard to maintain one's perspective. Distant pastures still look greenest, other people's jobs more interesting than our own, the future more promising than anything in the present.

This is a more dangerous crossroads than most of us seem to recognize, but the right road lies directly before us, and is easily accessible to all.

Fall upon the task nearest at hand. Perform it cheerfully, without question. Fill that day with work—glorious, God-given labor, body-tiring, soul-satisfying—and at nightfall consider how inviting has become our path, how challenging the life that seemed so profitless!

Eternal Father, keep our feet in the road where Thou dost tread, and our hearts in tune with Thee. Invest every task, however humble, with dignity and beauty, because it is Thy choice for us.

TUESDAY, JUNE 13

AN EXAMPLE TO AVOID.

READ ST. JOHN 14:1-14.

HOW little we hear of Thomas, the doubting disciple! After having been there when Christ raised Lazarus from the dead, he yet refused to believe in the Resurrection until he could see and touch the terrible wounds borne by the Master.

Do not many of us belong to the same class as Thomas? We go through life questioning instead of affirming, doubting instead of believing, hampered and hindered in our work because of the fetish of the 'open mind.'

Grant, O Lord, that the fire of our faith may burn ever bright, so that others may be warmed by its glow, their flame of Christian zeal kindled by its coals. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 14

INVENTORY.

READ LUKE 2:41-52.

THE other day I saw an entertaining movie. It is based on the idea that a person who has passed on to the after world can not stay there unless he has done something worth while during his lifetime. If he can not qualify, he must return as a spirit and make up for his delinquency.

The thoughtful person will come away from the theater a bit inclined to take stock.

We are all so caught up in the busy round of everyday living that we need to ask ourselves now and then, "What does all this hurry and bustle amount to? Am I spending myself on trivialities? How can I make life more purposeful?"

Help us to choose our activities wisely, O Lord. May we see everything in its relation to our desire to make our lives count for Thee. Amen.

THURSDAY, JUNE 15

MOODINESS.

READ HEBREWS 6:1-12.

A REMARK heard by chance over the radio the other day, set me to thinking.

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"Moods," said the speaker with a considerable show of authority, "are a mark of the uneducated man."

Being in an argumentative frame of mind, I declined to agree. It is not always possible nor, I feel sure even advisable, to dwell always upon the heights of Olympus. Life would lose its savor without some contrasts. What the gentleman in question meant, I venture to suggest, is that one should not give way to moodiness.

May our minds be stayed on Thee, O heavenly Father, so that we may achieve confidence, stability, and serenity of spirit. Amen.

FRIDAY, JUNE 16

I WILL NOT FAIL THEE.
WE ARE MORE THAN CONQUERORS.
READ ROMANS 8:35-39.

THIS afternoon I went shopping. In a crowded store I was startled by a child's sudden cry, "Mo-o-o-ther!"

A woman near me turned quickly with a "Here I am, darling." Not three paces off, but separated from her by half a dozen jostling women, was the lost youngster.

"I've been right here all the time," said the mother.

"But I couldn't *see* you," wailed the child, still frightened.

Sometimes it seems as if God had gone away from us. But He is right by our side, as always; the same yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow. All we need to do is to look up, and to let nothing come between us.

O God, grant that even in our darkest hour we may have an abiding sense of Thy nearness. Thou art our rock and our salvation—may we always rest our hearts on Thee. Amen.

SATURDAY, JUNE 17

I CAN DO ALL THINGS.
READ PHIL. 4:4-13.

"COULD I please be in the baseball game?" It was the smallest boy on the playground pleading as sides were being chosen.

"Aw, he can't play; he's too little."

"He can't do any harm," contradicted another. "Come on, kid, you can play outfield on our side."

The grateful youngster chased the outfield balls all that hot summer afternoon with never a turn at bat to reward him.

Which of us is satisfied to be completely unimportant? Yet, even the humblest task, accepted and performed as if picked out for us by God, becomes invested with dignity, and is a sure means of growth in Christian grace and character.

May we forget ourselves in service to Thee, O heavenly Father. Help us to forego pride and desire for preferment, accepting Thy choice of work for us, glorying in every opportunity of resigning our will to Thine own. Amen.

SUNDAY, JUNE 18

QUANDARY.
READ ROMANS 7:18-25.

I HAVE been rereading a good deal of Paul's writings lately. He is, in the main, a trustworthy, inspiring guide. But in this passage he exhibits a very human failing. Here is Paul at war with himself, puzzled by the dilemma which confronts him.

"The good that I would, I do not; but the evil that I would not, that I do."

Probably all of us have taken part, willy-nilly, in just such a conflict. There is a way out—the Christian way. The life yielded up to our Saviour, devoted to work in His kingdom, rooted in God—that life cannot fail of direction.

Fill our minds and our hearts with Thy spirit, O Father of us all. Draw us into such close fellowship with Thee that every act of ours must redound to Thy glory. Amen.

MONDAY, JUNE 19

THE OLD QUILT.
READ PHIL. 3:7-15.

"WHERE did you get that quilt?" demanded Jane the other evening upon seeing it spread on her bed for the first time.

"It isn't pretty. Do I have to have it on my bed?"

It was a hit-and-miss pattern. An old friend, breaking up her home, had given the quilt to me knowing that with the number in my family I would probably find it useful.

Even the child recognized that in such a pattern there is no definite picture, no central motif—it just fails to register.

Wouldst thou achieve a positive character? Then set aside a definite time each day for prayer and meditation. If we make our hearts receptive, a waiting God will fill them with outpourings from the divine spirt.

O God, may we have a passion for consecration. May we lay hold on Thee with a desperation that demands a blessing, that will not let Thee go till Thou hast, flooded our hearts with a satisfying sense of Thy love and Thy perfection. Amen.

TUESDAY, JUNE 20

BE YE ALSO READY.
READ MATTHEW 24:42-51.

DAVID was a busy boy last week. After hours of preparation and practice, he had been promised a chance to play on our church team. We left an elated boy at the door of the "Y," but it was a subdued youngster that emerged several hours later.

"Well, how did the game go?" I inquired.

"I didn't play," came the doleful answer. "Bobby and I were all ready, but they didn't put us in."

Then he added,

"Boy, am I going to practice hard during gym periods this week! Then I'll be ready to play next time!"

When the fulfillment of our dearest wishes is deferred, how better employ our time than to perfect ourselves in every possible way, so that when the appointed time arrives, we may be ready.

Lord, may we refuse to recognize defeat. May we never grow weary of trying. When we fall, help us to get up. When we stumble, steady our faltering feet. May we be more than conquerors through Christ, our Saviour and our Guide. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 21

CHARACTER BUILDING.
READ I COR. 15:50-58.

THERE is a good deal more to the old-fashioned idea of discipline than we moderns are inclined to think. One does not acquire character merely by living. The soul can become flabby through lack of exercise just as the muscles may. Everyone needs something hard to do. Sidestepping, the evasion of the unpleasant, bring their own punishment in the weakening of moral fiber, just as surely as a stern devotion to duty builds iron into the soul. Give me the man who fights, even though he has gone down fighting—I can rely on him.

Give us this day strength and wisdom to wrestle with the hardest tasks, and to vanquish them. May we exercise our capabilities to their utmost as we go about the work that Thou wouldst have us do, that Thy name may be glorified, and that the coming of Thy kingdom may be hastened. Amen.

THURSDAY, JUNE 22

CHOSEN.
READ I JOHN 3:1-11.

JUST a year ago this month we were adopted. A little stray dog came to our door and asked to be taken in. She had apparently been abused and half-starved, so we petted her and fed her but left her outdoors. She showed no inclination to leave. After two or three weeks of waiting for an answer to our advertisement, we took the necessary steps and Sandra, a fine little Scotch wirehair, became ours.

Thereafter, she had a comfortable bed in the house, and wormed her way steadily into the affections of the whole family. We noticed one queer thing, however. Contrary to the usual habit of her breed she almost never barked.

Then, suddenly, after several months had passed, she became quite cocky and decidedly vocal. We decided that it had at last dawned upon the little waif that she 'belonged.' She was out to fulfill the duties of her new position!

What a sense of security we have when we belong to Christ! How proudly we bear our responsibility! How earnestly we strive to be worthy of the high privilege that is ours!

May we remember always that we are

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PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

Conducted by

Honoré Morrow

Here is a picture sent to us by Mrs. Morrow, showing part of one of the formal gardens in Devon, near her home. It has been tended, lovingly, by the same families for generations.

Paul's Elm Tree

HEARTHSTONE, our Devon home, seems very far away in time as well as in space for, intending to be gone two months, it will be nearly four before our return to the little thatched house which I've learned to love so dearly.

Mrs. Searle and Searle write me that all goes well at Hearthstone and Mayflower (their home), which means, of course, that the *animals* are thriving! I shall miss the primroses and the hawthorne and the snowdrops but the bluebells will be there, in late April, and the cuckoo just arriving.

At Cherry Hill, my sister's home in Connecticut, as I write the brown of the lawn is hinting of green, and crocuses give the gay touch of costume-jewelry to spring's Easter petticoats. And Paul's birds are more of a burden to him than ever. For you must learn that my fifteen-year-old nephew has this in common with my English Searles, a real love for animals; for all non-human creatures, but particularly for birds and dogs.

Bird lovers, I think, are a people apart. Dog lovers are as abundant as blackberries in August hedges. Anybody can be a dog lover and most people potentially are. But affection for birds draws on quite a different resource of the mind. Your dog seeks you. But you must seek your bird. No creature so shy, so elusive. Even your caged bird is never really yours. And as for wild birds! Well, I submit that it requires a very subtle sense of beauty and adventure to send one into the winter woods, armed with a field glass, to huddle on a snowy log for hours, on the chance of seeing the arrival of a migratory songster who is still probably flitting in comfort in South Carolina groves! As I am not that kind of admirer of the feathered world, I hold in great respect those Audubon-minded folk like Paul, who are scientific as well as sentimental about birds.

There is an elm tree, not too large, in front of the house, which Paul has set apart as a feeding station for such birds as feel the need for public relief. The tree is just outside the upper window where I sit and write; and I have come to the conclusion that birds, like humans, have a natural tendency to take undue advantage of the charitable. Certainly some of the husky, plump blue jays, sparrows and starlings I have watched gorging themselves on suet and grain, ought to be put to work exterminating tent caterpillars or seven-year locusts or some other form of public works for which a bird's W.P.A. might have set an example. And there are wood pigeons and purple finches, too, not above cadging. Paul was very much excited by the arrival of the latter. This, it seems, was headline news for bird lovers, a dozen or so of these little beauties pigging away at the grain under the tree. The news was so unusual that Paul's boy friend at school refused to believe it until Paul wrote out the statement that purple finches (and to this number) had been seen and caused his mother, his sister and Penn and me to sign the paper. Even then I think the boy friend insinuated there had been family collusion.

Perhaps the purple finches paid for their board and Paul's hard work in the surprised pleasure their arrival gave him. For the feeding station required faithful attention, which is not easy to give at fifteen. But nobody had to remind Paul, those bitter winter mornings before school, to get out and clear snow from the feeding ground, to scatter the grain, to climb the tree and fill the feeding tray or to inspect the suet lumps. That's because he's a true bird lover. He can forget any other chore ever given to him.

And there's another aspect to being Audubon-minded which must seem very sinister to other creatures! Take the matter of squirrels. Now squirrels are delightful animals. Yes, I know all about the predatory side but what gardener will not swear that most birds are vilely predatory? All of us, humans and animals are as predatory as we dare and know how to be! And squirrels, I contend, have as good right to grain and suet as jays or wood pigeons. But Paul is rabid against them! He sets his dog after them. He takes pot shots at them with his gun! Not, I am thankful to say, that the squirrels seem to mind much! But they must have great difficulty in understanding why Paul prefers feathers to fur. Nor is Paul alone in this bitterness toward squirrels. I was breakfasting in Cambridge last month with my friend, Mrs. Williams, the gentlest and kindest of mortals, when suddenly she leaped from behind the coffee pot, ran to the window and beat upon it, uttering loud cries as she did so. I turned in time to see a squirrel leap away from the birds' feeding tray on the window ledge. I laughed. But believe me, I learned very shortly that this was no laughing matter! This squirrel was a racketeer, a mean, low, impudent thief and if Mrs. Williams had had Paul's gun—well!

Yes, and I can pile up more evidence against the Audubon-minded! Paul's sister-in-law is an English girl and Paul, last summer, went with me to visit her Devon home. General Jackson, her father, is a passionate bird lover, except for *starlings*. He collects statistics against starlings in their destructive activities against all things that grow in the garden. And while he feeds all the other birds on his garden terrace, he keeps a gun behind the door for starlings! I think the General must have crystallized Paul's hate for these gangster-birds for we had a great flare-up against them here at Cherry Hill, last week.

Paul had put in all day Saturday at his work bench building a very modern and up-to-date nest box for a flicker which was much admired by all the family. He fastened it in the elm tree and awaited

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Courtesy Brer Rabbit Molasses

Fresh pineapple slices marinated in molasses mint vinegar are served on lettuce with cream cheese balls and a sprinkling of fresh mint

Bean salad with bean sprouts, pimento, green pepper, lemon juice, celery and mayonnaise. Leftover beans can be used

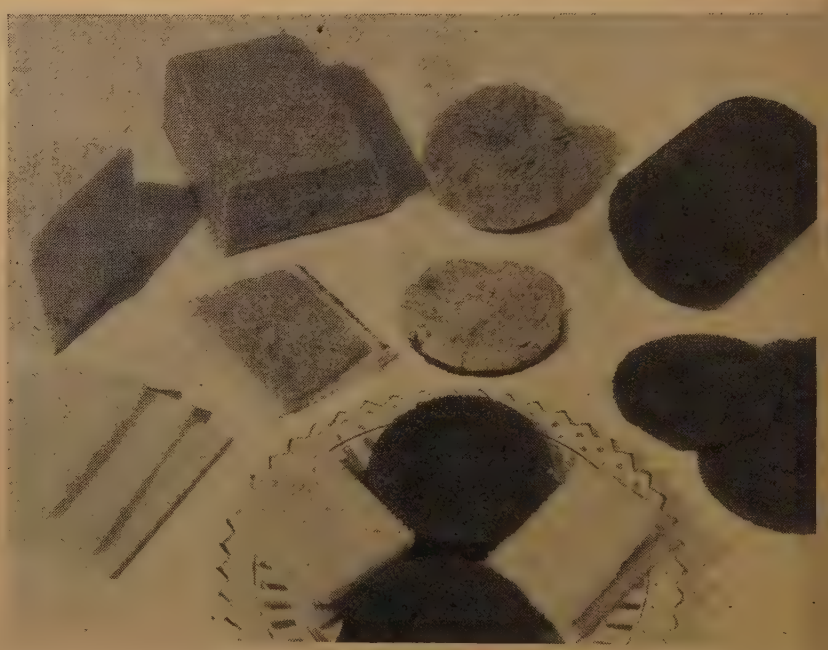
SALAD-SANDWICH DAYS *are here again*

Or let them eat cake with ice cream for that social gathering on the church lawn

By CLEMENTINE PADDLEFORD

Director

CHURCH HOUSEKEEPING BUREAU



Variety in bread—light with dark, adds flavor contrast and eye interest to the sandwich plate. Here we use white bread, the crusts trimmed, and Boston brown bread thinly sliced

JUNE; picnic time; salad-sandwich time! Time for country churches to be holding socials on the lawn. Ice cream and cake is up for sale, the cakes homemade. There is a sigh of relief that the banquet season is done and church suppers are forgotten until fall.

If it is going to be sandwiches you make for a crowd, think of something new, not just slices of cheese or ham between slices of bread. Plain peanut butter, undressed is dull. Hamburgers with onion fill them up but there is no taste-thrill to such fare. So what? as the young folks say. So one or another of the sandwich fillings suggested here.

CHEESE AND OLIVE SANDWICH FILLING

5 ounces quick cooking tapioca
¾ ounce salt
½ teaspoon pepper
¼ teaspoon paprika
2 teaspoons mustard
1 quart milk, scalded
2 pounds American cheese, chopped
1½ ounces Worcestershire sauce
1½ pints stuffed olives, chopped

Add tapioca, salt, pepper, paprika and mustard to milk. Cook over hot water 15 to 20 minutes, until tapioca is clear, stirring frequently. Add cheese slowly stirring until melted. Remove from fire; cool. Add Worcestershire sauce and olives. Yield: 2 quarts filling, sufficient for 64 sandwiches.

CELERY NUT SANDWICH FILLING

2 quarts celery
2 cups nuts
1½ cups mayonnaise
salt to taste
100 slices bread, ¼ inch thick (4 loaves)

Clean celery and chop very fine. Chop nuts. Combine celery, chopped nuts, mayonnaise and salt to taste. Spread on buttered white or graham bread. Yield: 50 sandwiches.

CREOLE SANDWICH

2 cups butter, creamed
2 cups sardines, mashed
½ cup tomato catsup
2 dozen stuffed olives
3 tablespoons lemon juice

Cream the butter until very soft and creamy. Add the sardines, finely mashed, the seasonings and chopped olives. Spread on whole wheat bread. Yield: 4 dozen small sandwiches.

TUTTI-FRUTTI SANDWICH FILLING

2 cups pitted dates
1 cup raisins
1 cup figs
1 cup walnuts
2 oranges, juice

Chop or grind fruit and nuts; moisten with orange juice. Spread 2 tablespoons of mixture on buttered bread.

Note: When oranges are scarce, try mixing the ground fruits and nuts with

Calavo pears, celery and carrots hobnob in this democratic salad blend. The round ends of each pear are cubed. The center portion form crescents for decoration

For quick sandwich making buy loaves of processed cheese. These slice easily, just sandwich size. Spread one side of sandwich with mayonnaise. Lay cheese on the other with shredded lettuce between

Pass coconut-crested angel food with the dish of ice cream

peanut butter or cream cheese. Yield: 40 sandwiches.

TONGUE AND EGG SALAD SANDWICHES

1 quart cooked smoked beef tongue, cut fine
12 hard cooked eggs, chopped
½ cup stuffed olives, chopped
1 cup mayonnaise or salad dressing

Mix all ingredients together and spread between slices of rye bread. A little grated horseradish may be added if desired. This quantity sufficient for 24 sandwiches.

PEANUT BUTTER AND CHILI SAUCE SANDWICHES

3 cups peanut butter
3 cups finely chopped celery
3 cups chili sauce

Mix peanut butter and celery and spread on one slice of bread. Cover with

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The Food Parade

AMERICA'S favorite delicacy, the round, fat hot dog has changed its figure and its name. Introduced the opening week of the World's Fair a New York City packer announces the "flat-hot." This sausage is in flat ribbon like form, not ½ inch thick and about 2½ inches across and 6 inches long. One flat fits a long roll perfectly. A flat hot halved, may be laid neat as a pin, the two pieces side by each in the round bun. One flat hot is the right size to lay on a half slice of bread. Cap with the other half—a sandwich de luxe. Mustard and relish hold their place on the "flat"; no dribbling. Sandwich tops fit tightly down; no gaping. For the picnic grill this flat sausage offers non-skid convenience.

Aquiver. The American larder is aquiver with gelatin. Last year more than 25 million pounds of edible gelatin was produced. Home consumption of the product has doubled in the last twenty years, which means more than it reads; for the gelatin we use today goes over fifty per cent further than the gelatin of former times. Gelatin has been improved and to the cook's advantage.

Millions of pounds of gelatin is made each year that never sees the table. It goes to make film or X ray photographic plates. It is gelatin that protects us in case of car accidents by its use in the making of shatterproof glass. Gelatin is used in making capsules, it is the binder for the chocolate coatings on those terribly bitter little pills. Dairies use gelatin in the manufacture of butter milk. Over 5,000,000 pounds is used annually by the ice cream makers, over 2,000,000 pounds a year go into marshmallows. Another 1,500,000 pounds goes into making marshmallow toppings for icings on biscuits, crackers and cakes.

No Hoofs nor Horns. What is gelatin? It is obtained by extraction from the white connective tissue of the skins and from the bones of animals. Noah Webster made an error when he said it was "made of hoofs and horns." In the last few years correction of his statement has been made in virtually all dictionaries and encyclopedias. In manufacturers' testing kitchens dieticians are constantly at work developing new uses for gelatin on the home table. New recipes are turned out daily in a volume almost equal to the production of gelatin itself. Gelatin's newest table use dates back to the first chiffon pie about 1925 when crumb crusts came into prominence.

Label Clues. Those "genuine Swiss cheese bargains" you are forever meeting should not lead you into error. Usually if you look into the matter you are not buying Switzerland Swiss, but a Swiss type cheese. All Swiss cheese coming from Switzerland bears the word "Switzerland" printed in red in radiating lines like the dial of a radio, the lines running so close together that it is impossible to buy even one fourth pound and not see "Switzerland" appearing on the thin edge of the rind. On a 200 pound cheese the name appears 700 times.

Any country making Swiss cheese can use the word "Swiss" but only cheese out of the land of the Alps can claim to come from Switzerland. Misleading labels commonly seen read "Imported Swiss," "Genuine Imported Swiss," "Swiss Made." Some may ask what is the difference where Swiss cheese comes from if Swiss cheese is Swiss cheese. The point is that there are as many classes of Swiss cheese as countries on the map and of all the Swiss cheese in the world that which comes from Switzerland is conceded best. It doesn't matter which Swiss cheese you buy but don't pay Switzerland Swiss prices for an imported Swiss cheese that is made elsewhere.

Popeyed. Don't be surprised if you go to market some day soon and find potatoes with bulging eyes. A new variety of protruding eyed spuds have been developed by an Ohio agricultural engineer, a Douglas Jones of Cleveland. It is done to make potato peeling easier. Farmers, like manufacturers will do anything to "baby" the housewife.

Baby's Cereal. Baby has a new breakfast food, a dry precooked cereal, composed of whole wheat flour, semolina, cornmeal, wheat germ, malt, dried brewer's yeast, decalcium phosphate, table salt and soluble iron salt. The wheat germ and dried brewer's yeast supply the additional vitamins in the vitamin B group. Mineral salts increase the calcium phosphorous and iron. To use the breakfast food add warm milk or formula milk to obtain the desired consistency. As a starting cereal, the doctor may recommend one tablespoon of cereal in 4 or more tablespoons of milk for the first few feedings. Later the proportion of cereal to milk may be gradually increased. The cereal, almost a flaked chip, absorbs milk easily taking on the appearance of a cooked cereal of the consistency of a fine oatmeal.

Tidbit News. A new "tidbit" pack of tuna fish offers this fish shredded for quick use in salads and sandwiches and for creamed or casserole dishes. It is handy too for fish loaves, croquettes, souffles. This is packed by a company with national distribution which for 22 years have offered a solid pack tuna of fine quality.

Miscellany. Potato masher stock should be dropping fast since a new shredded potato product goes to market packed to "just whip with a spoon." Terre Haute Indiana is the city in which the product is having public trial.

Explosion. California Walnuts are being shelled by internal explosion. The same principle is involved as in the puffing of cereal by steam pressure. The difference is that the cereal swells up and stays put, but the walnut shell breaks and falls off. This revolutionary method of shelling nuts involves what is probably the first use of internal explosion by combustible gases in food processing. It was developed by the Department of Agricultural Engineering at the University of

(Continued on page 46)

(Continued from page 20)

neglected; washed in winter gulleys.

We found Ma at her loom, weaving. She greeted us without embarrassment. There was a fine dignity in Ma's lack of embarrassment. She told how, through the generations, our women folks had raised the sheep, sheared them, carded the wool, spun it into thread, dyed the thread with pokeberry juice and other homemade dyes, and had then woven the thread into cloth for all the family.

Ma was proud of her old loom; it was the very same one that had been in the family for the generations. She showed her patterns—so proud of them too; original old patterns. She told how Penmore Mission School had revived interest in the "Art Handicraft" it was called. They kept Ma in all the work she could do. She would walk five miles to Penmore and get an order and do the weaving in her own cabin, where she could tend the children and cook for the family. Hundreds of other families in the community were doing weaving for Penmore.

Sometimes, Ma said, she made as much as two dollars a week. That was big money; heretofore, she had not possessed a whole dollar in her life.

Other neighbors had been taught to make Candlewick bedspreads and hooked rugs. They made more money, but Ma said she was too old to learn.

The older of the two ladies—a Mrs. Morris—kept looking around with keen black eyes, all over the cabin, taking notice of everything. After a time, she got up and strolled to the corner where Ma kept her Bible. Curiously she lifted the big lid of the front cover and turned several pages.

Sharply—she asked, "Why, what's this?"

"Hit's my Bible," said Ma, a touch of pride in her voice.

"O-oh!" came a quick exclamation from Mrs. Morris. Then she spoke to her companion, a Mrs. Page. "Look here, Julia."

They bent their heads together. "It is, I tell you—it is!" I heard Mrs. Morris exclaim, almost breathlessly. "It's a 'Great Bible'—a King Henry!"

With a firm finger pointing on a bottom of a page, both women said together, "1539."

I couldn't imagine why they were excited and undertook to explain, "Yes, it's terribly old. Those stiff covers are homemade, except the insides of them. The first boat that ever came down this river brought it. Our family has had it ever since—about a hundred and fifty years."

"Who owned it originally?" Mrs. Page asked.

"The ink's faded out," said Ma.

Impulsively Mrs. Morris raised her head and her voice purred, "I'd like to own this Bible. I'd give you a—hundred dollars for it." She paused with a quick little intake of breath and added, "And I'd get you a new and much better one in its place, one you could read more easily."

Ma didn't stir on the bench before the loom. Her old hand ran slowly along the satiny surface of the worn frame, as she spoke; I knew what she would say; had heard it often before.

"They ain't money enough on earth to buy my Bible. Fer two generations before us—my Mammy's fam'ly and her Mammy's fam'ly afore her—nobody could read a word in hit. But hit war thars and they kep' hit, careful. When the big thick leather backs crumbled, they made these-here backs o' wood. The inside is all there. Pappy and me—we couldn't read. But the preacher come twice a year and he read it to us.

"No, Ma'am. Thank ye. I ain' a-hankerin' to sell hit—not even fer a—hund'ed dollars."

CREATE A LIVING MEMORIAL FOR YOUR LOVED ONES

By endowing a cot in perpetuity. Invest $500 in the life of a slum child. Cot endowment funds are put into bonds and the income from them insures vacations for underfed children. When you make your will remember the children who have no inheritance—not even the heritage of good health.

FORM OF BEQUEST

"I give and bequeath to The Christian Herald Children's Home, a corporation created by and existing under the laws of the State of New York, the sum of.....dollars to be applied to the uses of the said charitable corporation."

Signed by.....

They soon found out that arguments were futile.

We took the ladies, in a small flat boat, down the river to Black Cove. They met Roxanna Spenzor. Roxanna was fifty-two; her oldest son was thirty-eight and her youngest not three. She had sixteen grandchildren.

Roxanna greeted us without embarrassment, too. She took us to a married daughter's cabin and showed us the Candlewick bedspreads being made there. Then she took us to a son's cabin to show us the fox-furs he had trapped and was curing. He had a fur stand on the highway. He made his living like that. Roxanna held her head high over all her children.

When we got back to the hotel, the ladies each gave us a dollar for taking them around. It was months afterwards before we knew the hidden purpose behind that trip.

Jim Hartman and Fred Adair were simply grand to Vi and me. Both of them had good cars and almost every evening, after our day's work was done, they would take us for nice rides. We loved it. Automobile rides had been scarce in our lives.

I suppose it was inevitable that soon I began to think that I was in love with Jim and Vi thought the same about Fred. Poor Jakie McRoy and Bud Sprunt were forgotten. I began to live in a silly, exalted world of imaginary romance and dreams.

After the summer at the hotel, we, all four of us, got jobs through Jim and Fred at Hill Top tourist camp. Everything was much more exciting there. We were hostesses in the cafe. It didn't take us long to learn our way around.

To me, everything was narrowing down to—Jim Hartman. He and Fred had withdrawn from the real estate business and were out for themselves. They didn't explain what it was. It took Jim away on long trips.

Trouble of one sort or another was always exploding at home. Between thinking of Jim and worrying over the family at Split Lick, I was pretty miserable.

After a year at Hill Top tourist camp, while Jim was off on one of his trips, I got word that my older sister's husband, Tully Sprunt, was in bad trouble. He had shot and killed his own father and was to be brought up before the Magistrate. It was to be a preliminary hearing to decide whether they would have a Grand Jury for a possible indictment for murder. These hearings had been as far as a murder case went, in our county.

Jakie McRoy, my mountain sweetheart, came with a message from Ma and Pappy. Poor Jakie! He was so crude and gangling, compared to Jim Hartman. But always he was kind and thoughtful.

"Your Ma said for you to come to Split Lick with me today, Milly," he said. "Tully's hearing is set for Monday. But—she wants you to do the readin' tomorrow. I'll be back in an hour for you." He smiled and waved. He knew I would go.

Tomorrow was Sunday. Never a Sunday but someone read out of the Bible. Lucy was fourteen and could read, of course, but she was at Penmore School. In all decency I had to go; had to be with the family at the courthouse on Monday. Ma knew that Vi wouldn't come without me. It would fairly break her heart not to have one of us there—to read on Sunday.

Dolly, my sister and Tully's wife had been married at fourteen to a mountain man who got drunk and beat her up and smashed the furniture. She stood for it—as a lot of mountain wives have to do, and had a new baby every year.

Not thirty minutes after Jakie left and I stood in the door of the little cabin where Vi and I lived, I saw Jim Hartman's car turn into the Hill Top gate.

He parked the car and sauntered to where I was. "Hello," he smiled a cheery greeting. "How are you getting along?"

"Okey," I smiled too.

"Fine!" he enthused. "I'm to be here several days this time. How about a little party—tonight?"

I felt my face flush with happiness and my heart gave a leap of joy and—then sank to the bottom of my shoes.

"I can't," I cried. "I gotta be going home in a few minutes."

"Where is home now?" he asked carelessly.

My flush deepened. I was ashamed every time I realized that he knew how poor my people were and under what conditions they lived. But I said, "Split Lick, of course."

"What's going on at home that's important?" he asked, smiling vaguely. "Trouble?"

"A-plenty," I nodded, thinking fast. If Tully got off, I could get back by Tuesday morning.

Jim must have seen the disappointment in my eyes and he said, "All right. I got business here—until you can get back."

All of a sudden, I felt light as air; my heart was singing.

After he was gone, waving a gay goodbye, I thought, "oh, maybe he does care for me. Maybe he might even ask me to marry him. I would study hard—make myself over—to please him."

I stood in the little tourist cabin door and watched him get into his fine car. He represented all the new, thrilling, wonderful things that had come into our lives with the new developments. Wouldn't it be just too marvelous if I, Milly Owens, could get to be like the fine ladies at the Mayfair Hotel?

I didn't realize, of course, that I was standing at a very crossroads of life at that moment. Jim was so wonderful, and yet—even if he did ask me to marry him, there was good old Jakie and Ma and Vi and all the others. . . . Could I ever put this "furriner" before my own people? I knew I would have that to do. Could I really trust him?

(To be continued)

(Continued from page 39)

results. They came in about a week. In the little round front door of the house, the head of a bright-eyed little bird appeared, surveying the landscape with the keenest interest and great complacency. On the branch, outside hopped another bird, a straw in his beak.

"My goodness!" roared Paul. "It's a starling and her mate! In my flicker nest! Of all the nerve!"

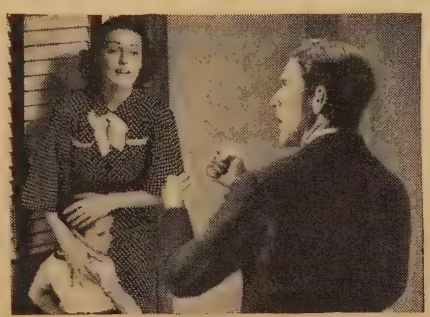
"Oh, but Paul!" cried my sister, "she does look so pleased and happy. Why not let her stay?"

"A starling?" he shrieked. "Let a starling—" words failed him and he rushed to evict the squatters.

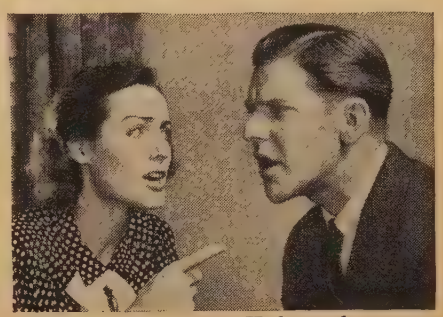
That's where he and Searle would part company. Starlings, squirrels, mice, hedgehogs and all the refugees of the animal world are safe if they can just reach Hearthstone or Mayflower cottage. I shall tack a notice to that effect on Paul's elm! There should be sanctuary somewhere for every unwanted creature, human or otherwise, on this earth. I am sure that's the way God meant it to be.

"Bill Henry, you'll spank this child over my dead body!"

A modern wife finds a modern way out for her child



1. But, Mary . . . I tell you I'm tired of pampering him. He needs it and I'm going to give him some if I have to ram it down his throat—or else . . .



2. Oh, no, you're not! He hates that nasty-tasting stuff and I think it's a crime to force him to take it just because it's around the house. You just wait a minute while I call the doctor!

3. Oh, I see! Yes, doctor. . . uh-huh . . . WHAT?. . . Heavens! I didn't know that! Yes, indeed, I'll do it right away! Thanks so much, doctor.

4. There, Smarty! The doctor said never to FORCE a child. He said to give him a GOOD-TASTING laxative. But NOT an "adult" one. He said a grown-up's laxative might be TOO STRONG for a tot's delicate "insides". . . and could do more harm than good.

5. He said to give him a *modern* laxative made especially for children EVEN TO THE TASTE. So he recommended Fletcher's Castoria because it not only tastes good—it's *safe*, too. It has no harsh drugs, and won't gripe. I'll get a bottle now.

6. Wow! Will you look at him go for that Fletcher's Castoria! Thank heaven, we won't have any more fights over a laxative in *this* family.

Chas. H. Fletcher **CASTORIA**

The modern—SAFE—laxative made especially and ONLY for children

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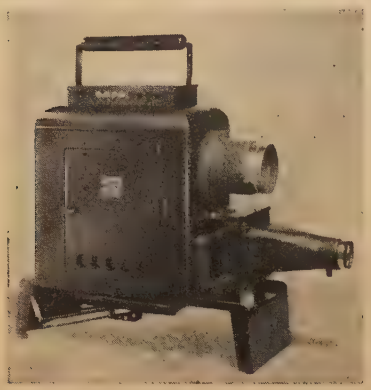

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(Continued from page 15)

prejudice is an important one. The younger generation have always been criticized by the elders for doing things which the older people were prejudiced against. Today, as a result of the very rapid changes in our living, the criticism has become acute. To demand that everyone obey the prejudices of one man or one group is unChristian, for it is a denial of Christian liberty.

Of course, it is difficult for each of us to determine what are principles and what are personal prejudices. Yet we have a guide in the Bible. Protestants agree that "all things necessary to salvation are contained in the Scriptures," and therefore all forms of behavior that do not have Biblical sanction can be put down as personal opinions which we should not demand of others. Let us continue to live as we feel we should, doing or not doing those things which appeal to our consciences. But we shall meet our opportunity far better if we keep the distinction between the two. When a young man was entering the ministry his father offered him excellent advice. "You are taking up a difficult profession, my boy," the father said. "In every church are many points of view and differing opinions. My advice is that on everything except a principle let your congregation have its way. On the principle stand as firm as a rock. Then they will respect you." That is advice the whole church needs to follow in its contact with the thoughtful seekers of religion.

Presenting the Christian Church

To these attitudes must be added a presentation of the church in its true nature. It has grown very clear during the last decade that Christianity will not be established without the guidance and inspiration of the church. In the years immediately following the war many people tried to split the two. What mattered was that people lived according to Christian principles—whether they came to church or not did not seem at all important. Indeed some even prophesied the coming of a time when the churches would all be closed.

But that idea has been disproved. Suppose the authorities closed all schools and universities, and established in their places great libraries where the young people could study according to personal inclination. Could we expect that children would learn to read by self-teaching or develop cultivated tastes in reading? If homes and family life were abolished, each child upon reaching the age of five being given a little tent where he would learn to mature by his own initiative, without the help and affection of parents—would such children develop into normal men and women who could cooperate with other members of society? Surely it is true that we need a school for religion and a spiritual home just as we need these things in everyday life. For the church is more than an institution; it is a home, and the members are a family.

Nothing could be more significant for today than this. Of all the problems which confront contemporary society none is greater than loneliness. Especially is this true in the great cities where masses of people feel themselves very much alone. But it is also true in the rural districts for the old community life which flourished before the days of the automobile and radio has tended to break down. At the movies there may be a crowd of people united by their interest in the film; yet they are never a community. At the conclusion of the show what unified interest existed immediately disappears so they revert to individuals who have no relationship with one another. The new ways of living have destroyed the community life.

That is where the church can accomplish so much that is needed today. Its family bond is not influenced by the automobile, radio or movie, for it is a relationship which cannot change. Older people used to speak very frequently of "the blood of Jesus Christ" as a bond between them and God. What they did not emphasize is that, in a religious sense, all Christians have the same bloodstream in their lives and thus, quite literally, are brothers and sisters of one another. Thus the church is the home of the greatest family on earth.

It has been the failure of the church that all too often other and cheaper ideas of her have been encouraged by her own conduct. She has been presented as an institution mainly interested in raising money. Perhaps a little better, men have thought of the church as an army, waging warfare against evil wherever it may be. That this picture appeals to many good members of the church is one reason such hymns as "Onward Christian Soldiers" are so popular. But the church is primarily neither a business nor an army—it is a family, and as such it must make its appeal. The famous American financier who was discovered one Saturday afternoon sitting in the church of which he was a member all by himself and singing his favorite hymn

"Blest be the tie that binds,
Our hearts in Jesus' love,"

had grasped the real center of the church's life. When thoughtful people realize this, it will require little persuasion to win them into the fellowship of Christian believers.

It is by presenting the Christian religion in this way that we shall meet the opportunity of our generation. A faith that is definite in its belief, producing a quality of character which is positively Christian and free from the personal prejudices so many have unconsciously added—all nurtured in a church which is the living expression of God's great family—these are the elements of our appeal. And such an approach will win devoted support. The young doctor was illustrative of the response which will be made. For as I talked to him of these things his wistfulness was transformed until he exclaimed "Yes, that is what I have been seeking. I want to be a Christian like that!" So we parted as he drove over the hill to his patients, and this summer I am to present him for membership in the church we both love and desire to serve. He is coming in through the doorway to take his permanent place in the Christian family. His decision is at one and the same time an inspiration and a prophecy that thousands like him can be won to the cause for which Jesus Christ has chosen all of us to be His missionaries.

(Continued from page 41)

two tablespoons chili sauce. Butter second slice of bread and make sandwich, buttered side down. Yield: 24 sandwiches.

CHEESE AND GREEN PEPPER SANDWICH SPREAD

6 tablespoons butter
3 cups chopped green peppers
2 pounds American cheese, grated

Melt butter, add chopped green peppers and cook slowly until soft. Take from fire; add grated cheese and mix well. Cool. Yield: 24 sandwiches.

Picnics and salads are synonymous. But the picnic salad or any salad for a crowd party should be of the substantial type, a good traveler, one that can keep a calm composure no matter how long it waits for the meal to be served.

CALAVO GELATIN SALAD

2—3¼ ounce packages lemon flavored gelatin
1 quart hot water
lemon juice
tobasco sauce
4 large or 8 small Calavo pears
salt
2 cups diced cooked carrots
2 cups diced celery

Dissolve gelatin in hot water. Add lemon juice and tabasco sauce to taste. Chill until congealed but not firm. Whip until light and thick. Cut Calavo pears crosswise around fruit against the seed and twist slightly to loosen. Cut rings thus formed into halves, forming crescents, and pull off skin. Sprinkle with lemon juice and salt. Cut small ends and extreme portion of large ends of fruit into cubes and combine with carrots and celery and stir into whipped gelatin. Mold and chill. Unmold onto lettuce and arrange calavo crescents at base. Top with a cream cheese dressing. Yield: 24 portions.

NAVY BEAN SALAD

2 quarts cooked navy beans
1 quart bean sprouts
1 cup minced Pimento
1 cup chopped green pepper
¼ cup lemon juice
1 cup diced celery
salt to taste
1 pint mayonnaise

Combine all and season to taste. Blend with your favorite tart mayonnaise. Chill thoroughly and serve on fresh green sweet pepper halves or on a bed of salad greens. Yield: 24 servings.

OTHER COMBINATIONS FOR BEAN SALADS

These are excellent ways to use white or kidney beans either canned, dried or left-overs from the baked bean supper.

1. Combine beans with sliced or chopped onions or leeks, chopped pimento or small sliced tomatoes. Hard cooked egg for garnish.
2. Another combination suggests beans with chopped apple and grated onion.
3. Combine beans with diced cucumber, crisp bacon, and slivers of dill pickle.

MOLASSES MINT SALAD MARINADE

1 cup fresh mint, chopped
1 pint water
1 cup vinegar
2 tablesoons pure New Orleans molasses
⅔ teaspoon salt
juice of 1 lemon

Combine ingredients and bring to boiling point. Cool. In this mixture marinate thick slices of two fresh pineapples for one hour. When ready to serve, place pineapple on a lettuce leaf and sprinkle over fresh chopped mint. In the center of each pineapple slice, place a ball of cottage cheese sprinkled with paprika.

I'M AN OLD HAND AT JELLY-MAKING
SO I ALWAYS USE THE "TRIED AND TRUE" PECTIN—CERTO!
Says May Robson
PROMINENT STAR OF STAGE AND SCREEN
IT'S THE STUDIO, MISS ROBSON. THEY EXPECT YOU IN HALF AN HOUR...SO YOU'LL NEVER GET THAT JELLY DONE NOW!
'COURSE I WILL, MARIE! MY LAND, I'VE GOT THE FRUIT ALL PREPARED—AND WITH CERTO I'LL HAVE THIS JELLY FINISHED IN JUST 15 MINUTES!
SUGAR
WHY, MISS ROBSON! YOU HARDLY BOILED THAT AT ALL! HOW DO YOU KNOW IT WILL JELL?
BECAUSE...CERTO MAKES ALL FRUITS JELL PERFECTLY...WITH ONLY ½ MINUTE BOIL! IT'S THE PECTIN THAT TAKES ALL THE GUESSWORK OUT OF JAM AND JELLY MAKING!
AND LOOK, MARIE! 11 GLASSES FROM ONLY 4 CUPS OF JUICE! NO JUICE BOILED AWAY...SO I GET HALF AGAIN MORE JELLY!
AND EVERYBODY SAYS YOU MAKE THE MOST DELICIOUS JELLY IN HOLLYWOOD, TOO, MISS ROBSON!
NONSENSE, CHILD! YOU CAN'T HELP MAKING BETTER-TASTING JAMS AND JELLIES WITH CERTO! YOU SEE, THAT SHORT BOIL SAVES FLAVOR AS WELL AS JUICE!
YOU'RE THROUGH IN LESS THAN 15 MINUTES, TOO, MISS ROBSON! NO WONDER YOU STICK TO THE "TRIED AND TRUE" PECTIN, CERTO!
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Says Mrs. V. J. Daniels whose jams and jellies made with Certo took 7 prizes at the 1938 Midland Empire Fair.
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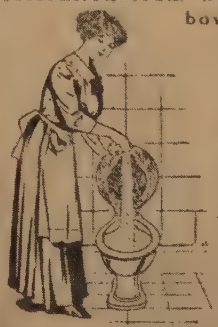

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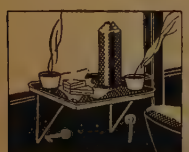

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(Continued from page 35)

the nations").

In the proposed National Health Act (Wagner Bill) we find organized social work and public health strongly represented. The family doctor and organized medicine are not. The most powerful and all-pervading forces for health flow from God. It may be difficult to get God into a legislative Bill but He must be the heart of the formulation and working of any National Health Program. "Except the Lord build the house they labor in vain that build it." The Bible, of course, is the best book on preventive medicine ever published, and righteousness the best way of life. A Y.M.C.A., a church, a Scout Troop in a town, well run, will cut down hospital costs. Righteousness is a practical matter. It works; as many of us know, including the doctor's son. Let those who are making this program have this matter at heart; and let us recognize the huge national character-building organizations and their powerful health work.

The Young Men's Christian Association has a boy-man health program in a program of Christ. Fifty years ago they started giving health examinations. They took the leadership in this essential and preventive medicine. This was largely due to Luther Halsey Gulick, M. D., of the Springfield Y.M.C.A. College, father of the Camp Fire Girls, The National School Hygiene Association and many such expert-making health organizations.

These health ideals and methods extended to schools and colleges throughout the world. Millions of American men have experienced the fact that happiness, health and righteousness can and do go together. Let all health program makers take notice and govern themselves accordingly.

For when we prepare a health program for America and we leave out this sort of thing, we leave out life and blood. Our creation is merely a mechanical, statistical Frankenstein, not a living thing. The health program for a man must be a live, fighting program. That is the fundamental misconception underlying the whole five years' work on the Health Program and on the Health Act itself.

This Health Act has nothing to do with health whatsoever; it has everything to do with disease—tuberculosis, malaria, syphilis, disability, danger and death. It has been prepared by experts in illness, not experts in health. The difference is very hard to understand, but it is like the difference between darkness (disease) and light (health); one is the absence of the other.

Let us hope that all concerned will see the light so that we will have a National Health Program as well as a National Disease Program. The fundamental leadership of all such programs must be the physician. The physician must be inspired and he must be trained.

The writer, as a young physician, taught hygiene and physical education, and gave the first health examinations to the high school boys of the City of New York. Afterward I became Assistant Director to the great Luther Halsey Gulick and finally took his place in charge of all of the health training, health care, hygienic program, and health activities of the huge mass of city elementary, high and training schools of 1,000,000 pupils.

Those pupils were given a health program, health instruction, health inspection, health activities, health ideals. The disease detection program for my million "patients" were first in the hands of the 25,000 classroom teachers. We introduced the first morning Hygiene inspection of every pupil. More thorough medical examinations were conducted by the Department of Health with whom we worked.

Forty years afterward we have now throughout the country in the schools for all the citizens for eight years or more of their lives, a powerful program of health training. It works every day. Every school day and after school. It safeguards the citizen in his childhood. It informs him and directs him in his self-management program. It prepares him to cooperate with community and public health affairs, to understand what his doctor can do for him, and what he can do as a good neighbor. This is the backbone of any National Program of Health. For some strange reason it seems to be omitted entirely from the program of the Wagner Act, except through secondary channels. Health education in schools should have the leadership in any National Health Program, or it is not a Health Program.

Thus you have a picture of a comprehensive National Health program as seen by this one doctor himself. You can understand his point of view and no doubt discern his prejudices and limitations far better than he can himself.

(Continued from page 41)

California. Heretofore walnuts have been cracked between blocks, the pieces of shell removed by hand and the meats cleaned for use—a slow method and expensive as a large percentage of the nuts were broken in shelling.

Ready Mixed Fudge. At last a prepared chocolate fudge powder comes to market that little folks can make without a grown-up's interference. It turns out a smooth creamy candy, not over sweet, that cuts in neat squares. All that needs be added to the powder is water and butter and the box gives explicit directions and contains a small measuring unit to simplify the "measuring out" process. One box of the fudge powder makes ¾ of a pound of fudge, the cost 17 to 18 cents. The fudge tastes like cake frosting but is more set in its ways. Real cooked fudge has a somewhat different taste but this answers as an excellent substitute and it never grains. Fudge cake icing using the mix takes but 4 minutes to make by recipe directions given on the box. Use it too for a hot fudge sauce or in a chocolate pudding by combining the powder with cornstarch and milk.

Tiddlewink. Newest cracker out of the ovens of America's largest cracker company is of pretzel dough pressed thin to the size of tiddlewink disk; one side rough with salt, the other smooth and glossy.

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(Continued from page 17)

nity may even vote the company out of existence. It is under control of publicly chosen directors, representing state regional and local interests. As a private corporation, it pays taxes, both to the state and community; it is a legal entity, can sue and be sued and acquire property. The system company removes the element of politics, takes the government out of the liquor trade and puts it into the more acceptable position of a guardian.

Further eliminating the profit motive, the system company allots only a limited supply each month to the restaurants and anything beyond this amount, the restaurateur has to buy at the retail price. Thus the restaurant owner has no incentive to promote liquor sales. His customers can order liquor with their meals or leave it alone, as far as he is concerned. In Sweden, all public drinking must be done with meals, so there are no bars or night clubs. A whole generation in Sweden has never seen a saloon.

The community corporations control, through their retail stores, the amount of liquor the private citizen can buy. But the principle of removing the profit motive does not need to include such control. Sweden has been successful in limiting individual consumption by the use of passbooks, wherein each citizen's purchases are registered. The passbooks are not inconvenient to the average well-behaved buyer who uses only an average 1.83 liters (less than 2 quarts) of spirits a month when his allowance is an average 2.13.

But while it doesn't bother the average well-behaved buyer, the passbook system does give temperance supervisors a chance to take in hand the chronic alcoholics and the irresponsibles. The Swedes attempt to forbid the sale of intoxicants at retail to any person who uses liquor in such a way as to endanger himself or others.

Inebriety is an extremely complicated disorder. The emotionally unstable seek relief in intoxicants and the alcohol accentuates the disorder. The Swedish law allows such persons to be interned and effectively treated. A cure is achieved in the majority of cases and the offender is given an opportunity to return to a temperate and orderly life. Some such supervision has been discussed by American medical authorities to give them more control over the increasing number of the emotionally unstable whose resort to liquor is becoming a grave concern in professional circles.

The cases of chronic alcoholism treated in Stockholm dropped from 15.5 per 10,000 inhabitants in 1912 to 4.2 at the end of 20 years. Convictions for drunkenness in Sweden have declined from 10.1 per 1,000 inhabitants in 1912 to 4.7 in 1937. Alcohol consumption went down thirty per cent from 1913 to 1936.

Such a metamorphosis could only be effected in a foreign country by the force of united public opinion and the active backing of some form of active temperance organization. Temperance societies were behind the success of the plan in Sweden. There is a nation-wide movement today which conducts schools and lectures and receives a substantial subsidy from the government out of its liquor

(Turn to next page)

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Above: Table-Top Model R-868
At Right: Elbow-High Oven Model R-869

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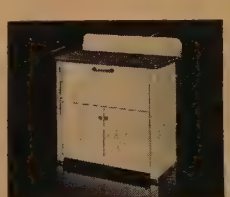

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(Continued from page 47)

profits. These societies have classes all over Sweden to instruct the youth in general subjects of human conduct and lecture on the evils in the abuse of alcohol. Moreover, they have become a cultural movement of a very positive nature, realizing that their success depends on substituting stronger values for the satisfactions that liquor gives to its users instead of conducting a negative boycotting movement. During 1937, there were within these societies, nearly 3,000 study circles, with about 30,000 members. The libraries of the societies rose in that year above 2,500 with a total of 900,000 volumes and approximately one million book loans.

And back of any effective results abroad would have to be an extensive program of education. "The chief idea underlying the Bratt System is education," according to its founder. "We realize that absolute prohibition cannot be enforced in any community where habits and convictions are opposed to it, but temperance laws can be enforced, the community educated to believe in them, and the old saloon evil thus forever eliminated. Education takes time, however, and only an entirely new generation which has been slowly weaned away from alcohol will show the real effects of the system."

This program of education is the factor that brought a drop in the Stockholm arrests for drunkenness among young people under twenty years from 25.5 per 1,000 inhabitants in 1900 to 1.9 in 1937. among those between twenty and thirty years, the decline was from 64.5 per 1,000 inhabitants in 1900 to 8.9 in 1937.

The Swedish youth, unable to receive a passbook before reaching the age of twenty-five, does not appear greatly interested in drinking either before or after reaching the age limit.

"The Swedish boys and girls no longer consider it smart to sit around and drink all night," I was told by Dr. Börje Brilioth, editor of Stockholms Tidningen, one of Sweden's leading newspapers. "They prefer to get a good night's rest and be outdoors for sports early in the morning."

All Sweden is organized for traveling and hiking, with a Swedish Travel Club of nearly 200,000 members operating about 300 hotels and dwelling places, issuing maps and guides by the millions, and sending out tons of answers to travel inquiries. The club operates the youth hostels or "Wanderers' Homes," where the youth of the nation stay by the hundreds of thousands for about twelve and one-half cents a night.

Guide a speedboat over Stockholm's crowded canals. Pump a bicycle all day up and down gravel hills. Drive a speedy modern car over congested roads. Hike all day across the rolling landscape. Or ski all day cross-country in the Northland woods. Liquor doesn't mix with such a schedule. Sports have come in and liquor has gone out of fashion in Sweden.

Youngsters do not just go out and drink because they crave liquor. They learn to drink through social stimuli, which in Sweden are restrained on every hand by the control system. But the real answer lies in the continual development among young people of other interests, especially avocations in which liquor does not fit.

(Continued from page 21)

on the subject.

"Who should marry?" The head of the university's zoology department discusses eugenics and a mental hygienist presents the matter from the emotional viewpoint.

Education for marriage, from the physical approach, cannot be left to parents, says Dr. Everett D. Plass, head of the University of Iowa medical school's department of obstetrics and gynecology, who gives four lectures on the physiology of marriage.

"Intelligent sex education must be both scientific and objective," he says, "and parents either suffer from a woeful lack of knowledge or from an acute shyness that prevents proper dissemination of facts."

Dr. Plass, his lectures supplemented by slides and charts, describes the anatomy and physiology of the sexual organs, lectures—objectively—on the subjects of birth control and sterilization, discusses venereal disease, pregnancy, the process of child birth, menstruation. Conscious of the university's responsibility in all social issues which have religious aspects, Dr. Plass presents his material scientifically; like all instructors in the course, he is available to the students for private conferences on all subjects which his lectures cover.

Students are encouraged to submit written questions to the lecturers which are answered, insofar as possible, during the classroom period. But frequently the student prefers a personal consultation and his request is always met.

Dr. Plass gets many such queries. Most of the questions indicate a need for accurate knowledge on the part of the students. They come to him for premarital advice; a secretly married graduate student was given instruction on the dangers of abortion and other problems; another student, engaged to be married, discovered that her fiance suffered from diabetes and came for advice and guidance.

Mental factors that go into a happy marriage are studied under the direction of Dr. William Malamud, psychiatrist on the university's medical faculty, who declares that most incompatabilities of marriage come from an ignorance of the mental aspects of sexual adjustment. To him come many students who need such adjustment; he finds that certain early conditionings may be responsible for an individual's neurotic tendencies and that, often, these remain hidden until after marriage.

Concerned not alone with the immediate problems of the students to whom he lectures but also with the problems they will face as parents, he interprets for them the factors that make youngsters misbehave. Do they have a physical defect? Are they mentally deficient? Are they struggling with a home or school difficulty? Is the trouble purely emotional? "To be forewarned is to be forearmed," becomes the motto.

But aside from physical and emotional considerations, the young couple must be made aware of other pitfalls in married life. Beyond the glamor and the thrill, indeed an integral part of it, lies something else—no other than the prosaic and ever present dollar, called by Miss Frances Zuill, head of the university's Home Economics department and lecturer in The Practical Approach to Marriage, "Home Maker or Breaker Number 1."

Marriage cannot be considered without considering home making, Miss Zuill says, as she cautions the students against closing their eyes to this fact. "Home making involves skills for both the husband and the wife, and the greater the ability along these lines the greater is the chance for a harmonious home and a harmonious marriage."

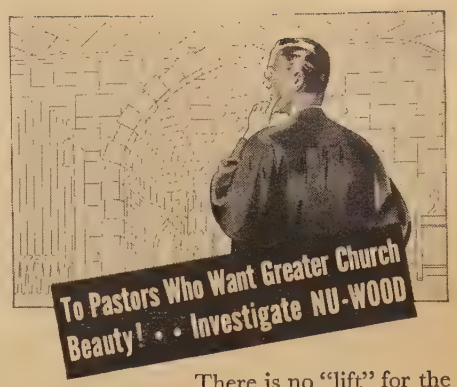
Drastic reductions in standards of living and differences of opinion on how money should be spent are dangerous threats to marital happiness but the smaller the income the more important are skills and the ability to manage well on little. Lack of such skills bears directly on domestic strife, she tells the students, and she points out that worry, fatigue, and irritability—manifestations of a poorly managed home—find their repercussions in nervous, highly strung, and tense marriage partners.

Legal aspects of marriage including also those of divorce, character education as applied to marriage and the home, information on social and educational agencies that do research work on the subject, modern trends in child welfare and child psychology, the relativity of morals, marriage and the drama given because "social trends are portrayed and dramatized objectively on the stage" and, in conclusion, the ideas of marriage that the world religions have expounded—such, then, is this "noble experiment in adult education" as it has been termed by Dr. Plass.

It is an "experiment" that is having its counterpart in many universities throughout the country. Since the University of Iowa began this work, more than fifty other educational institutions have initiated similar or comparable courses. During the past year three faculty members of other schools came to Iowa City to take the work and to equip themselves, in turn, to teach it to their students. One came from the University of Hawaii, one from a large Eastern university, a third from a university in the northwestern part of the United States. Its renown has gone beyond the seas; the University women of Tokyo have written Dr. Jung for its details and the Amsterdam press has commented on it.

Because it is still in its infant stages, university officials do not yet have adequate statistics on "follow-up" work. Figures on marriages and divorces of its students? They will be revealing when they are available. And meanwhile the students sit in the classroom with eyes that do not stray from lecturer to wrist watch and they answer the question "Do you like this?" with a sincere and fervent, "Oh, yes. *Love* it."

Sometimes the students seize upon this marriage course because they are afraid of the future and seek to build "breakwater" against it. Sometimes they are children of divorce who loathe divorce and broken homes and are attempting to learn by the experience of their parents. More usually, the situation is not so dramatic. They are simply normal young people who have outgrown a much exploited "jazz age," and whose capable minds are making ready responsible shoulders for the jobs that society and civilization will impose upon them.



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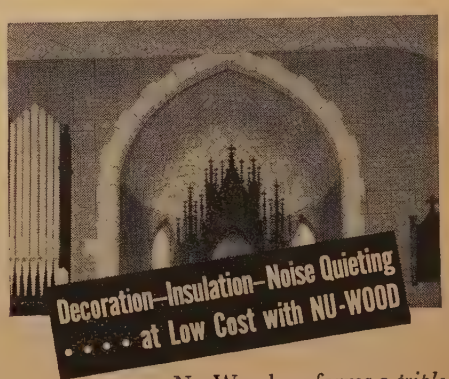

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CHRISTIAN HERALD
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(Continued from page 27)

preachers. The Baptists have a meeting house at present out of repair. Besides these a Presbyterian congregation meet at the Academy for public worship."

However, later in that year, October 17th, 1818, to be exact, there appeared in the issue of the "Carolina Centinel" of New Bern, a notice of a meeting to organize the Presbyterian society by the election of Trustees. At that time the society comprised only 25 members, yet with characteristic courage they planned a building to seat 800 people. In the early part of 1819 the present site on New Street was purchased by the newly-elected Trustees and on Wednesday, June 9th, 1819, the cornerstone of the First Presbyterian Church was laid. The building was doubtless completed during the closing months of 1821 for this notice appeared in the December 29th issue of the "Centinel":

"The new Presbyterian church in this place will be dedicated with divine permission on Sunday the sixth of January."

Of the four earliest church buildings in New Bern, only the First Presbyterian now remains. Church records show the contractor and builder was Uriah Sandy, assisted by John Dewey and Martin Stevenson, but no specific mention is made of the architect. Whether one of these gentlemen designed it is purely conjectural. If such a fact could be established it might aid in solving a part, at least, of the architectural history of New Bern. There are some details of the building similar to those found in several of the homes built at the turn of the century, with some illustrated in Asher Benjamin's early handbooks, and in general with several of the New England churches. Whoever the architect and whatever the source of inspiration, it is one of the beautiful bits of New Bern architecture, and its value and interest to the antiquary will be increased when the entire restoration is completed.

New Bern was captured by the Federal troops during the War between the States, and the grounds, the Manse, and the Sunday School Building were occupied, and the Church was used as a hospital. The names and the military units of the soldiers are still to be seen written on the attic timbers, and several bullet holes through the weathervane bear evidence of their marksmanship. It was not until 1866 that the property was returned to the church, sadly in need of repair, as might well be expected.

As though the damage done by the troops was not enough, a well-meaning but unappreciative committee proceeded to "rehabilitate" the church, a process that extended over a period of years owing to the paucity of available funds. The beautiful old elevated pulpit was taken down and replaced by a monstrosity of the period; the wall behind the new pulpit platform adjusted to form a circular headed niche surrounded by a species of wooden entablature; the top of the paneled balcony railing cut off and lowered; the original box pews removed and replaced by some of the "golden oak gothic" period of design; and a few other changes made, happily of a minor nature.

Then four or five years ago, under the virile leadership of the Pastor, Robert E. McClure, and Charles L. Ives, the Chairman of the Board of Deacons, the movement was set on foot to restore the old building to its once proud state. In the CHRISTIAN HERALD, of June 1934, there was told the story of the restoration of the Congregational Church, Litchfield, Conn. The first reaction was one of surprise to the local Committee, for the design differs only in minor details from that of the New Bern building. According to the article it was evident that the local structure was some seven years older than the Litchfield church. So striking were their similarities that a letter was addressed to the magazine for reference to the architect who supervised the restoration in Litchfield. A cordial response from the editor advised that the party in question was dead, but reference was given to the firm of Merrill, Humble and Taylor, of New York. A hurried call was sent to New York for the cooperation and advice of the architect, Daniel D. Merrill, and the work begun.

Unlike so many other restoration projects where untold difficulties and perplexities arise, this one unfolded and clearly told its story to those with seeing eyes; it might be added that overalls and flashlights were needed as well.

The original semicircular paneling of the high "swallows' nest" pulpit was discovered in two pieces among the tower timbers; one of its doors was likewise found tucked away in a dark corner. A crawling expedition underneath the then existing pulpit platform brought to light marks on the original flooring that told the number of the columns supporting the original pulpit, the dimensions of these column bases and their relationship one to another and to the auditorium wall behind the pulpit. Other floor grooves and marks on the paint showed clearly the outlines of the two curved stairways that led from the floor level up to the pulpit, with the exact width of the stairs, the radii of the string curves, and other information essential to its true reconstruction.

A study of the small anteroom behind the pulpit brought to light other interesting facts. The new portions of the auditorium wall could readily be distinguished from the original plaster work by the differences in the character of the plaster and the wood lath. Marks on the plaster walls told the exact height of the original pulpit platform above the floor, and the number, dimensions, and locations of the steps leading up to the rear pulpit doorway.

One of the lamps that had been placed on either side of the pulpit reading desk was found down near the heating boiler. This small lamp was on a bronze pedestal about eighteen inches high, patterned after the Ionic Greek columns, with a base that exactly fitted marks on the railing, where it had originally stood.

One of the oldest members of the congregation remembered the original box pews had been given to a neighboring parish church, and a hurried trip to Pollocksville, twelve miles or so distant, was rewarded by finding them still in use,—but without their doors. The Fates were kind, however, for nearly half of them were later discovered back in New Bern

stacked under the auditorium floor,—why they had never been used for firewood during all those years is one of the bits of good fortune that seemed to attend the restoration.

An old document, giving the names of the first subscribers and the seating arrangement of the pews, showed large square "strangers' pews" at the front of the church, two on the right and two on the left of the pulpit. Sections of the paneling were found in the attic, and marks on the wainscoting and on the old floor under the carpet again furnished definite clues as to the sizes of the compartments and their exact locations.

When the high pulpit was taken down in 1866 and the new lower one installed, the sight lines from the balcony were naturally impaired, so the balcony railing was lowered to remedy the difficulty. Once again the marks on the painted plaster walls at the end of the auditorium and on the balcony columns furnished valuable information about the original condition.

Even the old oval shaped pine communion table with one of its six legs in fairly perfect condition was found hidden away, refinished, and now serves the worshipers once again.

A door was found that might have been taken for an old pew door, except for the detailed dental work trim at the top which matched the old pulpit rail. It was apparently clear that it was the original door at the head of the right-hand steps leading from the pulpit into the auditorium. The pulpit with its graceful stairways, and the wall behind it with the doorway to the small anteroom, have now been restored to their original state through the bounty of one of the members, and the congregation experiences a feeling of kinship with its forebears as it worships.

(Continued from page 24)

it is just another behind-the-times Sunday School or church. But when I go into one led by a Center graduate, I find a feeling of worship in the air, and a quiet sense of God all over the place. There is—contact!"

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A crowd of seven- and eight-year old Negro youngsters were taking a walk one Saturday afternoon in Chicago. Three teachers were with them, carrying pencils and paper. The children talked and the teachers wrote down what they said:

"That vacant lot should be cleaned up. . . . Somebody ought to sweep that alley. . . . The people in that house might wash the windows and put flowers in them. . . . We could cut the grass in that park, ourselves. . . . The big boys down here might look after the little kids. . . ."

"Who are they?" asked a bystander.

"Oh," was the reply, "just a crowd from the Missionary Training School." Just a crowd deciding what they could do, by themselves, to clean up the town!

(To be continued)

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(Continued from page 33)

and clear, the tiny hospital white and shining. To come from the teeming, indescribable East Side to—*this!* How do you think it would impress you, if you were a child of the slums?

Upon arrival, the children are given a bath, their clothing taken and thoroughly sterilized, and they are supplied with clean, comfortable play-garments for the period of their stay. Then, in all likelihood, the next thing in order is to eat. The bright, airy building in which they are fed is called "Fort Plenty"—with good reason, for they are given plenty of wholesome, well-cooked, nourishing food, and all the milk they can drink—probably the first time in their little lives they ever had enough! The food is carefully selected—a simple, balanced, wholesome diet. For breakfast they get a cereal, fruit, fresh bread, and always plenty of good rich milk. For dinner they get meat and vegetables—a nourishing stew, or baked beans, a varied bill of fare carefully chosen; on Sunday they are given ice cream, and chicken. The effect is rapid—and touching. Thin cheeks begin to fill out, little emaciated bodies take on a healthier outline, color comes into wan cheeks—and new life and happiness into their lives.

And the playground! There are playgrounds in New York City, of course; but they are such playgrounds as one finds in a great crowded city, paved with concrete, and so crowded that pleasurable play is almost impossible. Besides, though many new ones have been opened in recent years, they are still far too few, and the best ones too far away to benefit the little East-Siders.

But at Mont Lawn the playground is wide and well-equipped. There are swings and slides and a clean little wading pool, and a ball-ground for the larger boys, and shady spots where one can take it easy on the grass. Play in such a place, in the pure refreshing air, is better than the best the great city can offer.

And when the day is over, each group goes to its cottage to sleep. First there is the story hour;—the counselors have a stock of stories that delight the youngsters; then they don their "nighties," and each child after saying his prayers, gets into a spotlessly clean, white bed—the first time, in many cases, that it has ever had a whole bed to itself. The many windows admit the cool, delicious mountain air; the children sleep, more restfully and soundly probably, than they have ever slept before.

In all these activities the children are managed with a friendly kindliness new to most of them. Life is a battle on the East Side, at best; but at Mont Lawn, it is the management's aim to show these children how much better life can be. As we have said, it is the plan to make them feel at *home;* and to open their eyes to a better way of living. That, after all, is Mont Lawn's highest object; and if the children leave there with a new outlook on life, with an awareness that there is something better in the world than that they are used to—and that it is possible for them to attain it, by their own efforts, then indeed their vacation has been well spent.

Mont Lawn also differs from the ordinary summer camp in that it pays full attention to religion. Services are held every Sunday in the beautiful little chapel. Friendly, understanding men and women tell these youngsters the story of Jesus—many of them sit wide-eyed, hearing that beautiful story for the first time in their lives. They sing the well-known, well-loved songs—"Mont Lawn Bells" is an especial favorite; and down on the East Side one hears occasionally, from the window of some poor dwelling, a well-known song—and we know that that child has been to Mont Lawn and has brought away with it at least some of the lessons given it in the Children's Chapel.

Two questions are sure to be in your minds, if you have not heard the story of Mont Lawn before. The first will be, How are the children selected—how do you know that they are all deserving?

Well, we have the cooperation of the various welfare agencies which are in direct touch with the families of the children, and know the facts about them and their condition. The Welfare Department of the great hospitals recommends many cases to us. So do the Settlement Houses, schools, the Police Department and the numerous other agencies. Nobody knows the lower strata of New York better than the Police Department, and they are both competent and cooperative—I have often had occasion to commend the charitableness of the city police. You can be sure that these children who go to Mont Lawn are deserving! Not even in every instance are those who are recommended to us accepted; if rigid physical examination discloses any communicable disease, that child cannot go.

Another question sure to be in your mind is this: Do two weeks do any good—do the children get any lasting benefit from so short a stay?

In the first place, the neediest and most deserving cases are kept all summer, and a whole summer at Mont Lawn surely does benefit even the weakest, most emaciated child. But even a stay of two weeks *does* do the children a great deal of good, both physically and mentally. If—as is true in most cases—there is nothing fundamentally wrong with the child, two weeks of proper food, exercise and sleep will work a very great change. If you, all of you, could only see these children—see how much pleasure and comfort and health and high ideals they get from their brief stay, you would be not merely willing but eager to help. For they leave Mont Lawn not only refreshed and strengthened, but with oh, what a different outlook on life!

Just forty-five years ago, in June, 1894, the Children's Home first opened its doors. In those forty-five years, approximately a hundred and fifteen thousand children have been received and cared for there. Of those, it is certain that some would have died, who now are fairly healthy and happy people, many of them with children of their own. It is even more certain that a number of them would have sunk into crime and vice, who are now decent citizens. I told you a few years ago of the young New York policeman who said to me, very frankly, that he was in a fair way to becoming a gangster himself, a strong, fearless but untrained youngster; but some good friend got him the chance to spend two

(Turn to page 54)

Four decades ago . . . .

Mont Lawn started its service to children of poverty—started as a camp where neglected hungry children could have a vacation. Today Mont Lawn is a summer HOME for children of poverty and a guide to a better way of living. Not only are the children of the slums given a vacation from the heat and misery of their homes, but they are given a new life.

FOR THE FIRST TIME

FOR the first time many of these children know what it means to eat to the full. For the first time they sleep in clean beds and by themselves, not with half the family. For the first time they have a daily bath and enjoy to the full the feeling that comes with cleanliness of mind and body. All these things take place while they are thoroughly enjoying themselves, for life at Mont Lawn is rest and play for its little guests.

JACK was the youngest of a family of seven—he had not been at Mont Lawn twenty-four hours before he was placed in our hospital for close observation: the doctor reported the child was in the first stages of tuberculosis. Because you sent Jack to Mont Lawn he now has a chance to live. We put him in the care of a group who specialize in preventing tuberculosis—it will take a long time, but with youth on his side he is bound to win.

MARY didn't like to run with the children—it gave her a pain in the side, she said. If we had not noticed the distress of our little visitor, the bad heart might have been discovered too late to save her.

JENNY was frightened at the slightest gesture of friendliness—all her life she had been told to "get out of the way"—all her life she had lived in squalor and hunger. In Mont Lawn's chapel she first heard of Christ and His love for little children. Gone was her fear; somebody loved her and she loved everybody.

IN MONT LAWN'S CHAPEL

JOHN'S father was a worthless drunkard—he had no mother. John thought it was fun to taste his father's bottle. At ten he was acquiring a fine foundation for a worthless manhood. John has a new model to follow—for the first time in his life he has met and lived with young men and women with Christian education, the counselors at Mont Lawn. Our staff of workers instill respect and love in the hearts of the little children who are often as starved mentally as they are physically.

These are the children that need you—children who without you have little hope for happiness or health. Mont Lawn was built for their service, and is equipped to care for more children than you have been able to send us the last few years. We hate to see empty beds and vacant places at the table when it costs so little to give a child a vacation. Surely you can send or help to send one child to Mont Lawn.

$5 *pays for one week's vacation*

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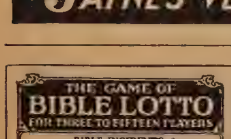

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(Continued from page 52)

weeks at Mont Lawn, and that changed his whole life. "If it hadn't been for Mont Lawn," he said, "I would probably have been in Sing Sing today, the way I was going. That is a fine place, and deserves everything it gets, and more." I have told you of Fred and Jinty, two children just starting the wrong way, until a kindly police judge gave them their choice of going to Mont Lawn—or to a reformatory. They chose Mont Lawn—and learned, what so many other children have learned there, that there is a better way for youngsters to live. They are married now, doing well, and send their own liberal contribution to the Children's Home every year. And, too, I told you of the sacrifices those two children made to raise money to send the little ailing sister to Mont Lawn—and succeeded, too late; for the little eyes closed and the little heart stopped beating before they could get the arrangements made.

And that is the pity of it—that so many little ones are lost, whose lives might be saved just by those blessed two weeks in the country. Many a poor weeping mother has seen her child's eyes slowly close, and the life fade from the thin little body, and has cried, "Oh God, if she could only have had just food and air and sunshine! Even the squirrels and rabbits have those—why couldn't my baby?"

Before another June rolls around, it will be too late for hundreds of little slum children; not even the beautiful country can help them then. Yet if these children could only get just two weeks, in a place like Mont Lawn, it is certain that many of them would get well and strong.

A hundred and fifteen thousand, in forty-five years. Think what a difference in those lives there would have been, if it hadn't been for Mont Lawn.

If it hadn't been for Mont Lawn! Over and over again we have heard grateful children, grown older, tell what the Children's Home did for them. Over and over we have had grown people come to us and say, "I'm married, have a good job, and am doing well. I don't believe I would have had any of these things—if it hadn't been for Mont Lawn."

These things are true, and of themselves justify the slight expense of a two weeks' vacation for these poor children. But even if Mont Lawn did nothing else but give a child two weeks of rest and good food and healthful play in the open air, that is something worth while.

So once again we are appealing to you, our readers, who have so liberally supported the Children's Home through all these years. The Home could not open without your support. And if that support could only be increased, it could accomplish so much more. For not nearly all the beds are occupied; there is room in the cottages, and in the dining hall, for many more; but they are vacant because there are not enough funds to fill them. It is a pathetic thing, that some hundreds of needy little folks will have to stay in the sweltering slums this summer, while cool fresh air and clean beds and good food could be given them at Mont Lawn—if there was only enough money.

Help us fill those vacant beds—help us give a larger number of poor children the two weeks at Mont Lawn which may mean such a difference in their lives. Five dollars will fill one of these beds for a week; ten dollars for two weeks. But any amount, however small, is acceptable. Many Sunday Schools have formed Mont Lawn clubs, the children pooling the nickels and dimes, and sending the receipts to the Children's Home. Do what you can—and in future years you may be sure that some of the children you have helped will be able to say, "If it hadn't been for Mont Lawn. . . ."

★

MY ROBIN

My Robin went away last Fall,
And never said goodbye,
I've thought and thought and thought again,
And often wondered why.

They say it's instinct makes them go,
So I looked up that word,
And sure enough the dictionary says
That impulse guides the bird.

Now Winter's come and Winter's gone,
And here again it's Spring,
I think I've waited long enough
To hear my Robin sing.

But what is that I heard just now
Amid the din and throng
'Twas my own Robin back again,
Singing his first, sweet song.

Billy Johnston

(Continued from page 31)

eling through a great steel mill section of the country a while ago I was informed that great operators of these mills gave very little to the support of the social needs of the community. I have always wondered how much real happiness human beings have in making money and keeping it or spending it in luxuries without ever knowing the joy of money service. It is appalling to think of the numbers of men of intelligence and sometimes of culture who go through life without ever knowing the thrill of giving to great causes.

Which leads me to make one more indictment of the church, and I say it as a member of a church and I trust a lover of its Head.

But one of our great national Mission Boards has recently cabled some of its missionaries to come home because the Board is no longer able to pay them owing to the failure of the Christian members of churches who have not given the Board enough money to support the missionaries abroad, in spite of the fact that most of these members are driving expensive automobiles and living in luxury compared with the missionaries they promised to support.

Is this selfishness? What is it? The whole world is under indictment today for a selfishness in failing to let Jesus rule the life. What ghastly selfishness on the part of the human race to spend billions on war armament instead of billions in creating friendship and goodwill. For the *sin* of the world is the sin of saying to Jesus "Leave us alone! What have we to do with Thee!"

And until that demon of selfishness is removed by the Great Physician the world will go on suffering and sinning, wars will devastate and cruelty and fear will reign supreme. O Lord, how long! How long!

(Continued from page 29)

lurched, I could see the bulky forms of the boy gunners, two to each gun; two standing by with phone pieces to their ears; and six sleeping on the deck, ready for an emergency. That ship was carrying back to America a precious cargo of wounded officers from France.

"For an hour I heard no sound from the boys below me. I watched their silent forms with a great feeling of respect and affection. The ship lurched through the storm on its zigzag course. Then suddenly I heard a familiar sound coming from one of the boys down there. It was from big, rawboned 'Montana,' as they called him. The sound was low at first, and because of the storm and the vibration of the ship I could not make it out; although the melody was strangely familiar. Then the boy on the port gun took the melody up; followed by the gunners on the starboard, and I caught the words of:

"Jesus, Saviour, pilot me
Over life's tempestuous sea;
Unknown waves before me roll
Hiding rock and treacherous shoal;
Chart and compass come from Thee;
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

"Above the creaking and the vibrations of the great ship, above the thunder of the storm, those American boy gunners on the deck below, all unconsciously in that stormtossed, tumultuous, turbulent sea, were singing the old hymn which came back to them from their boyhood memories in little churches across this continent; and I think that I never heard that wonderful hymn when it sounded sweeter or more appropriately sung than it did that night, as the second verse wafted up to me where I stood my watch on that aft gun deck of the old transport.

"As a mother stills her child
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boist'rous waves obey Thy will
When Thou sayest to them, 'Be still.'
Wond'rous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me."

We heard a good deal in the days of the war of how our boys sang "Hail! Hail! The Gang's All Here," "Where Do We Go from Here, Boys?," "There's a Long, Long Trail A-winding," "Keep the Home Fires Burning," and they did. But when you got those boys in a serious, thoughtful mood you found them singing the great hymns of the church.

The mothers and fathers of America knew, of course, that in their lighter moods the average American boys were singing the lighter songs in the war; but buried down deep in their hearts there was then—just as there is *now*—a reverence and love for the old hymns. Indeed most of us, under circumstances of storm and stress, doubt and night, find ourselves with the old hymns ringing in our hearts. And that, my friends, is God. That is one of the most heartening and inspiring things in our American life.

And if you don't think that this reverence, and these unforgettable memories of the old hymns, have magic in them go into any theater in America and watch the audience if somebody in that theater happens to have the good showmanship to sing or play one of the old hymns. A hush will invariably fall over that audience. I know of no sure fire way to the hearts of the average American audience such as the words and melodies of the great hymns. In New York City, during the past theatrical season there have been several shows which have proven this fact. In "Star Wagon" there is an old-time church choir, practicing for Sunday and, in spite of the fact that that choir is somewhat of a caricature, and the effect they are after is a comedy effect, yet the audience is hushed by the old hymns of the church which that comedy choir sings—especially when they sing "The Holy City." I have attended that show three times and each time I noticed that many in the audience hummed the strains of "The Holy City" as the choir sang. The same thing is true in "Our Town," a simple, penetrating picture of a small New England village with its homely but sincere people; the church, the hymns; death; love; and its implications of Immortality. It is a Pulitzer Prize play by Thornton Wilder and it has won the heart of a sophisticated, playgoing city because it gives an answer to the hunger, the nostalgia that is in the heart of this nation at this particular time; and that is in the heart of most of our people, although hidden by surface things, most of the time. America is hungry for something and one of the things that it is hungry for is the spiritual comfort that is symbolized in the great hymns.

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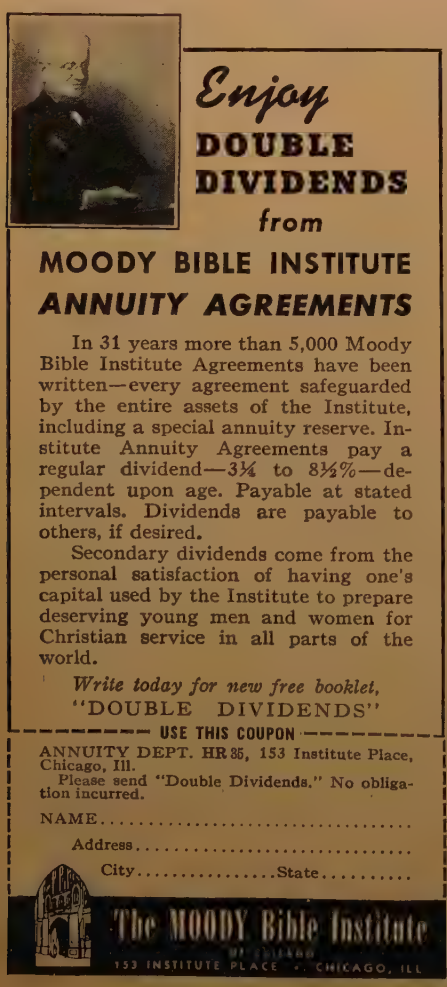
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STAMPS . . .

Mounts

By Winthrop Adams

"A DEALER," writes a member of the Stamp Club, "tells me that a stamp that has been hinged is worth less than one that hasn't been. How come? Don't you have to use hinges to mount stamps?"

We sympathize with him, for we've had that little experience ourselves. No good dealer will take off *much* because a stamp has been hinged, especially if it is an ordinary stamp. But most adhesives with the original gum, unmarred, on the back, are certainly worth more. There is a way of mounting without hinges: with what we call "mounts." these are little cellophane envelopes into which the stamp is slipped. There are several varieties on the market: one of the best is the Super-H Mount. It sells at 25c per package, for all sizes of stamps. Write us for a descriptive folder, if you're interested.

Your editor has come to the point where he mounts all his stamps in Super-H. It makes a beautiful album.

Washington Inaugural Issue

The new Washington Inaugural commemorative has a great significance for Churchmen and Masons. It pictures Washington taking the oath of office with his right hand on an open Bible held by Chancellor Robert Livingston. The Chancellor was a Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of New York at the time; others pictured on the stamp—Steuben, Knox, Sherman, Hamilton—were also Masons, and the Bible was taken from the altar of St. John's Lodge, of New York.

Dealers

Every morning we find a letter or two on our desk asking about dealers. Which dealers are reliable? Which can I trust to give me good stamps for good prices? Where can I sell? And so on, ad infinitum.

We hesitate to offer our readers a list of dealers. There are literally hundreds of them who are quite reliable, and to recommend one at the expense of the others would hardly be fair.

If you have a query about dealers, write us personally, enclosing a self-addressed return envelope.

World's Fair

All records for all time have been broken in first-day sales by the new World's Fair (N. Y.) commemorative. Sold through the New York City Post Office, the sales for the first twenty-four hours totalled 1,964,743, representing $58,942.29. Included in this were 585,565 first-day covers.

Incidentally, the list of governments which have issued or definitely will issue World's Fair paper is as follows: U. S., Brazil, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, France and twenty-four French colonies, Iceland, Mexico, Rumania and Russia.

Something tells us that these issues will make a series of very attractive pages in a loose-leaf album.

Birds, Etc.

You collectors who specialize in birds-on-stamps will be interested in the new Liechtenstein issue of air-mails picturing swallows, mews, buzzards, hawks, eagles, pigeons and vultures.

In honor of the visit to Canada of the British monarchs, Canada issued on May 15 a one-cent, two-cent, and three-cent series. You can get them from the Philatelic Division, Financial Branch, Post Office Department, Ottawa. (All in all, there will be 202 British colonies issuing commemoratives for this visit.)

Two new U. S. issues are important. One is the baseball stamp, mentioned last month. It pictures a sand-lot ball-player, and not a baseball notable, and that is good, for baseball is a national game, and not the exclusive property of the professionals. The other will be the special sheet to be put out in connection with the travels of the philatelic truck. It will be non-postage, strictly a souvenir sheet. The design is not yet decided.

Question Box

E. W., Ind.: Where can we get a color chart? Ans.: You can get it from Stanley Gibbons, 115 Park Row, N. Y. C.

M. E., R. I.: What do they mean by the term "Tete-beche?" Ans.: This means a pair of stamps in which one is upside-down, in relation to the other. They may be either vertical or horizontal pairs.

R. S., Texas: Will you please suggest two or three books a beginner can read, to get a general idea of the hobby? Ans.: Try "Stamp Collecting," by Stanley Phillips; "How To Collect Stamps," by Ralph A. Kimball, and "How to Build a Stamp Collection," by Prescott Holden Thorp. Anything Kimball or Thorp writes is authentic. Try also the little booklet, "Stamp Collecting," by Henry Renouf.

C. D., N. Y.: I have a U. S. stamp with picture of Washington, three cents, pink in color, with a grill (etc., etc.). How much is it worth? Ans.: We cannot possibly answer queries like this; we must see the stamp. There are many stamps with Washington's picture, ranging from one cent to hundreds of dollars in value. Either take them to a dealer or send them to us, with stamped return envelope. We prefer that you use a dealer; it's quicker.

D. H., West Virginia: How do you read those awful watermarks? My old eyes are poor, and I can't see anything. Ans.: Get a water-mark detector. This is a cheap little black box in which you immerse your stamp face-down, in benzine. Your watermark will be clear then. Be careful about this; read up on it before you use your benzine.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS FOR JUNE

Stanley B. Vandersall, D. D.

JUNE 4

Paul Pleads His Own Case

ACTS 21:27 to 23:11; 24:10 to 26:32
(Printed lesson, Acts 21:40 to 22:4; 24:14-16; 26:19-23)

THE first process in getting the background of this lesson is to read the six chapters of Acts (21-26), noting the several circumstances in the rapidly changing scenes. The printed verses are all taken from Paul's language, but are excerpts of three different speeches—one before the Jews on the stairs of the fortress Antonia, one before the Roman governor Felix, and one before Agrippa the king and Festus the Roman governor.

The dramatic changes which began with the arrest of Paul in the Temple—after which he was never a free man—provide a study of the Roman and Jewish laws and customs as well as of the personal powers of the great apostle. Several times he must speak in defense of himself and his conduct. Each time the circumstances were different, and the approach was accordingly varied. Three times, however, Paul referred to his conversion experience on the road to Damascus.

1. The "speech on the stairs" had as its setting a near-riot, occasioned not by Jews from Jerusalem, but by Jews from Ephesus who hated Paul for what he had done in their city, and who raised a tumult when they saw Paul in the Temple grounds, supposing that he had with him Trophimus, a Greek. At any rate this was their charge, and the crowd was ready to kill Paul. Then the Roman soldiers interfered, rescued Paul, and took him to the castle of Antonia for safe keeping. Claudius Lysias was the *tribune,* or military leader of 1000 men. Lysias supposed Paul to be an Egyptian rioter, but Paul assured him that he was a Jew, and asked leave to speak to the people. This granted, from the safety of the stairs Paul spoke to the Jews *in their own language.*

This speech was about himself—that he was a Tarsian Jew, educated as a Jew under one of their greatest teachers, Gamaliel. Naturally of a zealous temperament, he was filled with zeal for God, even as were those who heard him speak. The proof of his zeal was in his persecution of those who followed *"the way."* This brought him to the story of his conversion on the Damascus road.

2. The speech before Felix, the Roman governor of Judea, took place in Caesarea, his residence. It was part of a formal trial, with the charge prosecuted by a lawyer named Tertullus, while Paul made his own defense. The charge of stirring up insurrection he denied; the charge of being a ring-leader of the sect of the Nazarenes he admitted in a sense; the charge of profaning the Temple he vehemently protested.

The printed words (24:14-16) carry Paul's statement of his relationship to the Christian Way. "He worshiped the same God as the rest of the Jews . . . in this service he had the same entire *faith* in the

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Jewish scriptures, and the same *hope in God* as his accusers here present. But when he goes on to defend this hope as the expectation of a *resurrection* of the dead the Sadducees would part company with him; and when he further spoke *both of the just and unjust* or *the righteous and the wicked*, it is doubtful how far he would carry the Pharisees with him. (Rackham, *Commentary on Acts.)*

3. The defense before Agrippa was the most complete, but was like the others in its dependence on the Damascus conversion. Here Paul called it a heavenly vision, and showed how he undertook to obey, it by preaching a message of repentance both to Jews and Gentiles. It was this zeal that caused the Jews to seize him and seek his life.

What things stand out in Paul's several defenses? (1) That he was genuinely proud of his birth and training as a Jew. (2) That he was soundly converted from his mistaken manner of life to the way of Christ. (3) That he was called of God to preach the Gospel both to Jew and Gentile. (4) That he was not a seditionist or opposer of any sect or class. (5) That the power for the Christian way comes from the resurrection of the dead.

JUNE 11

Paul Solves Church Problems

I COR. 1:1-3, 10,11; 4:14-21; GAL. 1:1-7; 3:1-29; I THESS. 1:1; 4:9 to 5:22
(Printed Lesson, I Cor. 1:1-3, 10,11; 4:14-21; I THESS. 5:12-15)

THIS lesson pays attention to Paul's methods of dealing with human weaknesses in the several churches which had been established under his own leadership. Each was a case by itself, and there were no patterns or guides from the past to be used. Each of the Scripture passages portrays one of these situations, and there might be many more examples. They are not unlike happenings and situations in Christian churches of our day.

1. *Factions do not belong in the church.* Practically all of the first letter to the Corinthians has to do with internal troubles. After founding the Church in Corinth, Paul went to Asia Minor, and then spent more than two years in Ephesus. While there he had word from Corinth that some of the Christians had fallen back into immoral habits, and he wrote a letter to the Church, urging discipline upon the offenders. This letter is not preserved. It was not well received by the Corinthians, who replied to it by another letter (also lost to us) stating more problems and raising more questions. Meanwhile some servants of Chloe (1:11) told Paul about strife and division in the Church, and he was greatly distressed. Partly because of this and partly because of the letter he had received, Paul wrote the so-called First Letter. "It contains a remonstrance regarding their division and an exhortation to unity, as well as detailed answers to the problems and questions they had submitted."

It is quickly discovered that Paul—as becomes an ideal Christian—always rebukes in love. His argument always is this: The more Christ is in human hearts, the less likely they are to sin. His theme is constantly the union of Christ and the Christian. "Christ and the Apostle are so united in mind and spirit that the very life of Christ, so to speak, pulsates in him."

On such a basis the factions referred to in 1:10,11 and the following verses have no place in any Christian group. This is made still plainer in 4:14-21. Paul's words of rebuke were prompted, he says, by a spirit of love for them. They were indeed his own converts. He was their spiritual father. It was absurd for them to form divisions and to say, "I am of Paul; I am of Apollos; I am of Cephas; I am of Christ."

To better the situation Paul stated that he was sending Timothy to Corinth, but also planned to come himself. He hoped to find unity and harmony when he should come.

2. *Doctrinal arguments do not pay.* From the beginning of the gospel there have been differences in the interpretations of numerous statements. No church has ever been free from them.

The First Letter to the Thessalonians was written from Corinth when Paul had word that the Christians in Thessalonica were disturbed over the question of the Lord's return. "It was the universal persuasion of the primitive Christians that the Lord's return was imminent and He would appear in glory ere that generation had passed away, and the Apostle had shared it." (Smith, *Life and Letters of St. Paul.)* In particular, some of the Christians were anxious about the state of their relatives or friends who had died since their conversion. Would they miss the Lord's return?

Paul's answer was three-fold: (1) There will be no disadvantage to the ones who sleep in death when Christ comes, because they shall "rise first" (4:13-18); (2) the time of the Lord's coming is unknown; the only certainty is that it will be sudden; (3) Christians do well "to make ready for it, not by feverish excitement and restlessness, but by the quiet, steady performance of everyday duty as in His sight, with the assurance that His followers, whether living or asleep in Him, were in his safe keeping."

JUNE 18

Paul Writes Personal Letters

I TIM. 1:1-4; 6:11-16; 2 TIM. 1:1-14; Tit. 1:1-6; PHILEMON
(Printed lesson, 2 Tim. 1:1-6; Philemon 1-7,21,22)

THERE are thirteen letters ascribed to Paul in the New Testament. Most of them were written as messages of instruction or help to the churches which the great missionary had started in his journeys. Some of them were to overcome difficulties in belief or administration. A few of them were decidedly personal, to convey details of plans or purposes, and not, in any large sense, to establish doctrine or government. But they are valuable in making plain some of Paul's highest thoughts, and in describing his great hold on personal friends.

The first letter to Timothy (the evangelistic helper of Paul) was written from Macedonia to Ephesus. Paul had been with Timothy in the latter place, but had proceeded to Macedonia on some mission and had left Timothy in charge at Ephesus. There were some false teachers who must be counteracted. Timothy was still young and was naturally timid, so this letter

is to strengthen his hands.

Especially does the second passage (I Tim. 6:11-16) preserve a charge to every Christian, whether or not his name be Timothy. "Aim at integrity, godliness, faith, love, steadfastness, modesty; fight in the good fight of the faith; secure that life eternal to which you were called when you voiced the good confession in presense of many witnesses." (Moffatt's *Translation.)* Timothy was thus reminded of the promise he had made, and of the zeal which his new confession had inspired in him.

The second letter to Timothy came from a prisoner in Rome to a younger man chosen to be his successor. Paul the aged is near to the end of his career. "He has a few specific instructions to offer; his chief anxiety is that Timothy should continue his work in his own spirit, maintaining, in face of all efforts to pervert it, the gospel which he had taught." (Scott, *The Pastoral Epistles.)*

Two fine traits of the apostle shine forth from this letter. One is his continual remembrance of his fellow-worker by daily prayer; the other is his tribute to the devoted mother and grandmother of Timothy who had done so fine a job in bringing him up as a boy and young man.

The letter to Philemon was decidedly more personal. Philemon was a resident of Colossae. Onesimus, his slave, had run away, and had possibly robbed him. He had made his way to Rome, and had there met Paul. Through Paul's influence Onesimus had become a Christian, and there was something to be fixed up with his old master.

Philemon was likewise active in Christian work in Colossae, and was counted by Paul as a close friend. What should be more natural than that Paul should write a letter to Philemon, tell him that he was about to restore Onesimus to him, and urge him to treat the slave in a becoming manner? Because Tychicus was soon to go from Paul to Colossae it was an easy matter to send Onesimus and the letter directly by his hands.

Paul saw but these things to do: (1) to return the erring Onesimus to his master; (2) make a plea that he be received and restored; (3) offer to make good any losses sustained as a result of Onesimus' conduct.

The penitence and sincere conversion of Onesimus must have convinced Paul that he might have a useful future as a Christian leader. Although he did not openly say so, he hoped that Philemon would do more than restore his former slave to his position.

Paul's approach to Philemon was not on the plane of authority, but in the bonds of love. Between love and brotherhood there is the closest connection. We cannot claim as our brothers those whom we exclude from our love.

JUNE 25

Paul Reviews His Life

II COR. 11:16 to 12:10; PHIL. 1:12-24; 3:7-16; II TIM. 4:7,8

(Printed Lesson, Phil. 1:12-14, 21-24; 3:12-14; II TIM. 4:7,8)

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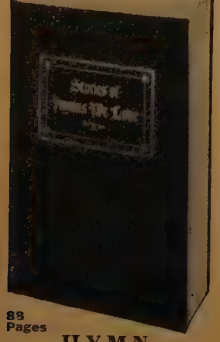

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ever uttered or wrote were influenced in no small way by the call he received.

Toward the close of his life this influence is the more felt, and the passages for study today are typical of it.

1. *Making the most of adversity.* Paul's whole career from his conversion on was a struggle against opposition of one kind or another. Therefore his courageous attitude and his confident way of turning trouble to good account are tremendous examples to all other Christians. The letter to the Philippians was written while Paul was a prisoner in Rome. The verses (1:12-14) show how he took this as a means of blessing. Note the paraphrase by Marvin R. Vincent *(International Critical Commentary)*: "Though you may have feared that the cause of the gospel is suffering by reason of my imprisonment, I wish to assure you that is has rather been promoted thereby. My imprisonment has become known as being for Christ's sake, not only to the whole band of the praetorian troops, but also to the rest of Rome; and the majority of the Christian brethren have had their faith in God strengthened by my example, and their boldness in preaching the gospel increased."

2. *The balance between life and death* (1:21-24). It must be remembered that Paul was awaiting a verdict from Caesar, which would mean life or death to him. "For as to life, life to me is Christ. As to death, it is gain. Now, if to continue to live means fruitful labor, I have nothing to say as to my own preference" *(Vincent)*.

The great lesson is: Make the best of what comes to you, especially that which you cannot control. Advantages may be found in any lot or condition if one has a mind to hunt for them.

3. *Struggle on to the end* (3:12-14). When Paul became a Christian it meant more than the signing of a card, or standing up to be counted, or undergoing any form. It meant a complete cutting loose from the past, and also entering upon a long race, an indefinite struggle. This is the meaning of the verses: "I make no claim to have reached the goal or to have attained to all that is involved in gaining and knowing Christ. I am still only a competitor in the arena. I am still running my race hoping that one day I may grasp the victor's prize which was Christ's very purpose for me when He laid hold of me. . . . My one consuming thought is not to be discouraged by my failures or to be over-elated by my successes, but to keep my eyes fixed on the goal, to reach the end and to win the prize." (Maurice Jones, *Commentary on Philippians.)*

4. *Satisfaction and anticipation* (II Tim. 4:7,8). What a figure does the aged battler present as he faces the near approach of death! If there were regrets he would surely reflect them in his final messages. But this is what he wrote: "I shall have to leave you to yourself: my life-blood is on the point of being poured out as a libation to God: the moment is close at hand when I must strike my tent and be gone. Yes: I have fought my fight, and it was the right fight: I have come to the end of the course; I have kept faith with my Master. So henceforth there is stored up safely for me the crown of a righteous life."

(Continued from page 38)

heirs to eternal life, and O God, make us worthy of our calling. Amen.

FRIDAY, JUNE 23

CHRISTIAN HAPPINESS.

READ PSALM 146.

CAN you imagine this world of ours if the sun never shone? Suppose there were daylight and dark just as now, but that the clear, bright light of the sun were always lacking. I presume men could go on living, but what a life it would be! Just so, there are people who go on from day to day as if life were something to be endured and not a privilege to be enjoyed. Nothing is half so contagious as a hearty laugh; a smile will always evoke an answering smile; thrice-blessed is he who has a lively spirit of optimism.

Let us deliberately choose to rejoice every day of our lives; to work with a song on our lips; to smile; to love; to laugh; to praise; to be thankful; to worship.

Heavenly Father, help us at all times to keep our faces turned toward Thee. May we walk always in the light of Thy presence. Amen.

SATURDAY, JUNE 24

THAT HUMBUG—WORRY.

READ PSALM 27.

MY SMALL daughter's breakfast the other morning was hardly touched.

"Oh, I am so worried!" she burst forth in explanation. "We're going to have a test this morning on everything we've had so far this term, and if we don't pass it we may have to go back."

Knowing that she had conscientiously done each day's lesson as it came along, I was able to reassure her, and sent her off to school a little later fortified by a substantial meal and fairly confident that she would give a good account of herself.

I could not help realizing, however, how big a part worry plays in our modern life. And behind worry is our old arch-enemy fear. There is only one sure remedy—a constant and abiding trust in God, the Father.

Abide with us, O Lord, as we go about our daily tasks; may we be ever conscious of Thy presence, of Thy hand reached out to help us. Amen.

SUNDAY, JUNE 25

WHY DOST THOU JUDGE THY BROTHER.

READ ROM. 14: 1-13.

WHEN I was a child, my mother had a method of dealing with quarrels which always worked. She would separate the offenders, having each one play in his own room all by himself for the rest of the afternoon.

How well I remember those occasional hours of loneliness, spent largely in reflecting on how slight was the cause of the disagreement!

Unfortunately, nations cannot be segregated. The only workable way to the peace of the world is the way of Christian education.

Our Father, which art in heaven,
Hallowed be Thy name;
Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done
On earth as it is in heaven. Amen.

MONDAY, JUNE 26

SANCTUARY.

READ LUKE 10:38-42.

"HE LEADETH me beside the still waters." The well-loved, often-quoted twenty-third Psalm, with its beautiful word picture of the blessed companionship of the Master. What a contrast to the hurly-burly of our modern life! No turbulence there. No turmoil.

Isn't here, perhaps, an explanation for the plaint so often heard nowadays, "I feel out of touch with the church lately. It doesn't seem to have anything for me any more."

Well, God does not raise His voice above a tumult. He doesn't even try. People who live in a whirl cannot hear that still small voice. They never even glimpse the meaning of communion with our heavenly Father.

O God, help us to order our lives wisely so that we may have time to spend on the eternal things. Amen.

TUESDAY, JUNE 27

PERSEVERANCE.

READ LUKE 9:57-62.

ELEVEN-YEAR-OLD Jane was helping her mother by attempting some of the ironing. After doing a few plain pieces, she picked out one of her favorite dresses, but almost immediately started to put it back in the basket, saying,

"I know you don't want me to iron this. It would look too awful."

"As long as you have started with it, why don't you finish it?" I suggested. "You'll do it better next time."

So she finished the task, and was surprised and delighted with the result.

"I know just how to iron it better, now," she exulted.

Lucky Jane! Already she has started to learn one of the most valuable lessons in life. She won't be afraid to tackle the job that looks hard, and having begun it, she'll see it through!

Increase our staying powers, heavenly Father. May we, following in Jesus' steps, refuse to be discouraged. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 28

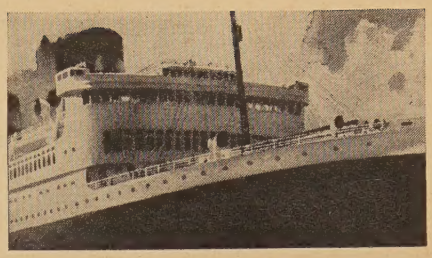
PUT ON THE NEW MAN.

READ COL. 3:1-10.

CLOTHES may not make the man, but they sometimes possess a strange alchemy. Our sixteen-year-old hobble-de-hoy, in his brother's tux, cuts a disarming figure of boyish dignity, which his half-apologetic manner only serves to intensify.

Our little Jane, clad in one of her mother's coverall aprons, takes on an air of culinary competence which her

(Turn to page 63)



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WHERE READERS AND EDITORS MEET TO EXCHANGE IDEAS AND TALK OVER THEIR PROBLEMS

★ MY MINISTER ★

During the past two months it has been our pleasure to read countless letters from our readers dealing with their love and respect for their pastor. First the letters nominating the Country Parson, and now the letters on "What I Like Best About My Minister."

We are witnessing two great World's Fairs, glorifying the material progress of America. Important—yes, but compared to the lives and deeds of these men of God—humble though they may be—all the scientific accomplishments of the ages fade into insignificance. It seems ironic to us that while America is blazoning its material glory so that all may see, the world is rocking on its foundation because of its failure to solve the problems of human relationships. But these ministers are not failing; constantly, quietly, by their lives, their acts, their sermons, they are making their indelible contribution to the progress of the world. No fair will be held to dramatize their accomplishments—no multitudes drive or ride, hundreds or thousands of miles to do them homage. But long after the World's Fairs have become memories—long after the great industrial miracles they celebrate have become obsolete—America will be hailed by the world—not for her contribution to human luxury and comfort, but for her contribution to successful human relationships. It is then that the world will know and celebrate the real greatness of these self-sacrificing men who have chosen to bring Christ and his life to the people.

We have had such a flood of entries on the Country Parson contest that it has been impossible to answer some of the questions asked in the accompanying letters. If by chance you have failed to hear from us, please excuse it—we are practically buried. The contest has narrowed down to about twenty-five country parsons, each of whom will be investigated further before the final decision is made.

Which brings us to the letters on "My Minister." What a beautiful picture they paint. Let no contributor think that because another letter was chosen as the best, his or her effort was wasted. Each one is like a glowing facet in a great jewel. Because we liked them all so much, we are devoting the rest of the page to them this month.

THE WINNING LETTER

Bluffton, Indiana

Editor, Christian Herald,
Dear Sir:

The thing I like best about my minister is his *enthusiasm for his work.*

He works at his profession as though the destiny of all rested in him. He interprets his work in lives of others. It is a great job for him, and he must make good for the sake of those he serves. He knows his job and thoroughly believes in it.

His very entrance into the building inspires one because of his surety. When in the pulpit, he commands the attention of all, because this great enthusiasm, although well under control, transmits to the congregation the very message from God.

My Minister seems to have unlimited power with which to do his work. He is enthusiastic. He is very systematic, always knowing what to do and when to do it. He is interested in the factors that affect human lives, and spends much of his inspiring enthusiasm in helping lift the loads of those that are heavy laden. He is always on the job to be of help if he possibly can.

This unlimited, untiring, joyous enthusiasm of my minister for his work, is what I like best.

Yours truly,
Hugh M. Cobb.

Honorable Mention

Black River, New York
Editor, Christian Herald,
Dear Sir:

What I like best about my minister is the shining gladness of him as he goes about the duties of his calling. Whether he is bent on some disagreeable, hard task or talking to his people from the pulpit on Sundays there is always the look as of one marching to music, gladly following the instructions from a beloved leader.

Seeing and feeling this makes me eager to know his source of happiness in living and serving, and with humble heart I listen to his prayers and sermons and reach out to find God.

Yes—I am learning how to follow, in small ways, and I can hear a faint, far sound of the music—but one must first listen, and my desire to do so was quickened by my minister's shining devotion to his Master.

Mary A. Dempsey

★ ★ ★

Bel Air, Maryland
Editor, Christian Herald,
Dear Sir:

My minister possesses sincerity, but, far beyond that, I like his originality, his freshness. He does not stand patly upon the exact wording, but with no loss of truth he leads me to a reconstructed scene and in his imagination I peer into the living picture. Not as John or Paul or David portrayed it, but as I, a spectator, who have caught an unusual viewpoint the others missed. Not that he is ultra-modern and twists his text to suit a discriminating audience, but he approaches his subject from an angle my friends and I ordinarily would fail to see. In every sermon he brings a new gleam to the situation he is explaining.

Lately, I find myself waiting in our pew for that original note. That feature of his remarks I will review, test and weigh during the week. And in the process of examining, reconsidering, the verses impress themselves deeply. This one angle thoroughly rooted in my mind, I have little difficulty in skeletonizing his sermons months later.

Mrs. Marvin D. Umbarger

★ ★ ★

Atlanta, Georgia
Editor, Christian Herald,
Dear Sir:

In the short time that I have known the young man who became our pastor less than a year ago, I have come to admire him for many valuable qualities—and to trust him implicitly for the one I like best; his faithfulness.

The fundamental integrity of his character soon showed up in every direction, beginning with the most important; faithfulness to God and to His Word. A quiet, good-tempered industry was apparent in the number of church members visited by him and his friendly little wife; by his availability and readiness to help in any time of need; by the increasing depth and power of his sermons, that indicated unmistakably, many solid hours of study, research and prayer.

Our minister has common sense, earnestness and ability, but it is his steady faithfulness to God and to the sheep of His pasture that gives us perfect confidence for the welfare of our church and all who worship with us.

Lucile Enlow

(Continued from page 61)

habit of leaving a trail of flour in her wake does little to dispel.

Every actor knows what tremendous help in the portraying of a character is a costume absolutely right in each detail.

I would print this text in letters of gold; "Put on the new man which is renewed in knowledge after the image of him that created him."

May we be in Thy hand, O God, as the malleable clay in the hand of the potter. Amen.

THURSDAY, JUNE 29

A COMMON FAILING.

READ MATT. 6:19-25.

OVERHEARD the other day in defense of an aim to acquire wealth:

"It is certainly legitimate to want to get enough money so that one may live graciously, and pass on to one's children enough of an inheritance so that they in turn may feel secure."

I wonder. The person who made this statement is a prominent member of the church. I am still wondering. Is it possible for a Christian to say, and mean,

"I must have just so much before I am prepared to be concerned for those less fortunate than I."?

Is it possible to make money one's sine qua non of life, and not achieve thereby such poverty of soul that one becomes spiritually blinded?

O God, deliver us from the paralyzing sin of covetousness. May we desire spiritual riches for our children. Help us to realize that nothing we can bequeath our loved ones can compare in value with the example of a deep and abiding reliance on Thee. Amen.

FRIDAY, JUNE 30

THINGS.

READ MARK 10:17-24.

EVERY household where there are children is accustomed to hearing a preponderance of remarks prefaced by the words "I want."

Arrived home from school, hungry and a little tired, they call as soon as they are in the door, "Mother! I want something to eat." Teen-age daughter wants a dress for the next school party. Her younger brother is always wanting something, preferably in the line of athletic equipment—a football, a catcher's mitt, skates, or skiis, or basket-ball togs.

And I'm not sure but that the case of adults is somewhat worse. Today more than ever before, we are surrounded, hemmed-in, bombarded, by the propaganda of purchase. "Buy this; buy that. You must have this. You cannot exist without that."

There is only one way to resist the inroads of the material world. That is to fix the eyes of the spirit on the things of the spirit.

Enable us through Thy strength, our Father-God, to shut out the demands of the world, as we shut ourselves into the silence with Thee. Amen.

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NEXT MONTH

Christ in Hitler's Germany

by Eva Lips

Author of Savage Symphony

☆

The Attack on American Traditions

by Dr. Charles M. Sheldon

☆

Patriotism

A Sermon

by C. V. Poling

☆

Also Janet Mabie, Frank S. Mead, Alice Booth, Dr. Crampton, Richard Maxwell, Mrs. Morrow.

After All!

NONSENSE DESERVES ITS PLACE IN THE SUN

Not On Her Life!

Prof.: "Decline 'love,' Miss Jones."

Miss Jones: "Decline love, professor? Not me."

—Georgia Cracker.

Come On—We're Waiting

Grandmother—There are two words I wish you wouldn't use. They are "rotten" and "lousy."

Modern Co-ed—All right, Granny. What are the words?

—Exchange.

Poetry in Their Souls

A son at college wrote to his father, "No mon, no fun, your son."

The father answered, "How sad, too bad, your dad."

—Kablegrams.

Of Course

I like an exam.
I think they're fun.
I never cram.
And I won't flunk one.
I'm the teacher.

—Exchange.

Sad Tale

"If you refuse me," he swore, "I shall die."

She refused him.

Sixty years later he died.

—Widow.

Excellent Source

Mrs. Johns: "Is Mrs. Amos a well informed woman?"

Mrs. Walters: "Yes, indeed—her cook has lived with all the other families in the neighborhood!"

—Bangor Commercial.

Mum Was The Word

Mistress (to new maid): "Now, when you wait on the guests at dinner, I want you to be very careful not to spill anything."

Maid: "Don't worry. I won't say a word."

—Exchange.

Considerate

Ned: "You didn't sound your horn for that last person."

Ted: "No, I thought it would be more humane if he never knew what hit him."

—Watchword.

Thanks, Pal . . .

He: "See that man over there? He's a bombastic mutt, a windjammer nonentity, a false alarm, a hot-air shrimp, a—"

Woman: "Would you mind writing that down for me?"

He: "Why so?"

Woman: "He's my husband and I want to use it on him some time."

—The Keel.

A Trick To It

A one ring circus was visiting a town in the hills. The folks there recognized all the instruments of the band except the slide trombone. One old settler watched the player for some time, then said: "There's a trick to it; he ain't really swallerin' it."

—Kablegrams.

Do Be Careful

Farmer's Wife (to druggist): "Now be sure and write plain on them bottles which is for the horse and which is for my husband. I don't want nothin' to happen to that horse before spring plowin'."

—Selected.

All Over Again

A superintendent of schools visited a night-school for Negro adults. He was called upon to congratulate an old Negress. She had enrolled at the start of the course with a single, avowed intent—to learn to write her name. She had succeeded, and was leaving.

The next year the superintendent visited the same school. The old woman had enrolled again.

"Why?" he asked her.

"Ah's goin' to learn to write mah name," she said.

"But you learned that last year."

"Ah knows dat. But now Ah done got married."

—Kablegrams.

Not So Light At That

The fog was very thick, and the chief officer of the tramp steamer was peering over the side of the bridge. Suddenly he saw a man leaning over a rail only a few yards away.

"You confounded fool," he roared. "What on earth do you think you are doing? Don't you know my ship has the right of way?"

Out of the gloom came a sardonic voice.

"This ain't no ship, captain. This is a lighthouse."

—Halifax Herald.